

THE
Warbling MUSES,
OR
TREASURE
OF
LYRIC POETRY:

CONTAINING

Seven Hundred and Thirty-one SONGS, on all
Sorts of Subjects, and in every Measure of
Verse; a great Many of them from Manu-
scripts, and scarce any found in the Collections.

Compiled for the Use of Musical Composers; as like-
wise for the Entertainment of Youth in our polite
Schools.

By BENJAMIN WAKEFIELD, Esq;
Being the first Attempt of this Kind.

*NONSENSE made vocal, charms the vulgar Mind,
Whilst Judges scorn th' Abuse of tuneful Wind:
But SENSE, enliven'd by the SISTER-ART,
Incants the skilful Head, and gen'rous Heart.*

From a MS.

L O N D O N:

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TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS
OF
ORANGE.

MADAM,



TAKE the Liberty to lay the following Collection at your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Feet, as 'tis intended for the Service of *Music*, which receives an additional Lustre, from the great Skill you have attain'd in it.

But *Music* is not the only Science your ROYAL HIGHNESS has honoured, by the most happy Application ; *Poetry* and *Painting* sharing no less Glory from the like auspicious Circumstance.

A 2

All

All Princes who have duly reflected on the Dignity of the polite Arts, have been ambitious to acquire them, from a Persuasion that they form the brightest Ornament of the Mind ; and that the excelling in them is frequently considered as equally glorious with their Titles.

May you, MADAM, long continue, in Conjunction with your illustrious Consort, to be the Darling of a People, who have lately done Justice to his exalted Virtues, and those of your ROYAL HIGHNESS ; and may you give birth to Princes, who, with their Posterity, may add many Heroes to the immortal House of *NASSAU*.

I am, with the most profound Veneration,

MADAM,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

most humble,

most obedient,

London, 1749.

and most devoted servant,

Benjamin Wakefield.



SOME

PREFATORY THOUGHTS

CONCERNING

S O N G S.



HAVING frequently heard the Musical Composers complain, of their Want of some poetical Collection, whence they might select Songs, proper for them to exercise their Talent upon; and that this forced them sometimes to address Persons not well skilled in Poesy; or else obliged them to purchase a large Number of out Poets, in order to extract from their Works, Verses, which might suit them: I thence imagined, that it would be doing those Composers a considerable Piece of Service, to compile a Book in which they might find all this ready done to their Hands.

A little Reflection would suggest to them, that their setting to Music dull, incoherent Lines, must give all Persons of Sense a very mean Opinion of their Understandings : Not to mention, that the Ideas and Expressions of such paltry, jingling Lines, must be far from inspiring the Imagination of the musical Composer, who, when a Man of Judgment, Genius and Taste, finds his Fancy warm'd by the Verses of a good Poet ; These being as the Outlines of a Picture, to which the able Musician gives the most delightful Colouring ; at least (to carry on the Figure) can heighten the Picture surprizingly. The setting excellent Music to mean Words, is like bestowing a rich Embroidery, or Lace, upon a Linsey-Woolsey ; an Observation which will affect the Compositions even of the greatest Masters of Sounds ; These having sometimes thrown away the most exquisite, harmonious Notes on mere poetical Rubbish.

The present Collection was drawn out of a very large Study of Books, or rather Library, which belonging to myself, I considered it as a spacious *Eden*, whence I might transplant, into a little Parterre of my own, whatsoever Flowers I thought fit. My Toil, in this Progress, was often far from being inconsiderable ; I carefully turning over a great many hundred Volumes, thence to make such Extracts as appeared to me most proper. On this Occasion, I selected a Multitude of Pieces from our most celebrated Poets, from *Shakespear* down to *Pope*. The Words of our famous modern Poets were sacred to me ; for which Reason I did not presume to alter a single Letter in them ;

them, except now and then a proper Name; but I was far less scrupulous, with regard to the Compositions of such Poets of Eminence, part of whose Diction is grown obsolete; I frequently modernizing many of their Expressions, and harmonizing their Verse; a Freedom I also took with the Lines of Poets of less Reputation, I often making considerable Alterations in them.

The Variety in this Collection is so great, that every Temper, every State of Life, every Age, every Taste, (where Poetry is belov'd) cannot but meet with Something which may suit it; so that the Musical-Composer has here an unbounded Wilderness of Sweets to range in. A poetical Admirer may find the same Delight, in the ensuing variegated Compilation, as a Lover of Painting would in a wide Salon, filled with Pictures of numberless Masters. On this Occasion the highest Pleasure shall arise out of Disorder; it being sometimes a greater Charm, to many such Persons, to rove from a *Raphael* to a *Claude Lorrain*, a *Vandyke*, a *Salvator Rosa*, a *Rubens*, a *Poussin*, a *Luca Jordano*, a *Rysdale*, a *Domenichino*, a *Watteau*, and so on thro' a countless Profusion of Pictures, than if they had been hung up according to the Order of the Subjects, or of the Masters. Abstracted from the Diversity of the Subjects, (of which *Love* is the most predominant) I also took care to introduce every Measure of Versification, in our Language; this often aiding the Fancy of the Musical-Composer. Let me observe, by the Way, that some of our Poets have erred greatly in this Particular, by their not adapting the Measure of the Verse, to the Theme of it; as for Instance,

their working up a grave or melancholy Subject, in rapid Numbers, and *vice versa*.—It may be objected, that certain Pieces in the ensuing Sheets are far from being strictly Lyrical: This I readily acknowledge, a few of them being inserted, by me, merely on account of some Wit, Humour, or beautiful Morality in the Thought; I imagining that these must necessarily be agreeable to most poetical Readers.

This Compilation was sometimes an easy Task; but, at others, a very troublesome one, as has been hinted; I frequently turning over many whole Miscellanies, poetical Pamphlets, or Romances, without finding a single Subject fit for Music. On these Occasions, my Ramblings were so vague, and I pry'd into such remote Corners, that I defy the most skilful *Dædalus* to find out all my Haunts. *Diogenes* could not have been more puzzled, in his Search after an honest Man, than such a Person wou'd sometimes be, in enquiring after my Sources. One Favour I must beg of the Reader, which is, that he would not form an Idea of my Judgment and Taste, from all the Pieces introduced in these Pages; I being sensible, that they are far from boasting an equal Merit. Here is Gold, Silver and Copper; but then they are all, (I hope) pretty good in their respective Kinds. Unhappily for the exquisite Judges of Lyric Poetry, our Language is not overstocked with Master-Pieces of that Sort. 'Tis enough if I have selected the finest of them, and added the rest to make up a proper Number. No Man in his Senses imagines (whatever Flattery may insinuate) that he shall see the *Ball-Room* crouded with *Venus's*, on the Evening of a Birth-Day; and not above two capital Singers are expected in an *Opera*, an *Oratorio*, or other musical Drama,

In my Extracts from our printed Poets, I have not borrow'd so largely, as can give any Proprietor just Room for Complaint : On the contrary, the Fragments selected by me, may induce many Readers to enquire after, and purchase the entire Works of those Writers. Farther, I doubt not but that many Poets will favour me with their best Wishes, for giving some of their Verses an Opportunity of being happily set to Music. Sure I am, that no One can charge me with Plagiarism, I not laying Claim to a single Song in this Book. Perhaps it would be doing Justice, to compare me to a frolicksome Youth, who, having rifled a great Variety of his Father's Honey-Combs of their Sweets ; shou'd afterwards carry them into the House, and divide them among the Family.

This Collection differs essentially, in one Particular, from almost all others, inasmuch as These are but mere Compilations from one another, with only the Addition of a small Number of new Songs. The Transcribers, generally speaking, here hinted at, have been extremely careless (not to say worse) in two respects ; they very frequently maiming the most beautiful Compositions, and being quite incorrect as to the Pointing ; both which Faults are carefully avoided in the following Sheets. Let me observe, that none of the ensuing Pieces were borrowed from the *Arts of Poetry*, (such as *Byssé's*,) from the *Monthly Magazines*, &c. Gratitude obliges me not to omit giving Thanks to some ingenious Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, for favouring me with many MS Songs : Was I permitted to mention their Names, it would do no little Honour to this Performance.

I flatter myself, that it will prove an agreeable Amusement to such Ladies and Gentlemen as are fond

of *Poetry*; a Science, the Fruits of which, tho' so eagerly sought after by Some, yet commonly produce, even worse than *Nothing*, to those who gave them Birth. Strange Vicissitude in human Things! During the happy and flourishing Times of antient *Greece* and *Rome*, the excelling in Poetry was a sure Passport to Riches, Honours and Preferments; and consequently set the Understanding of the Person, who enjoy'd this Talent, in the noblest Point of Sight: Whereas, in the present Age of Ignominy and Corruption, the being possessed of this divine Art, excludes at once the Poet from all the Advantages and Comforts of Life, by unjustly stamping *Fool* on his Forehead. *Painting* and *Musick* are, indeed, with Justice, liberally rewarded; but their Sister-Art (*Poetry*) is not only shamefully suffer'd to go in Rags and bare-footed, but even to be treated with the highest Contempt. One Reason of this may be, the two first address chiefly the Eye and Ear; attract, by their insinuating Charm, Souls of every Cast; and captivate all whose only Merit may be their being possessed of Sight and Hearing: Whilst *Poetry*, by directing itself principally to the Understanding; and requiring Persons of a certain Delicacy of Temper, joined to an Elegance of Mind and a polite Education, strikes only the *Few*.

But notwithstanding this shameful Usage of Poets, Nothing has pleased more universally than Songs. They are of all Countries and of all Ages; are no less the Delight of those we call Barbarians, than of the most polite and learned Nations. They are the Entertainment of all Ranks of People, from the Sceptre down to the Plough-Share; and are for Sea-
sons

sons of Joy, as well as for those of Sorrow. So remote is their Antiquity, that they served as the first Records ; it being usual, in the darker Times, to transmit to Posterity every memorable Action, in the Form of Songs. Historians tell us, that the several Parts of *Homer's Iliad* were sung in this manner : and that this is no ways improbable, appears from the Custom now prevailing in *Venice*, where the Vulgar are perpetually singing, in the Streets, Fragments of *Tasso's Jerusalem*. 'Tis evident from Travellers, that the unpolished Nations in the Northern Parts of the World, entertain themselves with this Species of Poetry enlivened by Music ; a Specimen of which may be the *Lapland Ode*, inserted in the *Spectator* : And *Montagne* give us, in his *Essays*, Part of a Song, sung by an *American Savage*, in Honour of his Mistress, as a Snake was gliding along a Meadow. To this little Piece of Poetry, a Friend of an Acquaintance of mine, has given the following *English Dress* :

" Kindly stop, thou harmless Snake !

" Winding, rustling, thro' the Brake ;

" That my Sister's curious Eye

" May thy speckl'd Charms descry ;

" Thence may weave a Girdle bright,

" Fit to bind my Heart's Delight.

" This indulging, may thy Hues

" Far outshine the silver Dews :

" May each Snake, that haunts the Field,

" To thy sprighelier Motion yield.

As Songs please thus generally, they must have received, from Nature, the Power of moving so strongly the Soul. The Cause of this may be, musical Sounds, as well as poetical Numbers, have a most enchanting Effect on the Ear ; and both, especially Poetry, imitate all the Passions, and make the most delightful Impression on them.

In many of the Compilations, of Songs, leud Ones are introduced, all which I rejected with Indignation ; well knowing that the juvenile Part of Mankind are but too much prompted, by *Nature*, to need any of the insidious Provocatives of *Art*. 'Tis therefore with Pride I observe, that this Collection may claim a Place in the Study of the chastest Matron ; and that *Diana* might, without a Blush, have it found lying on her Toilet. Hence I am induced to hope, that many People will not take Offence, at my intermixing Pieces of a moral or religious Turn, with those of a sprightly, facetious Nature.

Being determined to consult the Reader's Advantage and Conveniency, in every respect, I therefore caused this Book to be printed in the present small Form ; whereby 'twill be four Times as cheap as I could otherwise have made it, and of a Size proper for the Pocket.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 29, line 16, for *Dispair*, read *Despair*.
 p. 63, l. 27, for *in*, r. *on*. p. 116, l. 1, for *Parent's*,
 r. *Parents*. p. 152, l. 4, for *No*, r. *Nor*. p. 177, l. 6, for
In, r. *On*. p. 182, l. 16, for *find*, r. *find*: p. 188, l.
 11, for *wants*, r. *want*,

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THE
TREASURE
OF
LYRIC POETRY.

SONG I.



Y artful Glances, and inviting Smiles,
Flavia first hints her Skill in am'rous
Toils;

Returns each Ogle from *Amyntor's* Eyes,
And with him languishes, and with
him sighs.

At length the happy Man dares speak his Flame;

The willing Fair-One deigns to own the same;

In melting Kisses takes him to her Arms,

And seems, at once, to give up all her Charms;

Yet she, inexorable, still denies

The only Thing for which her Lover dies.

Flavia shou'd know, that, whilst her Conduct's such,
She does too little, or she does too much.

B

SONG

(2)

SONG II.

D ID not Jealousy's fierce Smart,
Torture the soft, yielding Heart,
O what Bliss wou'd Love bestow!
But when Love the Fancy fires;
When sweet Comfort, Truth inspires,
Jealousy darts thrilling Woe.

SONG III.

Y E flatt'ring Arts,
Love's surest Darts,
Sport round his Eye;
To his Lips fly,
And Captive bring
The Swain I sing.
Ye jealous Fears;
Ye soothing Tears;
Ye Hopes that glow
'Twixt Bliss and Woe;
O be the Arms
Of female Charms!

SONG IV.

T OO much, *Sophronia*, we endure,
Whilst you, with double Forces arm'd;
With your enchanting Voice secure
The hopeless Heart your Eyes had warm'd.

SONG V.

D E L I A, in vain the Register you raze,
Since still you keep that monumental Face;
For this, without a Register will shew
Full fifty Winters Gloom upon your Brow.
Thus when I see some Gothic Building rise,
Where a rough, antient Grandeur fills my Eyes,
I judge from th' Age in which its Front appears;
And swear, point blank, it stood a thousand Years.

SONG

SONG VI.

OF no feign'd Pow'r, in sounding Lays,
 I count the Deeds, or sing the Praise;
 Blue *Thetis*, or fam'd *Nereus*' Throng:
 Nor of the fabled King of Floods;
 Or *Proteus*, or such Demi-Gods:
Florio and *Lesbia* claim my Song.

Florio the gay, and *Lesbia* fair
 By *Hymen* join'd, the happiest Pair,
 Both noble, Both by Choice ally'd:
 One Morn, at Distance from the Train,
 Design'd to bathe in the green Main,
 That laves steep *Scarborough's* lofty Side.

The Pair were for th' Adventure drest,
 Each wore a light infolding Vest,
 (The decent Habit of the Place.)
 The Boat was call'd, the nimble Oars,
 Soon wafts them from the less'ning Shores,
 And reaches Ocean's wid'ning Space.

The Lover plunges in the Tide,
 And strait invites his tim'rous Bride,
 To venture on the smiling Flood;
 Her Promise claims to meet him there;
 He vows, with tutelary Care,
 To bear her like a guardian God.

His pow'rful Lure her Fears suppress;
 New Courage animates her Breast;
 She hastes to grant the Bliss he craves;
 Attempted oft, as oft delay'd,
 Till boldly she the Leap essay'd,
 And springs amid the clasping Waves.

The Peer, of Humour ever gay,
 In Frolic seem'd to launch away,
 (Meer Feint, to raise her short Surprise:)
 Amaz'd she pleads with stretch'd-out Arms;
 Her Tongue, to save her sinking Charms,
 Cou'd only murmur:—" *Lesbia* dips".

Eager he darts, with timely Aid,
 (Like *Perseus*, when the destin'd Maid
 Stood trembling in the Monster's Pow'r ;) 0170
 "Where was your boasted Trust," (he cries)
 "My Life!"—then clasp'd the lovely Prize,
 And sav'd her from the menac'd Hour.

Safe, sporting on the briny Lymph,
 He proudly bore the rescu'd Nymph ;
 No more fell Dread her Soul dismay'd.—
 Now, to his faithful Arms remov'd,
 Each Day more lovely, more belov'd,
 Her kind Deliv'rer she repays.

SONG VII.

SPOTLESS Virtue, martial Fire,
 Add bright Stars to Virtue's Train :
 These, united, we admire ;
 Absent, Titles glare in vain.

SONG VIII.

ONE rapt'rous Thought,
 In Fancy wrought,
 Declares him mine :
 Another strait,
 Wing'd by dire Fate,
 Says, "He's not thine."
 'Twixt Hopes and Fears ;
 'Twixt Smiles and Tears ;
 My Mind thus tost ;
 In Mazes lost ;
 Wou'd Truth obtain,
 But all in vain.
 Thus, thro' the Sky,
 Two Winds shall fly ;
 Tear from the Spray
 Its Foliage gay :
 Suplefs it lies,
 And with'ring dies.

SONG

SONG IX.

FROM the transient Repose
Which sweet Beauty bestows,
On Heroes victorious ;
I'll return to the Field,
And with Sword, Spear and Shield,
Rush forth still more glorious.
Whilst the World must confess
Me superior in Arms ;
My Honour's not less,
If I yield to bright Charms.

SONG X.

ASPASIA fair, thy Beauty long
Has been the Subject of my Song ;
But all my Vows, and all my Sighs,
Unpitied and neglected rise.

Thy lov'd Idea stands confest
The cruel Inmate of my Breast ;
The Sun, to me, gives Light in vain,
And Darkness aggravates my Pain.

What Object can delight by Day,
When my *Aspasia's* far away ?
In Sleep what Satisfaction take,
When I'm more wretched than awake ?

SONG XI.

YE Breezes, Fountains, blissful Shades,
O whisper kind,
And ease my Mind !
Say, dear Echoes, must I languish ?
Must I feed my Soul's fond Anguish,
Till the Hero I admire,
Gently, kindly, fans my Fire ?
Blissful Shades ! Ah ! whisper kind,
And sooth my tortur'd Mind.

SONG XII.

BRIGHT Eyes! that dart with conscious Pride,
 Why thus my Love unfeign'd deride?—
 Ah cruel! is my Suit deny'd?
 Let me delicious Nectar sip,
 Sweet Charmer, from thy ruby Lip.

SONG XIII.

DEAR *Chloe's* Eyes, to me appear
 Like Stars, in Love's bright Hemisphere:
 Each Moment they new Charms display,
 And steal me, from myself, away.

Her Glances vie with *Cupid's* Dart,
 And they alone can wound my Heart.
 Frequent amid the Fair I'd toy,
 But she alone cou'd form my Joy.

SONG XIV.

THE Bird who us'd to wing the Sky,
 Swift from his painted Cage shall fly;
 Skim o'er the Lawns with fond Desire,
 Then to his Prison back retire.

Shou'd it be ask'd, what cou'd engage
 The Warbler thus to seek his Cage?—
 'Tis hence:—His Captive State he loves,
 Rather than range th' embow'ring Groves.

Still curious:—Were it ask'd again,
 Why he returns, and hugs his Chain?—
 The Bird's persuaded he shall find
 His sever'd Partner yet more kind.

SONG XV.

BEauteous *Lucinda*, matchless Fair,
 Ah! plunge me not in deep Despair,
 But hear my love sick Moan.
 'Tis all Elizium when thou'rt nigh;
 Absent from thee I sadly sigh:
 Why leave me thus alone?

SONG

SONG XVI.

HI THER Charmer, I'll return,
Crown'd with Glory's envy'd Rays ;
But my Flame can't brighter burn.
O what Rapture thus to gaze !

Thou'lt reward my Love sincere,
And my martial Toils repay,
If less scornful, less severe,
Thou but yield to *Cupid's* Sway.

SONG XVII.

WHETHER he or love, or feign,
With such Sweetness he'll complain,
Soon he steals my Heart away.
So enchanting are his Smiles,
So bewitching are his Wiles,
He will love me, (sure,) one Day.

SONG XVIII.

The Zone.

IN Slumbers sweet as *Venus* lay,
Deep in a shady, Myrtle Grove ;
Where Odour-breathing Zephyrs play,
There wily *Cupid* chanc'd to rove.

Surpriz'd, he spies the Goddess there,
Alone, and fondly lull'd to Rest ;
With loosen'd Zone, and golden Hair,
Soft-waving o'er her snowy Breast.

" This Love-creating Zone," (he cries,)
" Shall now diviner *Cælia* grace ;
" Shall give fresh Lustre to her Eyes,
" And spread new Beauties o'er her Face."

The Girdle seiz'd, and *Cupid* flown,
 From Sleep arose the Queen of Love ;
 She miss'd her Beauty-giving Zone,
 And sought it, anxious, thro' the Grove.

" The Loss will all my Charms destroy,"
 (She cries) " and O! I fear my Son
 " To give some darling Female Joy,
 " Has all his Parent's Pow'r undone."

To search him out, she speeds away,
 From Place to Place, with eager Haste ;
 Then spies him, full of Mirth and Play,
 At lovely *Cælia's* Toilet plac'd.

The Fair such Charms possess'd before,
 As ne'er in mortal Form were seen ;
 The Girdle adds ten thousand more,
 By which she rivals *Paphos'* Queen.

In *Cælia's* Face such Graces smil'd,
 The Goddess looks away her Rage.—
 " I'm pleas'd" (says she) " since thus beguil'd,
 " To shew Perfection to the Age.

SONG XIX.

A L A S ! I know some sprightlier Fair,
 Inchants thee with her Beauty's Bloom ;
 Whilst hapless I, plung'd in Despair,
 For thee, in Tears, each Hour consume.

The Nymph, for whom I'm thus forgot ;
 Whose Charms engross thee, (cruel Youth!)
 May boast, indeed, a happier Lot,
 But yields to me in spotless Truth.

SONG XX.

Duett.

Swain. **T**HY peerless Form, my darling Fair,
 Will ever charm my Heart :
 Thy Smiles swift rais'd me from Despair,
 And eas'd my raging Smart.

Nymph.

Nymph. If I some little Beauty boast
 For thee alone 'twill shine :
 My fondest Thoughts thou hast engross'd,
 And all my Soul is thine.

SONG XXI.

YOUTH, Beauty, Virtue, all conspire
 To set my an'rous Soul on fire ;
 Youth which, in *Myra*, we behold ;
 Beauty, that never will grow old ;
 Virtue, the Ornament of both,
 Virtue the strongest Guard of Truth.

Let others, by coquetting, try
 T'allure a Swain's delighted Eye ;
 Whilst you, without Disguise or Art,
 Securely triumph o'er the Heart.
 Soon may the End of your bright Vict'ries prove
 A happy Union, where you deign to love.

SONG XXII.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone ;
 To all my Friends a Burthen grown ;
 No more I hear my Church's Bell,
 Than if it rang out for my Knell :
 At Thunder now no more I start,
 Than at the rumbling of a Cart ;
 Nay, what's incredible, alack !
 I hardly hear a Woman's Clack.

SONG XXIII.

FREELY the Dove
 Enjoys her Love ;
 Fond Lambs their Choice decide ;
 But with dire Smart,
 My faithful Heart,
 Honour and Love divide.

SONG XXIV.

ADAM, Eve, (the World but young)
On Herbs, and Roots, and Acorns fed;
Quench'd their Thirst the Springs among,
And press'd, at Night, the mossy Bed.

Acorns now are left, and Springs,
Food of Brutes, since Men have found
Corn, which better Narture brings;
And Wine, in Bowls, with Ivy crown'd.

SONG XXV.

MEN, who know not how to feign,
Ne'er shall Woman's Heart obtain.
Beauty is a School of Guile;
Of each treach'rous Art and Wile.

Swains, who when fond Glances play
Trust the soft, insidious Ray,
Ne'er shall taste of wish'd Repose,
But be doom'd to endless Woes.

SONG XXVI.

SORROWS can't my Soul dismay;
Yet, the Ills which round me prey,
Soon will Life's bright Flame consume.
Struck from Earth, my bleeding Shade,
Shall *Pamphylia's* Peace invade,
Till it sink him to the Tomb.

SONG XXVII.

YEARS are past, and took their Flight;
Foolish Days of cold Disdain:
O now many a widow'd Night
Past alone, and past in vain!
Hours, which in sweet Love employ'd,
Cou'd with Blifs the Senses fill;
Blisses, that the more enjoy'd,
Greater grow, and sweeter still.

SONG

SONG XXVIII.

LOVE has reach'd to Plants and Trees :—
 How the Vine does twine, and cling ?
 Not a Tree that fills the Grove,
 Cou'd or Beech, or Fir-Tree bring,
 Without propagating Love.
 That tall Oak which lifts its Head,
 Has its sympathetic Pow'rs :
 Diff'rent Paths in Love we tread,
 They have theirs, and we have ours.

SONG XXIX.

OFT I have heard the Waves and senseless Stones,
 Echo my Sighs, and Trees return my Groans !
 Compassion I must never hope to see
 In her whose Chain I wear, relentless she,
 Whose lovely Form conceals a savage Heart,
 Where want of Pity heightens all my Smart :
 Than Things inanimate she's far less kind,
 And more severe than speaks a human Mind.

SONG XXX.

WHene'er the Stream bursts from thine Eye
 Lost to sweet Hope I sadly sigh ;
 The trembling Soul, oppress'd by Fear,
 Keeps back, with Pain, the trickling Tear.

O ! if I'm dear, seem thou less kind,
 Not thus to Love's fond Power resign'd :
 Then shall I Fate's dread Shafts oppose,
 And rise superior to my Woes.

SONG XXXI.

IF, the fierce Tyger, Love invade,
 As thro' the trackless Wild he stray ;
 Soften'd his Wrath, he'll fondly play ;
 Or, peaceful, tread the awful Shade.

But if the dauntless Hunter's Snare,
His Progress check, his Limbs surround ;
Enrag'd to be thus Captive bound,
With Howlings dire he'll rend the Air.

SONG XXXII.

SINCE, loveliest Nymph ! for thee I die, }
O come ! receive my latest Sigh ; }
Then, to th'ætherial Realms I'll fly.

SONG XXXIII.

BESEECH the Fair

My Pangs to share.

Revive her ; say,

I Love obey :

Fate let her blame,

If false I seem.

How hard's my Lot !

Ingrate I'm nam'd ;

Yet free from Spot

Shou'd be proclaim'd.

SONG XXXIV.

IF gayly Roses bloom,
When *Phæbus* gilds the Morn ;
E'er Night her Veil resume,
They wear, for me, the Thorn.

Too oft invidious Fate
With fancy'd Bliss allures ;
Then wrecks, on me, its Hate,
And in dread Chains secures.

SONG XXXV.

LIKE the lone Traveller am I,
In boundless Forests left to sigh.
The Rocks, the Woods, the Streams around,
With the fierce Lyon's Roar resound.

Wrapt

Wrapt in the Horrors of the Night;
 Unblest'd with ev'n a Ray of Light,
 His tott'ring Feet at random stray,
 Lost in the dreary, pathless Way.

Yet shall not slavish Fear controul
 The settled Purpose of my Soul.

SONG XXXVI.

DEAR *Ned*, let us taste the true Pleasures of Wine,
 And implore the God *Bacchus* to aid our Design;
 Nor nicely set up for Champaign; nor the Boast
 Of some haughty Court-Lady;—Black *Bess* be the
 Toast.

Let us drink till we stare; let's defy the Reformer,
 And shew each proud Minx, that we heartily scorn her.
 Let the Beaux and the Belles, and the pretty fac'd
 Croud,

Of all their gay Nothings ambitiously proud,
 Call us dull, drunken Sots, or whate'er they think fit;
 But 'tis Wine, and not Woman, engenders true Wit.
 Then leave them, their amorous Fables to forge,
 But fail not to meet thy kind Friend at the *George*.

SONG XXXVII.

I LEAVE you, because cruel Fate
 Bids me from your dire Presence fly;
 Yet fancy not I e'er can hate,
 Or think on you without a Sigh.

Yes:—tho' far-distant, still my Soul,
 Will one distracting Comfort find;
 Will ev'ry fiercer Pang controul,
 Musing on you, thus left behind.

SONG XXXVIII.

I MUST, so cruel is my Fate,
 Seem false to him whose Smiles endear:
 Yet *Cupid*, ev'n in *Paphos*' State,
 Boasts not a Heart that's more sincere.

The

The guileful Words which from me fall,
 Are censur'd by the much-lov'd Youth ;
 Yet hear me Gods ! bear witness all !
 My Soul's a Stranger to Untruth.

SONG XXXIX.

AS on a flow'ry Bank I lay,
 Pleas'd with Nature's various Pride,
 A roving *Cupid* flew that Way,
 And left his Arrow in my Side.

Too soon I felt the cruel Smart ;
 Too late the pow'rful God I knew ;
 And, from the Anguish of my Heart,
 My Fate, alas ! I found too true.

I fighting sobb'd, and begging swore,
 All due Obedience to his Will.
 " Fond Youth " (cry'd he) " lament no more,
 " Tho' deep I wound, I never kill.
 " Rise, to the blooming *Lucy* run ;
 " Get there thy Death or Happiness ;
 " Tho' in thy Heart my Arrows burn,
 " 'Tis she must kill, or give thee Ease."

SONG XL.

THE skilful Pilot, safe in Port,
 (Bulg'd his stout Ship, tore all its Sails)
 Still dreads to be the Tempest's Sport,
 And shudders at the distant Gales.
 Who wou'd not Peace of Mind destroy,
 Must fly from Love's destructive Joy.

SONG XLI.

O How raging is the Smart
 Which distracts the Lover's Heart,
 When o'erspread with jealous Fears !—
 Sighs are his, and ceaseless Tears :
 Fix'd in Grief, behold him lying,
 Deep despairing, panting, dying.

In

In Affliction's dreaded Round,
 Pangs like these are never found.
 Ev'ry Moment brings it's Pains,
 Tort'ring Woes, and rankling Chains.

SONG XLII.

MY easy Heart you first ensnare,
 Then from your charming Presence tear ;
 Tortures, too furious, thence arise :
 Suspend 'em, Gods ! your Victim dies.
 O turn your Eyes ! indulge one Ray,
 And sweetly gild my Sorrow's Day.
 Look kindly, tho' your Passion's o'er :
 'Tis the last Boon I shall implore.

SONG XLIII.

FAIR Nymph, in Pride of Beauty dress,
 Thy ever-constant Lover hear ;
 Behold his sadly-trickling Tear,
 And sooth the Anguish of his Breast.
 Confess, since still thou form'st his Joy,
 Unusual Constancy he shows.
 That, crown'd with Truth, the Passion glows,
 Which ev'n Unkindness can't destroy.

SONG XLIV.

THE freshest Rose neglected dies,
 Nor can we make its Beauty last ;
 If once the Moment we despise
 To taste its Sweets, full fast it flies,
 And envious, mocks our swiftest Haste.
 With Youth and Beauty, (peerless Maid)
 This Simile will still hold good ;
 Now fresh :—Yet once those two decay'd,
 I fear ; and you may be afraid,
 Naught will be left to fire the Blood.

Tho'

Tho' that, once fir'd by Beauty, may,
 Like lesser Lamps, preserve its Flame ;
 Good Humour's then a certain Way,
 To keep it from the least Decay,
 And make it ever burn the same.

With Speed then, charming *Flavia*, taste
 Our greatest earthly Happiness :
 All other Pleasures shift so fast :
 'Tis this, and only this, can last,
 To crown our Loves with lasting Bliss.

SONG XLV.

SWEET Peace, long Stranger to my Breast,
 Return ; again brood o'er my Mind ;
 Hush my sad Woes to balmy Rest,
 And let me this one Comfort find.

What Tortures ! O to see the Fair,
 For whom I languish, faithless prove.
 Surrounding Clouds of black Despair
 Blot, from my Soul, all Hopes of Love.

SONG XLVI.

O H ! in Pity, beauteous Maid,
 Call me not, in Scorn, Ingrate ;
 Nor with Want of Truth upbraid ;
 Charge it all on wayward Fate.

Whether I still sooth my Flame ;
 Languish at thy Beauty's Shrine ;
Cupid ask, and each dread Name ;
 Ask thy spotless Heart, and mine ?

SONG XLVII.

THO', round me, threatens envious Fate,
 Its Bolts I dread not, nor deserve :
 Henceforth, let it or love or hate,
 The Soul's true Greatness I'll preserve.

Firm

Firm as a Rock, my dauntless Mind:
 Shall Storms defy; shall fix its Doom:
 Give Fear, give Sorrow to the Wind;
 Nor, idly, Life in Plaints consume.

SONG XLVIII.

Duet.

Swain. **F**AIR Charmer! now thou'rt only mine;
 To plighted Love thou hast been true,
Nymph. My Heart I wholly here resign,
 Which, (*Sylvia*) ever burnt for you.

Swain. If I cou'd e'er suspect thy Truth,
 The Error (faultless Fair) forgive.
Nymph. Ah! thou'rt my all, (enchanted Youth!)
 Unblest'd with thee I cou'd not live.

Swain. O why didst thou thy Tongue restrain?

Nymph. O whence thy Fears, so idle, vain?

Both. What dreadful Pangs! what pungent Woe!
 What Cruelty, when Fate's our Foe!

Ye Lovers (say) whose Flame's sublime,
 Can aught exceed our present Bliss?

Say rather, in the Round of Time
 What rapt'rous Moment equals *This*?

SONG XLIX.

PRITHEE, *Lesbia*, why so coy?
 Reflect that you can ne'er recover
 The Hours of Youth you misapply;
 Then listen to your faithful Lover.

Take him, as to thy View he stands,
 Nor of too many Failings fear him;
 He'll surely mend upon thy Hands,
 And prove much better in the wearing.

You'll

You'll find him, fond of Ease in Life,
 And a strong Enemy to thwarting:
 E'en take his Word, and be his Wife,
 There'll be no Danger then of parting.

Another Spark may summon Heav'n,
 Whilst loud he swears he'll never leave thee;
 But sure as *Cinque* and *Duce* make Seven,
 If he once swear, 'tis to deceive thee.

SONG L.

BROTHER of *Jove*, great *Neptune*, hear!
 Thy Wrath, the Winds and Billows fear.
 If thou but smile, soft Zephyrs play,
 And all around is cloudless Day.

SONG LI.

THOSE only boast true Strength of Mind,
 A Heart heroic, unconfin'd;
 Who each wild Impulse can controul,
 With glorious Energy of Soul.

But, in the Heart, if Love preside,
 In Firmness such wou'd vainly pride:
 As well the Slave, whilst Chains surround,
 Might think himself by Freedom crown'd.

SONG LII.

TELL me, art thou the Passion, Love,
 Which, stealing, thus invad'st my Breast?
 If thou'rt the wond'rous Flame confest,
 To hide thy Symptoms long I've strove.

Ah! shou'd my Efforts not prevail,
 To force thee from my bleeding Heart,
 There thou shalt die; not once depart,
 Lest Bablers thence invent a Tale.

SONG LIII.

A H me ! too cruel is the Smart,
To feel Death creeping round the Heart ;
And yet, not be allow'd to say,
My Spirits sink, I faint away."

A Gleam of Pleasure seems to rise
From Tears bedewing am'rous Eyes :
But O ! too pungent is the Pain,
To languish, yet not dare complain ;

SONG LIV.

To Cupid.

THOU little Wag, must I be made thy Sport ;
Either find Pastime in thy Mother's Court,
And cease to fling thy tickling Darts at me,
Or, by this Light, I'll fetch another Bee, }
That shall revenge my Cause, and strike at thee.
Thou, sobbing, felt'st it once ; remember that ;
Must jovial Souls be plagu'd with such a Brat ?
I've other Business now upon my Hands,
And wait on a much kinder God's Commands :
Bacchus I serve :—Young Whiffler, you shall know
Tis safer to rob Bees, than bend your Bow
Against his Votaries ; for he may prove,
Provok'd, a greater Deity than Love.
Haste to th' Assemblies of the Fops and Fair,
And, if thou must be fooling, trifle there.

SONG LV.

E NOUGH : Your Words I must believe :
I'm what fond Love, what you'd me make :
Inquire not why, for that wou'd grieve ;
Suppress the Thought for Pity's Sake.

Who

Who gave you, o'er my Mind, this Sway
 I ask not : for 'twould be in vain ;
 Nor, whisp'ring, dare my Words convey :
 Alas ! the Question must give Pain.

SONG LVI.

TH Y Charms, in each bright Feature ;
 Ensnare my kindling Heart ;
 O deign, divinest Creature,
 To sooth the thrilling Smart !
 Cou'd I behold thee languish
 In Pity to my Pains,
 I then wou'd bless the Anguish
 My Soul for thee sustains.

SONG LVII.

I Weep 'tis true ; yet not from Woe
 The pearly Tear does always flow ;
 From Pleasure it may start.
 Down my swoln Cheeks whilst Streams thus run,
 O grudge not, to a pious Son,
 The easing of his Heart !

SONG LVIII.

WH Y (*Cupid*) not resolve,
 Two Hearts till Death to bind ?
 Why not the Tye dissolve,
 If either prove unkind ?

In those who fruitless love,
 Why does fond Hope remain ?
 An airy Food why prove,
 To tantalize the Pain ?

SONG LIX.

O Love ! if thy Arrows have wounded my Heart,
 Compose the dear Anguish, and soften the Smart :
 And if, with thy Flames, my young Bosom must burn,
 O teach charming *Strepson* to glow in his Turn.

Our Souls, for the Sweets of thy Union, prepare,
And grant us thy Blessings, unblended with Care :
Conduct us to each fond Succession of Joy,
Too lively to languish, too charming to cloy.

SONG LX.

INGRATE, too well I know your Wiles :
To me you Truth eternal swore ;
With ceaseless Sighs wou'd Love implore,
Yet now, to Frowns, are chang'd your Smiles !
O faithless Swain, why so unkind ?
Why win my easy, spotless Heart ;
Then laugh at the distracting Smart,
And blot me from your wav'ring Mind ?

SONG LXI.

SINCE I (my Soul's Delight !) must die ;
With spotless Innocence I'll fly
To Bow'rs of endless Rest.
When shall my guiltless Shade be found,
Mov'ring, eternal, round and round,
Or sighing on thy Breast.

SONG LXII.

PERPLEX'D in dark Regions of Woe,
I wander, alas ! in Despair :
O Cupid, thy Pity bestow ;
To charm the lov'd Youth be thy Care.
My Passion swift let him return,
And feel the sharp Pangs I endure :
With Flames let us mutually burn,
Then give to each other a Cure.

SONG LXIII.

YE Pangs that rend my aching Heart,
And thro' my Brain Distraction spread,
Rise ! rise ! your Pow'rs collected dart ;
Aim all your Vengeance at my Head.

Oppress'd

Oppress'd with Life, its Joys I hate,
Thence sicken in my early Bloom.
O come then Death! fix swift my Fate,
And snatch me to the silent Tomb.

SONG LXIV.

TO sooth my Soul, I bid part Woe,
In Fancy painted, shadowy rise;
And, from my rapt'rous Joy, I know
The Bliss of those who dwell in Skies.

SONG LXV.

O How blissful 'tis to languish,
When soft Wishes warm the Breast!
Sighs, in part, disclose our Anguish,
And our Blushes speak the rest.

Gay Desires, which fondly please us,
Prove by Day our loveliest Themes;
But when Midnight Slumbers seize us,
O the charming, charming Dreams!

SONG LXVI.

WITH Doubts distracted, all my Soul
Sorrow and thrilling Pangs controul:
Slow, thro' each Vein, Life's Current flows;
And now, around my Heart, is froze.

Not one soft Gleam of Peace I trace,
Since, heedless I, first saw thy Face.
My Mind, by hopeless Love oppress'd,
Sad Stranger is to balmy Rest.

SONG LXVII.

YE smiling Eyes! in whose bright Rays
A Group of Loves enchanted plays;
Tho', scornful, you my Suit deny,
Still, in their Flame, I sadly sigh.

Wou'd Fate permit, for Love of you,
 Death's dreary Shades with Joy I'd view :
 Though, if you soft Pity show,
 And one fond, parting Glance bestow.

SONG LXVIII.

WHILST I the Charms which round you play,
 With sweet Amazement view ;
 Ah ! what Return can e'er repay
 The Bliss I owe to you.

The Hero's Spoils, the Monarch's Throne,
 Are Trifles to my Fair ;
 And thy endearing Charms alone,
 Shall ever claim my Care.

SONG LXIX.

WHEN *Phyllis* view'd the youthful Swain,
 Whose noble Presence grac'd the Plain ;
 Her Bosom felt a thrilling Smart :
 She sigh'd, and gaz'd away her Heart.

SONG LXX.

WHO ventures, first, on faithless Seas,
 Fancies each Star dire Influence sheds ;
 Hears Tempests, in the gentlest Breeze ;
 And ev'ry Wave, soft-curling, dreads :
 But Storms around him roar in vain,
 Who long has plough'd the liquid Plain.

SONG LXXI.

IN your bright Eyes
 Let Comfort rise ;
 Let Hope's soft Ray
 Chase Grief away :
 When dark they roll,
 Sunk is my Soul.

Ah!

Ah! well you know,
Or Bliss, or Woe,
Your Glances dart
In my fond Heart.

SONG LXXII.

Duet.

Swain. **L**OVE's gentle Reign,
Shall sooth each Pain,
That rack'd my Breast before.

Nymph. Still let me be
Thus blest in thee:
Kind Heav'n! I ask no more.

Both. No Time shall impair,
Or cloud with a Care,
Our Days of enchanting Bliss.
Ah! who wou'd complain,
Of Years past in Pain,
Repaid with a Moment like this?

SONG LXXIII.

IF, beauteous Nymph, thro' yonder Bowers
You love to wander, crown'd with Flowers;
Blest in each Wish can give Delight,
Blest with the Youth who charms your Sight;
From these dark Wilds, O Instant fly!
See Thunders threat'ning from the Sky.

Sweet Fair-One: Think not Charms of Face,
Can such surrounding Evils chase.
Then do not on thy Form presume.
Fly! else Destruction is thy Doom.

SONG LXXIV.

FOND Zephyrus, whilst soft you play,
If round my Fair you chance to stray,
Say you're a Sigh, an am'rous Flame;
But ah! disclose not whence you came.

SONG

SONG LXXV.

DISPELL' D the Clouds which threaten'd Woe,
 Content spreads sweetly o'er my Soul ;
 Swift, thro' my Frame, bids Transports glow,
 Each tort'ring Impulse to controul.

Loud let her Triumphs echo round
 The Earth, and swell from Shore to Shore ;
 Our Triumphs let the Stars resound,
 For curst *Rebellion* is no more.

Hail *Liberty* ! without thy Charms,
 The brightest Regions are unblest :
 O keep thine *ALBION* from Alarms,
 And lull her Pangs to balmy Rest !

SONG LXXVI.

ENVY, eldest-born of Hell !
 Cease in human Hearts to dwell ;
 Ever at all Good repining,
 Still the Happy undermining !
 God and Man by thee infested,
 Thou by God and Man detested !
 Most thyself thou dost torment,
 At once the Crime and Punishment :
 Hide thee in the blackest Night ;
 Virtue sickens at thy Sight !
 Hence, thou eldest-born of Hell !
 Cease in human Hearts to dwell.

SONG LXXVII.

FROM Cities storm'd, and Battles won,
 What Glories can accrue ?
 By this the Hero best is known,
 Who can himself subdue.
 He's wisest, gentlest of his Kind,
 Who can in Reason's Fetters bind,
 The Madness of his angry Mind.

}

SONG LXXVIII.

O MATCHLESS Nymph ! thy Form behold,
 'Bove other Beauties charms our Eyes;
 Yet still within that Form conceal'd,
 Thy Mind, a greater Beauty lies.

SONG LXXIX.

O BEAUTY! Beam, nay Flame,
 Of that great Lamp of Light
 That shines a while with Fame,
 But sinks to endless Night :
 Like Winter's short-liv'd Bright,
 Or Summer's sudden Gleams,
 More valu'd as less lasting are their Beams.

Wing'd Love away does fly,
 And with it Time will bear ;
 They both snatch suddenly ;
 The Sweet, the Fair, the Dear.
 A shining Day, and clear
 Succeeds an obscure Night,
 And Sorrow is the Hue of sweet Delight.

With what then dost thou swell,
 O Youth of new-born Day ?
 Wherein doth thy Pride dwell,
 O Beauty form'd of Clay ?
 Not with so swift a Way
 The headlong Current flies,
 As do the Rays of thy enchanting Eyes ?

Enjoy thy *April* now,
 While it does freely shine :
 This Lightning Flash and Show,
 With that clear Spirit of thine
 Will suddenly decline ;
 And thy bright, murthering Eyes,
 Shall be *Love's* Tomb where now his Cradle lies.

Old, trembling *Age* will come,
 With wrinkled Cheeks and Stains ;
 With Motion troublesome ;
 With Skin and bloodless Veins.
 That lively Visage wanes,
 And, made deform'd and old,
 Hates Sight of Glass it lov'd so to behold.

That which, on *Flora's* Breast,
 All fresh, and flourishing,
Aurora newly drest,
 Saw, in her Dawning. Spring ;
 All dry and languishing,
 Depriv'd of Honours quite,
 Day-closing *Hesperus* beholds at Night.

Fair is the Lilly ; fair
 The Rose, of Flow'rs the Eye !
 Both wither in the Air,
 Their beauteous Colours die.
 And so, at last, shall lie
 Depriv'd of former Grace,
 The Lillies of thy Breast, the Roses of thy Face.

What then will it avail,
 O *Youth* advised ill !
 In Lap of Beauty frail
 To nurse a wayward Will,
 Like Snake in Sun-warm Hill ?
 Pluck, pluck, betime thy Flow'r,
 That springs, and perisheth in one short Hour.

SONG LXXX.

W H E N Glances, shot from beauteous Eyes,
 A tender, heedless Heart surprize ;
 That Heart wou'd sink, thro' deep Despair,
 Shou'd Jealousy once harbour there ;
 And Pangs must rise might claim a Tear,
 From all who boast a Flame sincere.

Lovers shou'd instantly centroul
 Those dread Emotions of the Soul,
 Lest they, by Ills fantastick sway'd,
 Be, to substantial Woes, betray'd.

SONG LXXXI.

WOU'D an *Amazon* were I!
 O the Bliss that State must yield!
 Fearless, then, I ne'er shou'd sigh,
 But march forth with Spear and Shield.
 Tho' neglected flow'd my Hair,
 Fierce my Eye, and coarse my Skin;
 I shou'd awe with martial Air,
 If my Beauty cou'd not win.

SONG LXXXII.

THE Pilot, sailing on smooth Seas,
 Stretch'd on the Deck in careless Ease;
 If he, in Sleep, the Day consume,
 May tread, in Dreams, the wish'd-for Shore;
 The Gods, for his Return, adore;
 Yet, waking, find a watry Tomb.

SONG LXXXIII.

THE gen'rous Courser, bred to Arms,
 Flies at the Trumpet's sprightly Sound;
 Enchanted with War's fierce Alarms,
 His Neighings thro' the Woods resound.
 No more his native Meads delight;
 His Passion's the embattl'd Plain,
 Where, panting for the glorious Fight,
 He paws the Ground, and shakes his Mane.
 Each Call, loud-echoing thro' the Shade,
 He fancies is his Rider's Voice;
 Bidding fierce Hosts the Foe invade,
 And soon, for Laurels won, rejoice.

SON

SONG LXXXIV.

FREQUENT the Native of the Flood,
 With Transport eyes the glitt'ring Bait ;
 Swims, sportive, round the fancied Good,
 Then, plunging, 'scapes a cruel Fate.

The luckless Moment yet comes round,
 When he too heedlessly may play ;
 May, in his Jaw, receive a Wound,
 And fall the joyful Angler's Prey.

SONG LXXXV.

ME, since cruel Fate will sever
 From my Darling :—O for ever !
 Tort'ring Love thy Vot'ry slay ;
 Bear me, from myself, away.

Parted from my Soul's Delight,
 Dark's the Prospect, all is Night ;
 Sad I pine, 'twixt Life and Death.
 Prey'd upon by dire Dispair,
 Hated Life I scarce can bear,
 And wou'd gladly yield my Breath.

SONG LXXXVI.

ACAREFUL Nymph, with ceaseless Grief oppress'd,

Beneath the Shadow of a Poplar Tree,
 With Lute in Hand, did chaunt her Want of Rest,
 To a kind Nymph, who bore her Company.
 No sooner had the Fair-One tun'd each String,
 Than, sighing sad, she thus did sweetly sing.

Ladies and Nymphs, come listen to my Plaint ;
 On me the Sun did never chearful rise ;
 If Pity's Strokes that tender Breast may taint,
 Come learn of me to wet your wanton Eyes :
 For Love, in vain, the Name of Pleasure bears ;
 His sweet Delights turn all to chilling Fears.

The flatt'ring Shows, the Frights, the feeble Joys,
 The freezing Doubts, the guileful Promises ;
 The Looks dissembled, Shifts, the subtle Toys,
 The brittle Hope, the constant Heaviness ;
 The wish'd-for War in such uncertain Peace :
 These, with my Woe, my Woes with these increase.

SONG LXXXVII.

Phyllida and Corydon.

IN the merry Month of *May*,
 In a Morn by break of Day,
 Forth I walk'd by the Wood-side,
 When as *May* was in her Pride :
 There I chanc'd to spy, alone,
Phyllida and *Corydon*.
 Much ado theré was, God wot !
 He wou'd love, and she wou'd not.
 She said, never Man was true.
 He said, none was false to you.
 He said, he had lov'd her long.
 She said, Love shou'd have no Wrong.
Crydon wou'd kiss her then.
 She cry'd, Maids must kiss no Men,
 Till they did for good and all.
 Then she made the Shepherd call
 All the Heav'ns to witness Truth,
 Never lov'd a truer Youth.
 Thus, with many a pretty Oath,
 Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth ;
 Such as guileless Shepherds use,
 When they will not Love abuse ;
 Love which had been long deluded,
 Was with Kisses sweet concluded ;
 And *Phyllida*, with Garlands gay,
 Was made Lady of the *May*.

SONG

SONG LXXXVIII.

SOUL-FLATT'RING Hopes, forbear your
Wiles ;

Delude me not with treach'rous Smiles,
I can believe no more.

Whoe'er, escap'd tempestuous Seas,
Again shou'd trust the flatt'ring Breeze,
Might Gods in vain implore.

SONG LXXXIX.

SHOU'D he, who o'er the Ocean flies,
Believe too hastily his Eyes ;
By false Appearances misled,
He'd fancy 'twas the Coast which fled ;
And think his Ship, with full-spread Sails,
Stood motionless amid the Gales.

Whilst on the Fountain's Brink he lies,
Shou'd a fond Infant trust his Eyes ;
As round him shone Sol's glitt'ring Ray,
With his reflected Form he'd play ;
Sport with his Image in the Stream,
Nor know 'twas shadowy as a Dream.

SONG XC.

DEATH, hither haste !
The Time why wattle ?
With Woes oppress'd
I pant for Rest.
My Fair-One, say,
Why thus betray ?

I scarce believe
Thou can'st deceive.
The pungent Smart
Strikes thro' my Heart.
Tortur'd I lie,
And wish to die.

SONG XCI.

SHOU'D cruel Fate cut short my Days,
 (Thou, who can'st ev'ry Bliss impart :)
 Remember how I sung thy Praise,
 And clasp'd thee to my ravish'd Heart.

Believe, when all-dissolv'd my Frame,
 If Love flies with us to the Urn,
 My Passion I'll, ev'n there, proclaim ;
 And (O cou'd Ashes !) for thee burn.

SONG XCII.

IN Pride of Youth, whilst bloom'd the *May*,
 When Birds with many a merry Lay,
 Salute the Sun's up-rising ;
 I sat me down, fast by a Spring,
 And, whilst these merry Chaunters sing,
 I fell upon surmizing.

Amid my Doubt, and Mind's Debate,
 O' Change of Times, of World's Estate,
 I spy'd a Boy attir'd
 In silver Plumes, yet naked quite,
 Save pretty Feathers, fit for Flight,
 Wherewith he still aspir'd.

A Bow he bare, to work Man's Wrack ;
 A little Quiver at his Back,
 With many Arrows fill'd :
 And, in his soft and pretty Hand,
 He held a lively, burning Brand,
 With which he Lovers kill'd.

Close by his Side, in rich Array,
 There was a lovely Lady gay,
 (His Mother as I guess'd ;)
 Who sat the Child upon her Knee,
 Then trimm'd his Bow, taught him to flee,
 And wondrous Love profess'd.

Oft from her Lap, in verdant Bowers,
 He leapt, and gather'd Summer's Flowers,
 Both Violets and Roses ;
 But, see the Change which follow'd fast !
 As he did *Flora's* Bounty waste,
 Before that he supposes ;

A Bee, that harbour'd near thereby
 Stung his soft Hand, and made him cry :

" O Mother, I am wounded !"
 Fair *Venus*, who beheld her Son,
 Cry'd out : " Alas ! I am undone !"
 And thereupon she swooned.

" My roving Boy" (the Goddess said)
 " Who has my *Cupid* thus dismay'd ?"—
 He answer'd.—" Gentle Mother !
 " The Honey-Worker in the Hive
 " 'Gainst me does Mischief fell contrive :
 " Alas ! it is none other."

She kiss'd his Lips :—Now mark the Chance !

Instant she fell into a Trance,
 And, weeping, thus concluded :
 " Ah wanton Urchin ! like the Bee
 " Thou, with a Kiss, hast wounded me,
 " And hapless Love included.

" A little Bee does thee affright,
 " But ah ! my Wounds are full of Spite,
 " And never can be cur'd."

The Youth, who guess'd his Mother's Pain,
 Smil'd, and soon kiss'd her whole again,
 And her fond Hopes secur'd.

She suck'd the Wound, assuag'd the Sting ;
 When *Cupid*, cur'd, thus sweet did sing ;

" Let no fond Lovers Sorrow :
 " To-Day, tho' Grief invade his Heart,
 " Let him with Courage bear the Smart ;
 " Amends will come To-morrow."

SONG XCIII.

TORTUR'D in my Soul, I stray,
Darkling thro' the woodland Way :
Stars, nor Torch, to cheer my Sight,
Nor the Glow-Worm's twinkling Light.

At the gentlest quiv'ring Breeze,
Icy Fears, black Terrors seize.
Beauteous Day-Spring, O arise,
And delight once more my Eyes !

SONG XCIV.

BEFORE our Hero, sprung from Skies,
Let Earth with humble Tribute rise ;
Whate'er th' amazing Ocean bounds,
Or Sol's all-seeing Eye surrounds.

Be his triumphant Praises sung,
By ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Tongue :
And, with these Sounds, the Æther ring,
" The brightest Throne, the greatest King.

SONG XCV.

COU'D I sweet Hope but entertain,
My Breast might find Repose ;
That Bliss deny'd, a Round of Pain,
Augments my piercing Woes.

Yet rouse my Soul:—with Virtue arm'd
I'll brave impending Fate ;
And, at dire Horrors un-allarm'd,
Resume my wonted State.

SONG XCVI.

OMAY the Star which rul'd my Birth,
Blaze forth, and strike me to the Earth;
Fix me a Monument of Lie,
Or blend me with its raging Fire,

If e'er my Love, to thee untrue,
 Had a more darling Fair in view.
 Alas! so pungent is my Grief;
 So lost am I to all Relief,
 That, cou'd the Stones my Wailings hear,
 They'd drop the sympathizing Tear.

SONG XCVII.

REMOVE, enchanting Nymph, each Fear;
 To him who doats, be still sincere.
 My tender Soul with Love o'erflows,
 And ev'ry Pulse with Rapture glows.

Where'er thou go, O call to mind,
 My Flame how pure, my Heart how kind!
 In Visions may my Image rise,
 And sweetly captivate thine Eyes.

SONG XCVIII.

TELL me, since I Truth maintain;
 Since I now disclose my Pain,
 Why return my Soul to vex?
 Why with cruel Thoughts perplex?

Ah! what Solace can I find,
 Thus distracted in my Mind?
 Whilst, in Doubt's wide Ocean toss'd,
 To sweet Happiness I'm lost?

SONG XCIX.

KEEP for some other easy Fair,
 Thy Protestations, light as Air.
 Thy Falshood thou'lt in vain repent;
 In vain thy aching Heart relent;
 I'll from thy Wailings turn mine Ear,
 Nor heed thy swiftly-trickling Tear.

SONG C.

THE sportive Bird whom Nets surround,
 Pours forth her tuneful Warblings round ;
 By fraudulent Arts, to Ills betray'd,
 Her Warblings charm the ambient Shade ;
 When lo! some Hand may bring Relief,
 And, giving Freedom, sooth her Grief.
 But Fate to me, is so unkind,
 No Ray of Pity cheers my Mind.
 In vain my Suff'rings I deplore :
 Alas ! sweet Freedom comes no more.

SONG CI.

The Shepherd's Invitation.

COME live with me, and be my Dear,
 And we will revel all the Year,
 In Plains and Groves, and Hills and Dales,
 Where fragrant Air breeds sweetest Gales.

There shall you have the beauteous Pine,
 The Cedar and the spreading Vine ;
 And all the Woods to be a Screen,
 Lest *Phæbus* kiss my Summer's Queen.

The Seat, of our fond Sports, shall be
 Over some River, in a Tree,
 Where silver Sands, and Pebbles sing
 Eternal Ditties to the Spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
 And how the Satyrs spend the Day ;
 The Fishes gliding on the Sands,
 Off'ring themselves to your fair Hands.

The Birds, from their soft, op'ning Throats
 Shall pour forth sweetly-soothing Notes,
 Which to your Senses shall impart
 A Music to inflame the Heart.

Upon

Upon the bare, the leafless Oak
 The Ring-Doves Wooings will provoke
 A colder Blood, than you possess
 To play with me, and do no less.

In Bowers whose Fragrance gives Delight,
 Pleas'd, we'll out-wear the silent Night;
 Whilst *Flora* busy is to spread
 Her richest Treasures on our Bed.

Ten thousand Glow-Worms shall attend,
 And their gay-sparkling Lustres lend;
 All to adorn and beautify
 Your Lodging with more Majesty.

Thus, as we pass the live-long Night,
 In Pleasures soft, and fond Delight;
 The nimble Fairies, on the Ground,
 Shall dance, responsive to sweet Sound.

If these, my Fair-One, can entice
 Your Presence, to Love's Paradise,
 Then come with me, and be my Dear,
 And, instant, we'll begin the Year.

SONG CII.

The Answer.

IF all the World, and Love, were young,
 And Truth in ev'ry Shepherd's Tongue,
 These pretty Pleasures might me move,
 To live with thee, and be thy Love.

Time drives the Flocks from Field to Fold,
 When Rivers rage, and Rocks grow cold,
 And *Philomel* becometh dumb;
 The rest complain of Cares to come.

The Flow'rs do fade in wanton Fields,
 The wayward Winter Reck'ning yields:
 A honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
 Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.

Thy

Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Beds of Roses,
 Thy Cap, thy Handkerchief and Posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy Bed of Straw, and Ivy Buds,
 Thy Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs,
 All these in me no Mind can move
 To go to thee, and be thy Love.

SONG CIII.

LOVERS, you who pine with Woe,
 From my deep-felt Anguish know,
 What it costs a Fair-One's Heart
 To disguise it, deep, with Art :
 Let my Cheeks, my streaming Eyes,
 Speak the Pangs which thence arise.

SONG CIV.

ALAS! methinks I hear him sigh.
 Sweet Charmer, stop ; I'll with thee die.
 My tender Heart, weigh'd down with Woe,
 On thee will its last Pang bestow.
 To my sad Soul thou'rt ever dear,
 For still I boast a Flame sincere.
 Yet, if thou'lt not my Tongue believe,
 View my wan Cheeks, see how I grieve.
 O know, fictitious was my Hate !
 On thee, alone, depends my Fate.

SONG CV.

WHILST I thus my Charmer leave,
 Let her spare the aching Sigh.
 My fond Heart 'twou'd sadly grieve,
 Shou'd a Tear drop from thine Eye.

Think

Think not that I sink thro' Woe,
 'Cause these rankling Shackles bind.
 Nymph, one tender Glance bestow,
 And thou'lt heal my wounded Mind.

SONG CVI.

HOPE's genial Ray
 Illumes my Breast ;
 Drives Grief away,
 Gives balmy Rest.

Love melts in Tears
 At my past Pains ;
 Ah me! for Years,
 I've dragg'd his Chains.

But Fate, at last,
 Sheds Comfort round :
 My Woes all past,
 With Bliss I'm crown'd.

SONG CVII.

PROMETHEUS, when first from Heav'n high,
 He brought down Fire, till then on Earth unseen ;
 Fond of Delight, a *Satyr* standing by,
 Gave it a Kiss, as it a Sweet had been.

Feeling forthwith, the other burning Power,
 Vex'd at the Smart, with Shouts and Shriekings
 shrill,

He sought his Ease in River, Field and Bower ;
 But, for the Time, his Grief went with him still.

So, silly I, with that unwonted Sight
 In human Shape, (an Angel from above)
 Feeding mine Eyes, th' Impression there did light,
 That since I run, or stop, as pleases *Love*.
 The Diff'rence is : the *Satyr's* Lips, my Heart,
 He for a while, I evermore have Smart.

SONG

SONG CVIII.

UNGRATEFUL! I thy Wishes know,
 Thou'dst have me plunge the Dagger deep.
 Yes : soon my guiltless Blood shall flow,
 And Death indulge eternal Sleep.

Yet, when I'm vanish'd from thine Eyes,
 Thy Error thou, too late must see ;
 May't mourn her, who, with ceaseless Sighs,
 (Love's fatal Tribute!) dy'd for thee.

SONG CIX.

SILENCE, in Love, denotes more Woe
 Than Words, tho' e'er so witty ;
 A Beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double Pity.

Then wrong not, Charmer of my Heart,
 My Love for secret Passion :
 He smarteth most, who hides his Smart,
 And merits most Compassion.

SONG CX.

WHEN, thro' Grief, a Lover pines,
 (Blasted all his fond Designs ;) T
 On his Soul dire Tortures prey ; thro
 Force him, from himself, away : In
 Pangs conceiv'd by those alone, Love
 Who the Pow'r of Beauty own. W

Dreading for his darling Fair,
 All his Thoughts are fix'd on her ;
 And, so strongly in his Breast,
 Her dear Image is impress ;
 That, to other Objects blind,
 She engrosses all his Mind. DE
Gri
A E

SONG

SONG CXI.

W R O N G not, fair Mistress of my Heart,

The Merit of true Passion,
With thinking that he feels no Smart,
Who sues for no Compassion.

Since, if my Complaints were not t'approve

The Conquest of thy Beauty,
It comes not from Defect of Love,
But Fear t'exceed my Duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve

A Saint, of such Perfection,
(As all desire, but none deserve
A Place in her Affection.)

I rather chuse to want Relief,

Than venture the revealing :
Where Glory recommends the Grief,
Despair disdains the Healing.

SONG CXII.

T H E Beauties which adorn thy Face,

No Gust of Passion can deform :
Thro' Sorrow's cloud they dart a Grace ;
In Wrath they gild, like *Sol*, the Storm.

Lovely as *Venus* is my Fair,

When winning Smiles bid Dimples rise ;
My Charmer has fam'd *Pallas*' Air,
When Anger flashes from her Eyes.

SONG CXIII.

D E L I A of *Venus*' Stock must be

For Beauty's comely Grace ;

Grisel for her Gravity ;

A Helen for her Face.

A second *Pallas* for her Wit,
 A Goddess rare in Sight ;
 A *Dian* for her Daintiness,
 She is so chaste a Wight.

View her sweet Frame with curious Eye,
 Each Limb from Top to Toe,
 And you shall say, I tell but Truth,
 Who thus extol her so.

Her Head, as Chief that stands aloft,
 And overlooks the rest,
 With Wisdom is so fully fraught,
 She *Pallas* seems confess'd.

Two Ears that trust no trifling Tales,
 Nor credit Rumours wild ;
 Yet such as hear the humblest Suit,
 With Spirit sweetly-mild.

Her Eyes are such as will not gaze
 On Things not worthy Sight ;
 And, where she ought to cast a Look,
 She will not wink in Spite.

Not golden Grains which Mariners
 From foreign Regions bring ;
 Nor circling *Phæbus*' radiant Beams
 Which from his Godhead spring :

Nor antient Amber held in Price
 By *Roman* Matrons old,
 May be compar'd with her soft Locks,
 Which brighter shine than Gold.

Her Nose so well her Face adorns,
 In middle justly plac'd,
 That it at no time will permit
 Her Charms to be defac'd.

Her Mouth's so small, her Teeth so white,
 They ev'ry Beauty own ;
 Her Lips, where glows the liveliest Red,
 Exceeds the Coral Stone.

What need I to describe her Cheeks?
 Her Chin? or her fair Pap?
 For they are all, as tho' the Rose
 Lodg'd in the Lilly's Lap.

Why shou'd I on the rest insist,
 Or other Charms depaint?
 A little Hands, with Fingers long?
 My Words are all too faint.

Yet this I say in her Behalf,
 If *Helen* were her like;
 For *Paris* need not to disdain
 Her thro' the Main to seek.

Nor *Menelaus* was unwise;
 Or martial *Trojans* mad,
 When he with them, or they with him,
 For her such Contest had.

Ulysses's Labour was not lost,
 Who swam the surging Seas,
 If *Hera* was of such a Hue,
 Whom he so fought to please.

Nor needed *Mars* the Taunts regard,
 And laughing of the rest,
 Much the Fair-One was, with whom
 He lay in *Vulcan*'s Nest.

If *Bryseis*' Charms so lovely shone,
Achilles cou'd we blame,
 Who left the Camp, and fled the Field,
 For losing such a Dame?

If she in *Ida* had been seen
 With *Pallas* and the rest,
 Ere *Paris* scarcely wou'd have chose
 Sweet *Venus*, as the best.

Or if *Pygmalion* had enjoy'd
 A Glimpse of such a Face;
 He wou'd not then his Statue bright
 So fervently embrace.

But

But why employ so many Words,
On Things to Each-One plain?
I almost doubt, if *Nature* kind
Can form the like again?

SONG CXIV.

THE gently-murm'ring, silver Rill
Descending from a Cloud-top'd Hill;
If unconfin'd, at large it stray,
No sportive Sallies mark its Way:
But when restrain'd, by Art, it lies,
Exulting, thro' the Tube it flies;
And, lighter, in the yielding Air,
Dances in glitt'ring Circles there.

Thus my fond Heart, which Woes surround,
Grows stronger from Affliction's Wound:
Rises beneath Oppression's Weight;
Victorious o'er opposing Fate.

SONG CXV.

RELENTLESS Gods! why did not I
To some kind Shepherd owe my Birth?
Then, for my stray'd Lamb I might sigh;
And this my sole Allay of Mirth?
Whilst, folded by some gentle Youth,
His Lips wou'd charm with spotless Truth.
Thus, in some Hut, supremely blest,
I had not wept my hapless Lot;
But found, in Desarts, balmy Rest,
And *Eden*, in one lonely Spot.

SONG CXVI.

GIVE place, ye Ladies, and be gone;
Or instant, prostrate, fall;
For here at hand approaches one,
Who will eclipse you all.

The Splendor of her Countenance
 Excells the precious Stone ;
 With to have no other Book
 To read, or gaze upon.

In each of her two Crystal Eyes,
 Smileth the beauteous Boy ;
 With Rapture it would fill you all,
 To see those Lamps of Joy.

Nature, methinks, has lost the Mould,
 Whence she her Form did take ;
 Or much I doubt, if Nature cou'd
 So sweet a Creature make.

With Justice may she be compar'd
 To the rare *Phoenix* kind ;
 Whose like was never seen nor heard,
 That any Bard can find.

In Life she is *Diana* chaste ;
 In Truth *Penelope* ;
 Stedfast in Promises and Deeds :
 What more can added be ?

If the wide World were sought around,
 Where find a Nymph so bright ?
 Her Beauty twinkleth like a Star,
 Dazling in frosty Night.

Her sprightly Colour comes and goes
 With a most beauteous Grace ;
 Brighter it shines than does the Rose,
 In her Angelic Face.

At *Bacchus*' Feast none shall her meet,
 Nor once at wanton Play ;
 Nor gazing wildly in the Street ;
 Nor gadding far astray.

The modest Mirth my Nymph does use,
 Is mix'd with Shamefastness ;
 All Vice she wholly does refuse,
 And hateth Idleness.

O! how delightful 'tis to see
 How Virtue can repair;
 And deck her in such Honesty,
 Whom Nature form'd so fair.

My Fair-One does as far exceed
 The Females now a-days,
 As the bright Gilliflow'r, a Weed:
 No Words cou'd speak her Praise.

Ah! how shall I procure a Graff
 Of this celestial Tree?
 The rest, to her compar'd, are Chaff,
 Which seem good Corn to be.

This Gift alone to her I'll give,
 When Death cuts short her Span:
 Her honest Fame shall ever live,
 And be rever'd by Man.

SONG CXVII.

STRONGLY those Words pervade the Heart;
 The truest, fondest Bliss impart
 Which breathe in love-sick Sighs.
 But chiefly, it from beauteous Lips
 The list'ning Fair-One Nectar sips,
 Sweet Transports round her rise.

SONG CXVIII.

Simile, on a Set of Tea Drinkers.

SO Fairy Elves their Morning-Table spread
 O'er a white Mushroom's hospitable Head.
 In Acorn-Cups the merry Goblins quaff
 The pearly Dews; they sing, they love, they laugh
 Melodious Music trembles thro' the Sky,
 And airy Sounds along the Green-Wood die.

SONG

SONG CXIX.

The Grasshopper.

HAPPY Insect! ever blest
 With a more than mortal Rest;
 Roly Dews the Leaves among,
 Humble Joys, and gentle Song!
 Wretched Poet! ever curst
 With a Life of Lives the worst;
 Sad Despondence, restless Fears,
 Endless Jealousies and Tears.

In the burning Summer, thou
 Warblest on the verdant Bough;
 Meditating cheerful Play,
 Mindless of the piercing Ray;
 Scorch'd in *Cupid's* Fervors, I
 Ever weep, and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy Will
 Ready Nature waits thee still:
 Balmy Wines to thee she pours,
 Weeping thro' the dewy Flow'rs:
 Rich as those by *Hebe* giv'n
 To the thirsty Sons of Heav'n.

Yet, alas! we both agree,
 Miserable thou like me!
 Each alike, in Youth, rehearset
 Gentle Strains, and tender Verses;
 Ever wand'ring far from Home,
 Mindless of the Days to come,
 (Such as aged Winter brings
 Trembling on his Icy Wings)
 Both alike at last we die,
 Thou art starv'd, and so am I.

SONG CXX.

NEVER, O never, peerless Fair!
 Banish my Image from thy Breast;
 But save thyself; be this thy Care:
 To Love and *Strephon* leave the rest.

Know

Know that my Life, my Strength of Soul ;
 That Peace the Fates to Virtue lend ;
 With Hope, which can dire Woes controul :
 On thee, these Blessings all depend.

SONG CXXI.

AS fast beside a murm'ring Stream,
 In blissful Visions *Cupid* lay,
Chloe, as she softly came,
 Snatch'd his golden Shafts away.

From Place to Place, in sad Surprise,
 The Deity in Anger flew :
 Trembling, in his ruddy Eyes
 Hung the pearly Drops of Dew.

So on the Rose, in blooming *May*
 When purple *Phæbus* rises bright,
 Liquid Gems of Silver lay,
 Pierc'd with glitt'ring Gems of Light.

Fair *Venus* with a tender Languish
 Smiling, thus her Son address'd,
 As he murmur'd out his Anguish
 Trembling on her snowy Breast.

Peace, gentle Infant, I implore,
 Nor lavish precious Tears in vain ;
Chloe, when the Jest is o'er,
 Brings the useless Shafts again.

Can *Chloe* need the Shafts of Love,
 Young, blooming, witty, plump and fair ?
 Charms and Raptures round her move,
 Murm'ring Sighs, and deep Despair.

Millions for her unheeded die ;
 Millions to her their Blessings owe ;
 Ev'ry Motion of her Eye
 Murthers more than *Cupid's* Bow.

SONG CXXII.

YE feather'd Minstrels of the Plain,
 Who careless rove from Spray to Spray ;
 Who fondly sooth your amorous Pain,
 As your sweet Warblings burst away :
 O! to my Darling, waft my Sighs ;
 My Accents as they, mournful, flow :
 Tell her, how Tears impearl these Eyes,
 And that 'tis she must charm my Woe.

SONG CXXIII.

FAR from Mankind, my weary Soul retire,
 Still follow Truth, Contentment still desire.
 Who climbs on high, at best his Weakness shows ;
 Who rouls in Riches, all to Fortune owes.
 Read well thyself, and mark thy early Ways,
 Vain is the Muse, and Envy waits on Praise.
 Wav'ring as Winds the Breath of Fortune blows,
 No Pow'r can turn it, and no Pray'rs compose.
 Deep in some Hermit's solitary Cell,
 Repose, and Ease, and Contemplation dwell.
 Let Conscience guide thee in the Day of Need ;
 Judge well thine own, and then thy Neighbour's Deed.
 What Heav'n bestows, with thankful Eye receive ;
 Best ask thy Heart, and then thro' Faith believe.
 Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome Way,
 Shadows of Life, and Pilgrims of a Day.
 Who wrestles in this World, receives a Fall.
 Look up on high, and thank thy God for all.

SONG CXXIV.

THO', round the Pilot, Tempests roar ;
 Tho' long, in vain, he Gods implore,
 Yet he the wish'd-for Port may gain.
 On the firm Strand he oft may stray,
 And, to his much-lov'd Friends, display
 The Perils of th' inconstant Main.

SONG CXXV.

HAIL Masonry ! thou Craft Divine !
 Glory of Earth, from Heav'n reveal'd ;
 Which dost with Jewels precious shine,
 From all but Mason's Eye conceal'd.
 Thy Praises who can due rehearse
 In nervous Prose, or flowing Verse ?

As Men from Brutes distinguish'd are,
 A Mason other Men excells ;
 For what's in Knowledge chaste and rare
 But in his Bosom safely dwells ?
 His silent Breast, and faithful Heart
 Preserve the Secrets of his Art.

From scorching Heat, and piercing Cold ;
 From Beasts, whose Roar the Forest rends ;
 From the Assault of Warriors bold,
 The Mason's Art Mankind defends.
 Be to this Art due Honour paid,
 From which Mankind receives such Aid.

Ensigns of State that feed our Pride,
 (Distinctions troublesome and vain !)
 By Mason's true are laid aside :
 Arts free-born Sons such Toys disdain :
 Ennobled by the Name they bear ;
 Distinguish'd by the Badge they wear.

Sweet Fellowship, from Envy free :
 Friendly Converse of Brotherhood ;
 The Lodges lasting Cement be,
 Which has for Ages firmly stood.
 A Lodge thus built, for Ages past,
 Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then, in our Songs, be Justice done
 To those who have enrich'd the Art ;
 From *Jubal* down to *Burlington*,
 And let each Brother take a Part.
 Let noble Mason's Health go round ;
 Their Praise in lofty Lodge resound.

SONG CXXVI.

Duett.

- He.* **O** LUCINDA! if I'm dear,
 Dry that sadly-trickling Tear,
 And suppress those heaving Sighs.
She. Whilst with Anguish thou'rt oppress'd,
 Can *Lucinda* be at rest,
 And her love-sick Soul disguise?
He. Blest with me, why Fears betray?
She. I cou'd weep my Eyes away.
Both. May dire Fate be sooth'd at last;
 Soon repay our Sorrows past,
 With unceasing, perfect Bliss.
 Thus may Love, eternal bind;
 Heart in Heart be thus enshrin'd,
 And each Moment sweet as this.

SONG CXXVII.

WHO, *Amoretti*, is now the Joy,
 Of thy fond Heart? what blooming Boy
 Rich-essenc'd, and on Rose-Beds laid,
 Pants o'er thee in the Grotto's Shade?
 For whom, like rural Maidens fair,
 Wreath'st thou, with Flow'rs, thy flaxen Hair?
 How oft shall he thy Faith arraign?
 Of the chang'd Gods how oft complain?
 With what Surprise, unwont, survey
 The low'ring Heav'ns and clouded Day?
 The Youth, who now with Smiles carest,
 Trusts in the Charms that make him blest?
 Who paints thee vacant, lovely, kind;
 Unweening of the faithless Wind!
 Curs'd! who in those false Smiles confide;
 Doat on that darling Face untry'd!

In yonder Tablet 'tis express'd,
That I have hung my Sea-dank Vest,
An Off'ring, in his sacred Shrine ;
To the great Pow'r who rules the Brine.

SONG CXXVIII.

CLOUD not thus thy shining Eyes,
For I shall not, (Fair-One) bleed.
Fate I'll combat, and succeed,
Tho' surrounding Furies rise.
I thy Soul's fond Truth implore :
Grant me this, I'll ask no more.

SONG CXXIX.

FROM Virtue's Laws who ne'er departs,
O *Julio* ! safe may go
Without the *Moorish* Lance or Bow,
Or Quiver stor'd with poison'd Darts,
The Womb of Wee !

Whether thro' *Lybia*'s scorching Land,
To journey he provides
By savage *Caucas*' rocky Sides ;
Or where the Stream o'er golden Sand,
Of *Indus*' glides.

For whilst, with *Norman* Landskip charm'd,
To my sweet Lute I play'd,
And, wrapt in *Harriot*, stray'd ;
A Wolf espy'd me, all unarm'd,
And fled dismay'd.

A direr Portent, nor a worse,
Has warlike *Daunia* view'd,
Thro' her vast Wilds and Forests rude ;
Nor *Juba*'s arid Realms, that nurse
The Lion-Brood.

Bear me to cold and wintry Plains,
Where no fair-blossom'd Trees
Bring on the soft-aspiring Breeze ;
But Fogs abound, and chilly Rains,
With Dews that freeze.

In the burnt Climate let me reek ;
 The houseless, desert Isle !
 There *Harriot* shall my Cares beguile ;
 My *Harriot* that does sweetly speak,
 And sweetly smile !

SONG CXXX.

ROUZ'D by Necessity to Arms,
 The Soldier sleeps 'mid War's Alarms :
 Blithe sings the Pilot, tho' each Wave,
 Scoop'd by the Wind, presents a Grave.
 Necessity can Pangs beguile,
 And ev'n in Death extort a Smile.

Fir'd, thro' Necessity, to rage,
 The timid Beast will fierce engage ;
 Will greatly dare ; put forth his Might,
 And rise superior in the Fight :
 At the stern Foe exulting fly ;
 And conquer gloriously, or die.

SONG CXXXI.

Chorus.

COME all away,
 Come and sing, and dance, and play, }
 'Tis the Shepherd's Holiday.

Sheph. Leave the Mountain, leave your Home,
 To the Vale of Pleasure come ;
 Never fear your Flocks will stray,
Pan protects 'em whilst we play.

*Shepher-
 des.* Happy Mansions, pleasant Shades,
 Seats of Innocence and Ease ;
 Gentle Shepherds, tender Maids,
 Sweet Abode of smiling Peace ;
 Ev'ry Grace and Joy possessing,
 Welcome him who gives the Blessing.

Shepherds. *Amyntor's* watchful Care maintains
 These quiet Fields from Harms ;
 His Wisdom awes the rougher Swains ;
 The Mild his Goodness charms.
 When *Pan* the *Grecian* Shepherds sway'd,
 He ne'er was more ador'd ;
 They out of Fear their God obey'd,
 We out of Love, our Lord.

Shepherdess. When *Venus*, deck'd with heav'nly Charms,
 Once woo'd a Mortal to her Arms,
 All but the cruel, stupid Boy,
 Beheld her with transporting Joy :
 The Flocks and Herds refus'd to graze,
 And Men and Beasts cou'd only gaze.
Aurelia's Beauties thus appear,
 Thus shining, thus transporting here.

Shepherds. For him we flow'ry Chaplets bring,
 The fairest Product of the Spring.

Shepherdess. For her we Crowns of Roses weave,
 Which both with cheerful Looks receive.
 And with as cheerful Hearts we give ;
 Thus loving, and below'd, we live.

SONG CXXXII.

SHIV'RING on the *Stygian* Shore,
 Thus I hear my *Strephon* cry :
 " Lasting Love to me you swore,
 " Yet, alas ! beguil'd am I."

Blame not (darling Youth) thy Bride ;
 She'll revenge thy luckless Doom.
 O 'twill then be all her Pride,
 To sleep by thee in the Tomb !

SONG CXXXIII.

TO Hill and Dale I tell my Care ;
 To Rocks and Streams how I despair ;
 To faithless Winds my Fortune mourn,
 The Winds (in Sighs) my Plaint return ;

The Streams in Murmurs ; Hill and Dale,
 And hollow Rocks my Fate bewail ;
 In Echoes kindly they resound
 My Moan, and seem to feel my Wound.
 He only, who shou'd hear, is deaf ;
 He only that can give Relief,
 Despises me, and mocks my Grief.

SONG CXXXIV.

LO! where my Soul, from Evils freed,
 Fondly dissolv'd in amorous Sighs ;
 On Wings of Love, with swiftest Speed,
 To my dear Charmer's Bosom flies.
 No more shall Anguish or Despair,
 With Scenes of Horror fright my Fair.

SONG CXXXV:

YE Birds, who in our Forests sing,
 Ye Winds that wanton with our Trees ;
 Ye Streams that murmur to forsake their Spring ;
 Be silent ye high-swelling Seas,
 Attend the rural Song.
 'Tis Love's the Theme, Love all our Lays employs,
 Parent of heav'nly Verse, and heav'nly Joys :
 With Numbers soft as their Desires,
 With Words and Notes which speak their Fires,
 He warms the tuneful Throng.

SONG CXXXVI.

UNDERNEATH a gloomy Shade,
 By an ancient Poplar made ;
 Whilst the Zephyrs round her play,
 Echo thus complaining lay,
 " Where shall I *Philander* find ?"
 Echo answer'd her, " *Behind.*"
 Thrice she turn'd, and saw 'twas false,
 Cursing *Echo's* lying Tales ;

Thus she mourn'd again, and said,

" Whither is *Philander* fled ?

" From his Flocks, his Friends and me ;

" When shall I my Lover see ?

" Whither turn to find him out ?

Echo answer'd her : — " *About.*"

SONG CXXXVII.

A PPEAR, old *Hymen*, from thy Cell,
Where unspotted Pleasures dwell ;
Where thy Torch, with beauteous Light,
Triumphs o'er the Shades of Night.
Come, at *Cupid's* dread Commands,
Join these happy Lovers Hands :
Let 'em be for ever join'd,
He be constant, she be kind.

SONG CXXXVIII.

HYMEN joins you, happy Pair,
Taste the Sweetness of harmless Pleasure ;
Joys which you've no need to fear,
Without Guilt, and without Measure.
Love has blest'd thee, happy Swain,
Go possess his richest Treasure ;
Happy Maid, you blush in vain,
Duty now is join'd with Pleasure.

SONG CXXXIX.

THE Hero his Laurels to Love shall resign ;
The Courtier his Pride, and the Toper his Wine ;
The Saint his Devotion, the Virgin her Vow ;
All States and Conditions, the High and the Low ;
All Ages and Sexes to *Cupid* shall bow. }
Raise your Notes, and lift 'em high,
Love's immortal Praises sing ;
O'er the Vallies let 'em ring,
For Music charms the Gods, amid their Joys.

SONG

SONG CXL.

AH! the golden Age is past,
Which our happy Fathers blest'd;
When, whate'er they long'd to taste,
They but wish'd for, and possess'd.

The Meads shone with unfading Flowers,
The Birds ne'er ceas'd to sing;
And then, without the Help of Showers,
They saw eternal Spring.

Rivers then with Milk were fill'd;
Honey, from the Trees, distill'd;
None attempted then the Main,
Nor expos'd their Lives for Gain.
Free from Danger, Want or Care;
Free from Tumult, Noise and War;
They a thousand Joys possess'd;
And, as Gods, were sweetly blest'd.

SONG CXLI.

IF thou'st felt the am'rous Dart,
Pity my soft, yielding Heart;
Valour, more than Beauty's Air,
May attract the gazing Fair.

Beauty is a fading Flow'r;
Heroism has stronger Pow'r:
This can ev'ry Charm supply,
And inchant a Maiden's Eye.

SONG CXLII.

THE Maxims our first Parents knew,
They were by Nature taught;
That, what they had a Mind to do,
They might, without a Fault.

The Virgin never blush'd to show,
By Day, her naked Charms;
And, when she lov'd a Swain, wou'd go
With Freedom to his Arms.

In daisy'd Meads they danc'd and play'd ;
 In Fountains kiss'd and toy'd :
 The Youth then boldly took his Maid,
 And what he lik'd, enjoy'd.

But now, when Men the Blessing want,
 They long must court the Fair, in vain ;
 For Honour will not let 'em grant
 The Pleasure they deny with Pain.

SONG CXLIII.

WHEN a Lover
 We discover,
 Mock our sad Sighs ;
 Our Vows despise,
 Soon tort'ring Smart
 Distracts our Heart.
 Tho' we may boast
 An hundred true ;
 In Anguish lost,
 Peace bids adieu.

SONG CXLIV.

TELL us, *Cupid*, in what Schools,
 By what Masters, by what Rules,
 We must be taught to love ?
 How thou dost inform the Weak ;
 Teach the ignorant to speak,
 Like the Gods above ?
 'Tis thou alone dost Warmth impart ;
 Our Thoughts and Words improve :
 And only those who learn thy Art
 Of thee, shou'd sing of Love.
 Inspir'd by thee, the rudest Mind
 In softest Notes complains ;
 Wit then in Savages we find,
 And Eloquence in Swains.

Lovers,

Lovers, by broken Words and Sighs,
 Their Meaning can exprefs ;
 And by their Carriage, or their Eyes,
 We may their Wishes guess.

SONG CXLV.

NO more shall my fair Idol mourn ;
 Fond, faithful, I to her return.
 Mid the dread Dangers of the Field,
 Great *Cupid* was my guardian Shield.
 If she his gen'rous Laws revere ;
 If still she boast a Flame sincere ;
 Bless'd, I'll dispel her ev'ry Fear.

SONG CXLVI.

MAIDS, comply with Love in time,
 E'er your Error grows a Crime ;
 Ere he makes you yield by Force.
 Ah! consider 'twill be worse
 To rebel, and be subdu'd ;
 Then obey him as ye shou'd.
 When he summons you at first,
 Yield, or else expect the worst.

SONG CXLVII.

LOVE, how gentle are thy Pains !
 How delightful are thy Chains !
 In my Darling I enjoy,
 Tortures shall no more annoy.
 Soothing Anguish ! pleasing Smart !
 Love's soft Shackles glad the Heart,
 When a Train of Sorrows pass'd,
 Bliss long wish'd for, comes at last.
 Beasts who roam thro' trackless Woods ;
 Fish that glide in Silver Floods,
 Tender Pangs, fond Sorrows prove.—
 All Things bow to mighty Love.

SONG CXLVIII.

HAPPY Monarch, who with Beauty,
 Tiresome Cares of State beguiles;
 Whose fair Subjects pay their Duty
 In consenting Looks and Smiles.
 Who, from the noisy Battle comes,
 From the shrill Trumpet's Clangor, and the thun-
 d'ring Drums,
 With Love's soft Accents to compose
 His Passion, ruffled by his Foes.
 And happy she, whose Eyes can dart,
 A killing Shaft to reach his Heart;
 For sure more Glory can no Female have,
 Than she whose Charms a Conqueror can enslave;
 Who, the World's Lord, her fighting Captive
 views,
 And, in their mighty Monarch, all Mankind
 subdues,

SONG CXLIX.

VAINLY thou prid'st in Charms of Face;
 In thee I not one Beauty trace.
 Thy luring Arts, thy fraudulent Smile,
 Shall not my wary Heart beguile.

From thy destructive Shackles free,
 I love ne'er illum'd my Breast, for thee.
 The only Boon I now implore,
 Is, that thou'd'st think of me no more.

SONG CL.

INDULGENT Heav'n has fix'd my Lot,
 In the most happy, human State;
 Above the poor, neglected Wretch,
 Below the ever-anxious Great.

Despising

Despising those mistaken Joys,
 The High, the Wealthy seem to have ;
 Pity him who's doom'd to be
 The Slave of ev'ry fawning Slave.

O bounteous Fate !—I nothing want
 Which craving Nature can require :
 The Gods I praise for what they give,
 And check the Rage of wild Desire.

When factious Broils divide the Realm,
 And Party-Force, or Fraud prevails,
 O'er me the rushing Ruin flies,
 Whilst it the tow'ring Great assails.

Intrigues of State ne'er break my Rest,
 Nor Plots disturb my waking Thoughts :
 Still be my Care to mend my own,
 Nor censure other People's Faults.

Contented with my humble Lot,
 At no one's Titles I repine ;
 Or think myself less blest than he
 Whose hoarded Wealth is more than mine.

This busy World appears to me,
 Merely an Inn upon the Way ;
 And whate'er haps, avails not much,
 To one who calls, but cannot stay.

SONG CLI.

YE airy Forms, ye flitting Shades,
 From Seats infernal rise ;
 The Anguish which my Soul invades,
 O calm, and glad my Eyes !

Th' insensible, the haughty Fair,
 Who tortures thus my Heart ;
 Herself, deep-plung'd in black Despair,
 Shall feel, with Tears, my Smart.

SONG

SONG CLII.

WHEN to that dear, but inauspicious Bow'r,
Fann'd with the Breath of ev'ry fragrant
Flow'r,

(Where circling Boughs, in verdant Pomp array'd,
Paint the still Covert with a pleasing Shade)

You, love-dissembling, feign a kind Retreat,
Your Looks all mild, and languishingly sweet.

Say, *Delia*, say, what gay, unpractic'd Youth,
Lur'd by that Air of unaffected Truth ;

What gaudy Stripling eager to be bless'd,
Sinks a glad Victim on thy perjur'd Breast ?

And whilst essential Sweets their Odours spread,
Clasps thee with Ardor on the rosy Bed ?

O wond'rous Nymph ! whose piercing Charms confess
Thy Form resistless, simple in thy Dress ;

Beauteous by Nature, without Art too fair,
Tell me, for whom thy Amber-colour'd Hair

In silken Wreathes its radiant Lustre shews,
Plays to each Motion, and in Ringlets flows ?

Ill-fated Youth ! undone, whos'er he be ;

For whilst you thus, most amiably free,

With specious Innocence your Joys dispense,

And feast with Extasy the ravish'd Sense ;

He, lost in Transport, forms an airy Scene

Of vast Delight ; the Heav'ns appear serene.

Smooth glides the Surface of the crystal Stream,

And Fancy wantons in the golden Dream ;

Still hopes the same, and credulously fond

Boasts thee secure in Faith's eternal Bond ;

Alas ! too soon he'll find his rash Mistake,

When, from the soft Delusion, forc'd to wake.

Starting, he views the Heav'ns with Clouds o'er-cast,

The furrow'd Ocean black'ning to the Blast

Of angry Winds ; and all the promis'd Bliss

Sunk in the Tumult of the dread Abyss :

How

Now will he then, in wild Despair, lament
The wond'rous Change, and curse the sad Event.

Gods! what a Train of Ills those Wretches wait,
Who proudly court their yet untasted Fate;
Gaze on thy Charms, yet not suspect thy Wiles,
And catch at Ruin in ambiguous Smiles.
Once, big with Hope, I spread my swelling Sails,
Vainly secure of ever-prosp'rous Gales.

Yet scarcely launch'd into the Deep, was met
By warring Winds, by raging Waves beset.
Long on the faithless Ocean rudely tost,
The Sport of Storms, my Bark at length was lost;
When a kind *Triton*, rushing to my Aid;
Caught me expiring, and to Land convey'd.

Now safe on Shore, by *Neptune's* great Decree,
With pious Gratitude I'll quit the Sea:
Forsion no more, with all its glitt'ring Train
Of frantic Joys, shall tempt me out again;
But sky-born Reason still the Tide controul,
And Virtue fix her Empire in my Soul.

SONG CLIII.

HECATE and *Cerberus*,
Offspring of *Erebus*;
From Realms of Night
Emerge to Sight;
Give Horrors Birth!

Ye Furies rise!
Flash in our Eyes!
Haste from your Cells,
Where Anguish dwells,
And split the Earth.

The Earth divides:
Our Work is crown'd:
The Monster glides.
Sound, (Victory!) sound.
All Things obey
Our dreaded Sway.

SONG

SONG CLIV.

WHEN first, *Sophronia*, on thy Charms I gaz'd,
From those bright Eyes what Rays of Glory
blaz'd!

Lightning ('tis said) so subtle is the Fire,
Will melt a Sword, and leave the Blade entire :
Such was my Fate.—I view'd me all around ;
No Scar directed to th' internal Wound.
Hurt sure I was : I felt the tingling Smart,
Thro' Paths unseen, invade my melting Heart :
On this the Lightning of thine Eyes did play,
Till, by their Beams, 'twas quite dissolv'd away.

SONG CLV.

AH! thy Cheeks turn ashy Pale ;
Thou must for thy Charmer fear.
Shou'd thy frantic Love prevail,
Lost is ev'ry Thing that's dear.

Yet I pity thy fierce Flame ;
Oft I've felt the thrilling Dart.
Do not still thy Griefs proclaim ;
He'll return and ease thy Smart.

SONG CLVI.

ACON and *Leonilla*, each an Eye
Had lost ; yet both, for Form, with Gods might
vie :

To thy fair Mother (Boy) thine Eye resign,
Then thou like *Cupid*, she'll like *Venus* shine.

SONG CLVII.

SOME happier Youth, my much lov'd Fair,
Enraptur'd, may thy Beauties press ;
But none shall with my Truth compare,
Or with such sweet Endearments bless.

Tho'

Tho' luckless, constant still am I;
 And, when my Spirit hence shall fly,
 I'll breathe, for thee, the latest Sigh. }

SONG CLVIII.

APERT, young Daw, trick'd up with various
 Plumes
 Dropp'd from a Peacock's Tail) his Airs assumes;
 Then mixing with the Tribes, the saucy *Jack*
 sneighs against them all, because they're black.
 Him thus haranguing, in his full Career,
 A Brother interrupted, with a Sneer.
 Had'st thou, in borrow'd Finery array'd,
 Among Birds of other kind, thy Parts display'd;
 Thus oddly dress'd, thou might'st have made them wonder,
 Who cou'd not know thy Head and Tail asunder;
 Thy learned Speech, without or Head or Tail
 They might have lik'd, well pleas'd to hear thee rail.
 For us, with all this Insolence defy'd,
 Who know thy Malice, Ignorance and Pride:
 With Scorn thy stol'n, old Trumpery we view:
 To us thy Impudence alone is new.

SONG CLIX.

HOW happy they,
 The Beasts who stray
 Thro' Woods or Meads,
 As Fancy leads;
 And chuse the Dart
 Which wounds their Heart.

My chequer'd Woe
 They never know.
 If Love's bright Flame
 Their Breasts inflame,
 'Tis Sweetness all,
 Unmix'd with Gall.

SONG

SONG CLX.

SINCE a Bard to commence, you are fir'd with
 Passion,
 And write in Dramaticks, because 'tis the Fashion;
 Since dire heathen *Greek* never puzzl'd your Noddle
 Nor Precepts antique from old *Aristotle*;
 A few modern ones take, which will teach you much
 better,
 To dictate a Play, tho' you can't scrawl a Letter.

Take of Learning a Grain, for the Criticks in Pleasure
 Of true Humour a Scruple, and a Dram of pure Wit;
 An Ounce of good Sense far too much will be found
 Half will do: but of *Laureat*-Assurance a Pound.
 Five double *Entendres* in your Epilogue put,
 To leave in the Ladies an Impression of Smut.

SONG CLXI.

TO my abus'd, deep-sorrowing Heart,
 Sweet Comfort can no more return.
 But she, the Source of all my Smart,
 Struck with a Soul-distracting Dart,
 Shall thro' Excess of Anguish burn.

I will not, singly, be distress'd,
 Nor waste my Hours in bitter Sighs.
 Th' Ingrate who wounds my tender Breast,
 With Love, Remorse, Despair oppress'd,
 Shall, pale and shiv'ring, glad my Eyes.

SONG CLXII.

A Dirge.

YE Sons of Industry! learn hence to know,
 How far, in Fortune, patient Hope may go.
 By safe Degrees, on Honour's firm Ascent,
 Slow-climbing Care, at last, will reach Content.

Yet

Yet, ah! when up, forget not Want below,
 But stretch your helping Hand to distant Woe.
 I rose the Man, whose Dust inshrines this Place;
 I gain'd with Honour; and, so gave, with Grace.
 I live unenvy'd; dead, unloft he lies:
 I know, a good Man's Influence never dies.

SONG CLXIII.

AND wilt thou go:—My Heart-strings break;
 Canst thou thy Lover thus forsake?
 Plunge thy murth'ring Dagger deep,
 Rather than leave me, sad, to weep!
 Look kindly on my piercing Grief:
 Alas! I'm lost to all Relief.
 Wou'd I had dy'd that fatal Day,
 When my poor Heart was led astray:
 Thou'd not then Compassion crave,
 But slumber, peaceful, in the Grave.

SONG CLXIV.

On the First of April.

NATURE is rising from the dead:
 Frosts and *Scythian* Snows are fled;
 Areas to his Cavern creeps,
 And, tir'd with Winter-blust'ring, sleeps!
 Soft Zephyrs from the Ocean move,
 The Birth-place of the Queen of Love;
 And o'er the Meadows, Hills and Dales,
 Play with their sweet, reviving Gales;
 Chasing all Discontent, and Care,
 And ev'ry Sadness, but Despair.—
 Ah! CHLOE, when, enchanting Fair?

}

SONG CLXV.

WHEN, by a Turn of wayward Fate,
 Fond *Philomel* has lost his Mate.
 Stretching, for Flight, his tender Wings,
 Oft by a mossy Thorn he sings;

Pours,

Pours, darkling, forth his amorous Woe,
 Pathetic, shrill, melodious, flow :
 From Spray to Spray despairing flies,
 And wastes the tedious Night in Sighs.

Regard'less of the Fowler's Snare,
 She's all his Wish, and all his Care.
 Absent, from her, he's torne from Rest ;
 But she return'd, he's doubly blest'd.

SONG CLXVI.

On the Ridotto al Fresco, in Vauxhall Garden.

YE Nymphs and Swains who love the Sport,
 And value Reputation ;
 Come boldly all to *Venus'* Court,
 There no prim Justices resort ;
 Or none for Reformation.

For now so pious are we grown,
 A Girl that's barely civil,
 Dares hardly shew her Face in Town,
 But stalks in Corners up and down,
 As tho' her Deeds were evil.

Then Thanks to those of gen'rous Soul,
 Who prompted by good Reason ;
 Have found a Way without Controul,
 The Ardour of the Blood to cool,
 So heighten'd by the Season.

But still the Virtue of the Age
 Appears, ev'n in our Leudness ;
 For, tutor'd, by the modest Stage,
 At least we keep from bare-fac'd Rage,
 Because 'tis reckon'd Rudeness.

In Town this Trick has long got Ground
 Of amorous Masquerading :
 The Reason's good, for all around
 Was nought but Masquerading found,
 In every other Trading.

Nay, this is not the first, (Folks say,)
 Has been beyond the Water ;
 For there, Fame tells us, ev'ry Day
 Some Masques are seen, tho' not so gay,
 And of more canting Nature.

Then you, who wisely right and wrong
 By Fashion always measure,
 To save your Credit, join the Throng ;
 And you, who for that Same may long,
 Come for the Sake of Pleasure.

Of something new we here can't fail,
 If you'll defy all Dangers ;
 For tho' perhaps the Face be stale,
 A Man may find his Spouse's Tail,
 As new, as any Stranger's.

So on the Bow'rs of *Ida*, *Jove*
 Once met his Wife and Sister,
 In Masquerade ; and tho' her Love
 Had long since ceas'd his Heart to move,
 He cou'd not then resist her.

O State of Bliss, by Laws not chain'd !
 Which all the World wou'd share in,
 Had *Eve* but from the Fruit refrain'd ;
 But now 'tis to th' *Elys* refrain'd
 Who rove in this fam'd Garden.

SONG CLXVII.

MY Feet all Motion lose ;
 My Hands their Aid refuse ;
 I scarce restrain the Tear : —
 Is this or Love or Fear ?
 Why lead me (Heart) astray,
 And cruelly betray ?
 Ah! what Reward is here
 For my incessant Sighs ?
 Why, from a Love sincere,
 Shou'd killing Anguish rise.

SONG

SONG CLXVIII.

THE humble Tenant of the rural Cot,
Is forc'd to yield to Death's impartial Sway,
Nor Kings, tho' guarded, 'scape the Peasant's Lot,
But must, when summon'd, instantly obey.

SONG CLXIX.

CHLOE's return'd:—Ye Hills rejoice!
Ye Birds, ye Beasts, O raise your Voice!
Again shall loveliest Tints be seen,
And ev'ry Mead enrich'd with Green;
Again the Rivers limpid flow,
And Flourets, on their Margin, grow.

SONG CLXX.

O LEAD me where my Darling lies,
Cold as the Marble Stone!
I will awake her with my Cries;
Recall her with my Moan.
Come from thy Bed of Clay, my Dear;
See where thy Father stands;
His Soul he sheds forth, Tear by Tear,
And wrings his wretched Hands.
But, Woe is me! thou canst not rise;
Alas! thou canst not hear;
Or, at thy tortur'd Father's Cries,
Thou surely woud'st appear.
Since then my Love, my Heart's Delight,
Thou canst not come to me;
Rather then not enjoy thy Sight,
I'll dig my Way to thee.

SONG CLXXI.

THE Wretch (O Love!) who trusts thy Smiles,
 Falls a sad Victim to thy Wiles;
 Like the Child, at Shadows flies
 To a Stream, and plunging dies.
 Yet know, (false Man,) I'll crush your Pride:
 You shall not my dire Woes deride.
 Fresh from the Tomb, at Night's dread Noon,
 Madding the Winds, eclips'd the Moon;
 Whilst Terrors shall each Breast invade,
 Then I'll stalk, a bleeding Shade.

SONG CLXXII.

CUPID, (that Urchin) is th' Occasion,
 Of my perpetual Lamentation;
 And will, unless you give me Hope,
 Drive me to Dagger, or to Rope.
 You'll kill me, as I've told you often;
 Nay, I've already bought my Coffin,
 Where soon I'll lay my Bones secure,
 From the dire Evils I endure.
 When I consider my hard Luck,
 I think some Tygres gave you suck;
 Or you was born, (obdurate Honey!)
 In *Flintshire*, or in *Stratford-Stony*.
 If you're resolv'd on my undoing,
 Then unavoidable's my Ruin:
 Yet shall I find ye out, and know you
 In Shades *Elysian*, cruel *Chloe*.
 Nothing but Scorn shall be between us,
 Like *Dido* to the Son of *Venus*.
 I die if you'll not be my Wife,
 So ends my Letter, with my Life.

SONG

SONG CLXXIII.

OUR frightened Flocks no more shall bleed ;
 Tune ev'ry Pipe, and ev'ry Reed.
 Trip gladsome forth, ye Shepherd Swains ;
William returns, to cheer our Plains.
 'The Hero's matchless Deeds proclaim,
 And swell the Zephyrs with his Name.

Ye Maids, who Love's fond Transports know,
 Its Heav'n of Sweets, its soothing Woe ;
 Blending the Lilly and the Rose,
 A gay, triumphal Wreath compose ;
 Our guardian Victor's Brow to bind,
 The Joy, the Glory of Mankind.

The Lilly and the Rose prepare,
 To deck the smiling Hero's Hair.
 Your rural Pipes ye Shepherds raise,
 And charm the Echoes with his Praise.

SONG CLXXIV.

AH! ne'er divulge what *Rosalind* conceals,
 Nor say the Love, nor say the Hatred feels.
 Forbid it Fate! for on a Word depends
 My Life! alas! when you pronounce, it ends.
 Ye beauteous Eyes! O speak not when I sigh!
 Nor melt in Softness, when, oppress'd, I cry.
 Say not, I hate; for Grief will then destroy:
 Say not, I love; for then I die with Joy.

SONG CLXXV.

MAY I, presume, in humble Lays,
 My dancing Fair, thy Steps to praise;
 Whilst this grand Maxim I advance,
 That the whole World is but a Dance?
 That human kind, both Man and Woman
 Do dance, is evident and common.

David himself, that God-like King,
 We know cou'd dance, as well as sing.
 Folks who, at Court, wou'd keep their Ground,
 Must dance the Year Attendance round.
 Whole Nations dance: gay, frisking *France*
 Has led the *English* many a Dance.

Many believe, both *France* and *Spain*
 Resolve to take us out again.
 All Nature is one *Ball* we find :
 The Weather dances to the Wind ;
 The Sea itself, at Night and Noon,
 Rises and capers to the Moon.

The Moon around the Earth does tread
 A *Cheshire*-Round, yet ne'er looks red :
 The Earth and Planets, round the Sun
 Dance ; nor will the Dance be done
 Till Nature in one Mass is blended ;
 Then, we may say, the *Ball* is ended.

SONG CLXXVI.

Duett.

Swain. A'T last I fold thee in my Arms !
Nymph. With Rapture I survey thy Charms.
Both. Sweet nuptial Tye ! as Gods we're blest.
 O may we ne'er be more distress'd !
Swain. My deep-felt Grief, like Echoes, die.
Nymph. Thou'rt ev'ry Beauty to my Eye.

SONG CLXXVII.

A S One who long in populous City pent,
 Where Houses thick, and Sew'rs annoy the
 Scent ;
 Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn to breathe
 Along the pleasant Farms, or spacious Heath ;
 From ev'ry Thing he meets, conceives Delight ;
 Dwells on each rural Sound, each rural Sight ;

E

The

The lowing Kine, sweet Grain, and verdant Grass :
 If chance, with Nymph-like Step, fair Virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, the Sum of all that charm'd before.

SONG CLXXVIII.

WITH thee I heed not how the Minutes run,
 The Seasons or their Change ; all please as one.
 Sweet as the Breath of Morn who wakes the Day
 With Charm of earliest Birds ; the Sun how gay,
 When first on this delightful Land he shoots
 His orient Beams on Trees, and Flow'rs and Fruits
 Glitt'ring with Dew ! fragrant the Earth that teems
 After soft Show'rs ; and then how pleasant seems
 The grateful Ev'ning mild ; the silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird ? and O how bright
 The Moon, with all her Gems of Heav'n bedight !

But neither Breath of Morn who wakes the Day,
 With Charm of earliest Birds, nor Sun so gay
 In this delightful Land ; nor Trees, nor Flow'rs
 Glitt'ring with Dew ; nor Fragrance after Show'rs ;
 Nor grateful Ev'ning mild ; nor silent Night
 With solemn Bird ; nor Walk by silver Light
 Of Moon or Stars, are sweet without thy Sight.

SONG CLXXIX.

KIND Parent ! Those who Love obey ;
 And yield to his imperious Sway ;
 Such hug their Chains ; delight in Sighs ;
 Are pleas'd when Tears bedew their Eyes.
 Let me not Freedom's Loss deplore :
 Grant me this Boon, I crave no more.
 Yet I'll comply with my dread Sire
 If he this hated Love require.
 In Silence my sad Hours I'll waste,
 Nor one fond Drop of Comfort taste ;
 For struck with reverential Awe,
 His Will shall be, to me, a Law.

SONG

SONG CLXXX.

WHAT cruel Hand, my sweetest Rose!
 So rudely cou'd thy Beauties treat?—
 Stranger, ask not; he that knows,
 May the same sad Treatment meet.

Tw'as *Belinda* ravish'd me
 From my tender Parent's Side,
 This Morning, e'er the genial Ray
 Had discover'd half my Pride.

Thro' my thin Foliage closely wove,
 She softly breath'd the spicy Gale:
 Her's are the Odours round you rove;
 Her's the Perfume which I exhale.

Then o'er my System light she bent,
 And with her living Rubies prest it;
 The glowing Gems their Colour lent,
 And in a double Crimson dress'd it.

She plac'd me in her snowy Neck,
 Just where the panting Orbs divide:
 And what thou hidest, thou shalt deck,
 "To-Day, dear pretty Flow'r," (she cry'd.)

"My White, thy Blushes shall display;
 "My Coldness animate thy Fire:
 There flourish, from rude Fingers free,
 "Where thousands gladly wou'd expire."

bow'd; she smil'd.—Now in a Ring
 Danc'd jocund; now in wanton Mazes;
 Till at last, the fickle Thing
 Us'd me thus, to please some Daïsies.

Stranger, ask not of the Fair,
 How she's nam'd, or where she's seen;
 She's the sweetest Nymph that e'er
 Tript it o'er the velvet Green.

Yet for the Daffy-Love, that's new,
 She'll forsake the brightest Rose.—
 If Destruction you pursue,
 By the Marks, the Fair disclose.

SONG CLXXXI.

IF *Cupid's* dangerous Wiles were known,
 E'er Lovers court the Snare ;
 'T hey'd his insidious Sway disown,
 Rather to tempt the Seas prepare,
 Than bow before his Throne.
 Oft, mid the Horrors of the Main,
 A Glimpse of Hope we entertain ;
 But Hope, alas ! in Love is vain.

SONG CLXXXII.

TH E R E's an Engine in Opticks * enlarges each
 Letter ;
 And, clapp'd on her Nose, makes my Grannum see
 better.

Pretty *Phyll*, in the Center of each glassy Eye,
 To puzzle a Doctor, had painted a Fly.
 Well ; *Sunday* is here, and the Maggot pass'd on ;
 All hurry to Church, and the Psalms are half done.
 The Doctor ascends, pronounces the Text ;
 Three Heads are to come, and the Inference next.
 With Rage and fell Passion the little Fly fill'd him,
 And, fierce as *Domitian*, he thought to have kill'd him ;
 But in vain you are cruel, for tho' but a Fly,
 What was made by her Hand, was ne'er destin'd to die.

SONG CLXXXIII.

FR O M Beauty you to Beauty stray,
 Variety's your Charm :
 Your darling Passion's to betray,
 And female Hearts alarm.

Mistaken

* A Pair of Spectacles.

Mistaken Youth! I'm not the Fair
 To whom fond Love you swore.
 With flying Steps to her repair,
 And the kind Nymph adore.

SONG CLXXXIV.

NO longer, *Lesbia*, from thy *Strephon* fly ;
 No more, with Frowns, his amorous Suit deny :
 Those Hours are lost, which are not spent in Love ;
 Life's but a Span, let's ev'ry Inch improve.

The western Sun declines his weary Head,
 And seeks Repose in his lov'd *Thetis'* Bed ;
 Dies, as it were, to introduce the Night,
 But soon he recollects his scatter'd Light,
 And shines next Day more prevalently bright.
 The lovely Lilly, and the blushing Rose,
 Lock up their Beauties at the Ev'ning's Close ;
 But at the first Approach of dawning Day,
 They smell more fragrant, and appear more gay :
 But when cold Death shall lock thee in his Arms,
 Eternal Darknefs will eclipse thy Charms.

Then, whilst we live, let's *Cupid's* Call obey,
 And kiss and toy our few soft Hours away.

O I cou'd gaze for ever on thy Charms!
 Forever fold thee in my longing Arms!
 With thee alone for ever fondly live,
 Wou'dst thou, but what I ask, as freely give.
 On thy soft Lips let me imprint a Kiss,
 And then ten thousand Times renew the Bliss :
 Then, when that rapt'rous Scene of Joy is o'er,
 Ravish ten thousand Times, ten thousand more.
 Thus blest'd, I'll scorn the Beauties of the Skies ;
 And, Earth-born *Lesbia*, more than *Venus* prize.

O Charmer! be propitious to my Prayer ;
 Be but as kind, as thou'rt divinely fair,
 Jove may enjoy his own, my Heav'n is here.

SONG CLXXXV.

HAPPY they, who, safe on Shore,
Hear the wind-lash'd Billows roar ;
Happy, tho' they sadly weep
Vessels plunging in the Deep.

Blissful those who ne'er complain,
Freed from Love's tormenting Chain ;
Who with Freedom sweetly blest'd,
Gaze on Lovers, torn from Rest.

SONG CLXXXVI.

FROM guiltless Dreams, prepar'd to pray,
The virtuous Maid prevents the Day :
Aurora blushes, when she sees
The earlier Virgin on her Knees.

Now to her Morning-Task she flies,
Which *Pallas* views with envious Eyes ;
And forms in Wax so gay a Feast,
That *Jove* himself might long to taste.

Her glaring Tent next strike our Eyes,
With an agreeable Surprise ;
Where the bold Figures seem to live,
And, whilst they charm, Instruction give.

SONG CLXXXVII.

ON thee reflecting, (dearest Soul !)
My faithful Heart will break.
If Heav'n on me will Pity take,
Thunders, o'er him, shall instant roll.
O silence! the dread Bolt I hear :
No Mercy can he crave.
Be all his Soul congeal'd with Fear :
His Nuptials are his Grave.

SONG

SONG CLXXXVIII.

WHY, *Lucy*, shou'd we blame our Stars, that they
 Our Loves or interrupt; or separate;
 Or cruelly combine their partial Sway,
 To make our mutual Joys the less compleat?
 Our Stars themselves know Change as well as we,
 And sudden Clouds their spangled Glories hide;
 Yet soon those Clouds withdraw, and then we see,
 Apace they triumph, and resume their Pride:
 The same Vicissitude all Nature shares,
 Dies or revives, looks gay or gloomy, like the
 Stars.

Tho' Winter Frosts deform the bless'd Retreat
 Of rural Innocence, and artless Love;
 And drive the Turtle from his constant Mate,
 Alone to wander thro' the leafless Grove:
 Yet soon as genial Spring renews the Shade,
 Beneath the wonted Bower the Lover tells
 His mighty Anguish to the list'ning Maid,
 Whilst she in Blushes all her Flame reveals.
 The Turtle moans his Solitude no more,
 But soothes his Mate, and bills as closely as before.

Whilst amorous *Thames*, thro' many a Winding, woos
 The briny *Thetis* to his oozy Bed;
 The conscious Goddess owns his faithful Vows,
 And in her Bosom folds her dewy Head;
 But at the Moon's Command flies far away;
 Severe her Laws the rigid Planet keeps,
 And the unwilling Lover must obey,
 The Goddess murmurs, and the River weeps;
 Till at her gracious Nod they rush amain,
 And lose their blending Streams in boundless Joys
 again.

Then think not, *Lucy*, Pleasure is no more,
 Nor of our present, hapless Lot complain;
 Another Change will our past Joys restore,
 And we shall live to meet, and love again.

As well may pious Saints bemoan their Fate,
 When they are summon'd to resign their Breath,
 And leave the Pleasures of a mortal State,
 To wander in the dreary Vale of Death.
 But O, blest Change! when once the Pilgrims
 prove
 The Music of the Spheres, and taste seraphic Love.

SONG CLXXXIX.

'T WILL deprive my Soul of Rest,
 If I'm not with *Phyllis* blest'd.
 If I'm doom'd to lose my Fair,
 Woe is mine, and black Despair;
 For, so pungent is my Grief,
 Death alone can give Relief.
 How shall I these Pangs sustain?
 O! how drag my galling Chain?
 Faint were Words to speak the Smart
 Of my spotless, tortur'd Heart.

SONG CXC.

LOVE, doubtless Love, is the most noble Sign
 That Heav'n has stamp'd, to shew the Soul di-
 vine.
 If there's a Soul that loves beyond the rest,
 The Seraphs guard it, and approve it best.
 Then mine, this Way, will merit all their Care,
 For I love more than any Seraph there:
 More Tenderness for thy dear Breast I find,
 Than for their Charge, the Guardians of Mankind.

SONG CXCI.

WHAT Hand, *Fidelia*, or what Art,
 Is equal to thy Thought?
 What Grove, before, was ever seen
 So exquisitely wrought?

Thy glitt'ring Shells, thy chequer'd Stones,

In such Proportion rise ;

Like Piles, by Incantation rais'd,

They captivate our Eyes.

Their Form, indeed, and all their Gloss

To Nature's Hand is due ;

But O their Symmetry, (bright Maid !)

Is owing all to you.

The Stones which *Thebes*' fam'd Wall compos'd,

Tho' rang'd by Art divine,

Wer'n't half so artful, so compleat,

So well dispos'd as thine.

Not *Iris*, when her painted Bow

Adorns the watry Skies,

Can boast such vary-colour'd Charms

As in thy Grotto rise.

For Ages past, his *Eden* lost,

In vain has Man deplor'd ;

Since now we see thy magic Hand

Has Paradise restor'd.

SONG CXCI.

TH' expanded Lawn where Flourets blow ;

The sportive Fish, the Streams that flow ;

The low-scoop'd Vale, the lofty Grove ;

The pathless Wild where Monsters rove ;

The Woodland Warblers and their Shade,

Owe Life to *Sol*, for *Sol* were made.

Robb'd of his Rays,

Naught springs to Birth ;

Left no kind Blaze

To cheer the Earth.

SONG CXCI.

WHILST, absent from *Laura*, I pity her Case ;

And study to serve, without minding her Face ;

Yet no sooner she enters the Room, and I spy

Th' unspeakable Softness of her killing Eye,

But I languish, at once, for her Person, and die.

Since *Laura's* then sure, that in me she will find
Both Passions united, why won't she be kind ?

SONG CXCV.

Translated from the Persian Language.

FAIREST, whose Charms all other Charms outshine,
Where shall I find a Form that strikes like thine?
Each Moment that I live, nor think of thee,
That Life, those Moments, are a Perfidy.
But by Despair inflam'd, by Cares oppress'd,
Shou'd the Steel pierce this agonizing Breast ;
Sacred, to thee, the purple Stream shall flow,
And wast thy Martyr to the Shades below.
However Fate ordains my Days shall end,
In Raptures swim, or under Sorrows bend ;
I, to that great Decree, my Soul resign,
In Life, in Death, unalterably thine.

SONG CXCV.

IN Chorus all your Voices raise ;
Swiftly the Sun will gild the Skies ;
Pour forth, to *Phæbus*, Hymns of Praise,
As round the World his Radiance flies.

Since first the *Seasons* rose to Birth,
So sweet a Day ne'er cheer'd our Eyes ;
Nor e'er did *Sol*, to bless the Earth,
From *Thetis'* Lap so beauteous rise.

How bright the Tints ! how soft the Gales !
See the gay Verdure springing round !
The Meads, the Groves, the Hills, the Dales,
Are with delightful Flourets crown'd.

SONG CXCVI.

BENEATH a gay, delicious Bower,
Adorn'd with ev'ry beauteous Flower,
Sat the sweet Nymph whom I adore.

So lovely was her Face and Mein ;
 Such Lustre in her Eyes was seen ;
 So ravishing she did appear,
 All thought *Aurora's* self was there.
 At Sight of her, the teeming Earth
 Disclos'd, of Sweets, a plenteous Birth.
 Soft Music, and delightful Air
 Were heard attendant on the Fair.
 The dazzling Lamps of Heav'n grew pale,
 And thought the Morning did prevail.
 Bright *Sol*, reclin'd in *Thetis'* Arms,
 Abruptly quits her envy'd Charms ;
 Collects, with Speed, his faded Rays,
 And fills the World with dread Amaze.
 He mounts his Car, and onward speeds,
 Lashing, with furious Haste, his Steeds.
 Ev'n *Neptune*, Ruler of the Main,
 Thrice strove to check them, but in vain.
 But *Phæbus*, drawing still more near,
 And seeing her so wondrous fair,
 Cry'd : " Nymph, thou art beyond compare."

SONG CXCVII.

THE God of Wine finds out this Art,
 To waft my Wishes to thy Heart.
 Thus let our Souls in Absence join ;
 My fondest Thoughts are pledging thine.
 Methinks the Glass presents thine Eyes ;
 There I see all thy Beauties rise.
 Sure, from thy Lips, the Wine was press'd,
 With such peculiar Sweetness blest'd.
 O that thy Lips themselves were here,
 So delicate, so soft, so dear !
 The Flask wou'd then neglected lie,
 And *Bacchus* pass unheeded by.

SONG CXCVIII.

MY tender Heart ne'er knew to range ;
 My Love, *Ardelio*, cannot change ;
 As, first, it rose from thy bright Eye,
 'Twill vent, for thee, the *latter* Sigh.

To this blest'd Love I'm still so true ;
 With so much Passion doat on you,
 That rather than survive this Fire,
 With you I'd instantly expire.

SONG CXCIX.

GO, flutt'ring Heart, poor, aching Partner go,
 Reveal to *Sylvia* ev'ry throbbing Woe.
 Tell her, a thousand restless, throbbing Fears
 Heave my fond Breast, and fill my Eyes with Tears.
 Tell her, how each returning, anxious Day
 Big with Distress, rousls heavily away.

Yet, tho' my Eyes o'erflow with Tears ;
 My Breast be chill'd with deadning Fears ;
 Tho' ev'ry Hour brings black Despair,
 Depriv'd of Hope, and sad with Care :
 Still, if my lovely Fair-One deigns
 To breathe one Sigh for all my Pains ;
 If still she keeps me in her Breast,
 Tell her, *Philander's* doubly blest'd.

SONG CC.

WHILST Death's soft Image seals thine Eyes,
 The brightest Eyes that see ;
 Ten thousand flitting Forms arise,
 And One (you say) of me.

Delusive Shades are taught to frame
 The visionary Scene,
 Which let th' admiring Poet name
 The Offspring of the Spleen.

For as the various Humour seeds,
 So Fancy paints her Dreams ;
 Hence sleeping Nuns count o'er their Beads,
 And drouzy Prudes their Schemes.

Hence too those Nymphs, whose Fancies glow
 For captivating Lace,
 Thro' midnight Shades pursue the Beau,
 And dream upon his Face.

Thou

Thou Wonder of my Eyes, attend ;
 Thou Idol of my Heart ;
 The Muse, to Beauty still a Friend,
 Some Precepts wou'd impart.

When *Delia's* Lips, perversly seal'd,
 Do still cross Silence keep ;
 What shall we call the Wit conceal'd,
 But Humour fast asleep ?

When ask'd to sing, if *Delia's* Choice
 Refuse, by Whim misled ;
 A Lethargy has seiz'd her Voice,
 And Music keeps her Bed.

What are the Glories of thy Face,
 Unless thy Soul be kind ?
 A Curtain's drawn o'er ev'ry Grace,
 And Beauty nods behind.

Then let the Beams of Fancy play,
 And raise the tuneful Air :
 And when I write again, I'll say,
 Thou'rt kind, as well as fair.

Lest, to the great Creator's Wrong,
 You verify my Theme ;
 And, like the Subject of my Song,
 Prove nothing but a Dream.

SONG CCI.

THE Love which first, with soft Controul,
 Charm'd irresistibly my Soul,
 Is lasting as my Frame.
 As *Sol's* bright Beam, this Truth is clear.
 Those never can be insincere,
 Who cherish a pure Flame.

SONG

SONG CCII.

VIG'ROUS and young, I warm'd the coyest Fair,
 Cou'd make the most Obdurate yield :
 But now, alas ! too old, too weak for War,
 Let me with Honour quit the Field.

Here, on the left of Sea-born *Venus*' Shrine,
 My silent Lyre, my useless Arms ;
 Crows, Cutlasses, and Flambeaux I resign ;
 And bid adieu to female Charms.

But thou of *Paphos*', and of *Cyprus*, Queen,
 Revenge the haughty *Chloe*'s Scorn :
 With lifted Scourge, in her awake my Pain,
 And make her suffer in her Turn.

SONG CCIII.

INGRATE, since lasting Love you swore,
 Yet leave me, sadly to deplore,
 Have I not cause to sigh ?
 Ye Hearts who the dread Anguish know,
 And sweetly melt at other's Woe,
 Say, Who's less bless'd than I ?

Ah ! tell me, beauteous, Syren-Fair,
 With Treach'ry why my Bosom tear ?
 Why Fondness not return ?
 Say, (tender Souls !) who feel the Dart ;
 Whose Passion's undisguis'd by Art,
 Why must I, hopeless, burn ?

SONG CCIV.

WHY pants my fondest, tender Dove,
 With any jealous Fear ?
 Give up thy Doubts to me, and Love,
 My Life ! my Soul ! my Dear !

Think,

Think, if from me thy Pain proceeds,
 'Tis paid with Interest here ;
 My Heart within my Bosom bleeds
 For ev'ry falling Tear.

O let me kiss those Eyes of thine,
 Where such sweet Grief appears !
 Let them pour all their Floods to mine ;
 I long to drink their Tears.

Let my fond, trembling Arms explain
 My Passion to my Dear ;
 And, pressing thus, confirm you reign
 The only Monarch here.

Thy Form, thy Flame, (my lovely Youth,)
 Security appears ;
 O trust my everlasting Truth !
 Nor kill me with thy Tears.

SONG CCV.

VENUS severe, with teizing *Love*,
 And *Bacchus* sprung from thund'ring *Jove* ;
 With wanton *Cupids* in their Train,
 Have forc'd my Soul to Love again.
 My destin'd Breast now feels the Fire
 Which *Chloe's* sparkling Eyes inspire :
Chloe, as *Parian* Marble fair,
 Is now my Wish, is now my Care.
 Her virgin Coyness whilst I prais'd,
 And on her dang'rous Beauties gaz'd,
 The *Cyprian* Goddess left her Seat,
 And chose my Heart for her Retreat.
 My Lyre I fain wou'd raise a while,
 And hail thee, *Peace*, to *Albion's* Isle ;
 Not *Venus*, Offspring of the Sea,
 My Muse will sing of naught but thee.

The Rose, the Vi'let, Lilly bring,
 With ev'ry Flouret of the Spring ;

And

Add the bright Grape's inspiring Juice,
And ev'ry choicest Spice infuse :
With Gifts I'll bribe the flying Fair,
For Gifts may make her less severe.

SONG CCVI.

SOFT Blandishments, destructive Wiles ;
Fantastic Hopes, delusive Smiles,
Ye shall deceive no more.
Cruel and wav'ring is her Heart ;
The Nymph, dire Source of all my Smart,
Whom else I cou'd adore.

SONG CCVII.

I CHIDE the Winds, and hate the Air,
Which press thy Lips ;—I wou'd be there.
O hold me fast ! let me not part
From those dear Arms —O hear my Heart !
It pleads thy Stay, and in my Breat
I hear it talk :—Delightful Guest !
Here pitch thy Tent, nor hence remove,
But feast, with me, on deathless Love.

SONG CCVIII.

IF what the Bard * asserts, for Truth we take,
That *ev'ry Woman is at Heart a Rake* ;
'Tis Custom only, not a virtuous Cast,
Makes Virgins shy, or keeps our Wives so chaste.

SONG CCIX.

AMELIA † gay, unfortunately fair ;
Her Pride to please, and Pleasure all her Care ;
With too much Kindness, and too little Art,
Prone to indulge the Dictates of her Heart.

Flat-

* Mr. Pope. † A late Lady *L—rg—ny*.

Platter'd, carcs'd, sollicitcd, admir'd ;
 By Woman envy'd, and by Men desir'd ;
 At once from Ease, from Wealth, from Honour torne,
 She fell, expos'd to Pain, to Want, to Scorn.

But when her sad, disastrous Tale is told
 To the gay Young, as Lecture from the Old :
 Let Both, to kind Compassion mov'd, bemoan
 Her sudden Ruin, whilst her Fault they own.

And say, that when by lawless Love betray'd,
 From the bright Path of Innocence she stray'd ;
 She cou'd not long, depress'd by Guilt and Shame,
 Survive the Death of Virtue and of Fame.

SONG CCX.

HOW delightful 'tis to spy,
 Safely from the flow'ry Shore,
 Willows rising mountains-high,
 Each on Each with dreadful Roar.

O what Pleasure! to behold,
 From the Storm-repulsing Port,
 Ships, by Waves contending roll'd,
 And, of warring Seas, the Sport.

SONG CCXI.

WHEN *Chloe's* Hands her Needle thread,
 What gaudy Scenes our Eyes surprize ?
 To view a Grove, or flow'ry Bed,
 Beneath her snowy Fingers rise !

In ev'ry Leaf such Beauties dwell,
 So fair they spread, so full they bloom ;
 Her skilful Fingers far excell
 The Painter's Quill, or Artist's Loem.

On the rich Bed fresh Roses blown,
 The Jess'min and the Myrtle meet ;
 And, as they mingle, seem to own
 More fair her Cheek, her Breath more sweet.

That

That Lilly from her Hand she took,
Which with the Snow in Whiteness vies;
That bright Carnation from her Look;
That shining Amaranth, from her Eyes.

Those op'ning Buds, but half reveal'd,
Which promise soon a fairer Hue;
Show like her Breasts with Lawn conceal'd,
Boasting their Sweets and Softness too.

What, tho' the absent Sun retir'd,
The naked Field no longer warms;
Each Blossom, by her Art inspir'd,
Opens as wide, as gayly charms.

Thy Flowers for ever hold their Prime,
Nor Frosts, nor chilling Winters fear;
Since near thy Hoop, that happy Clime,
'Tis Spring, or Summer, all the Year.

Pity, lov'd Maid, that envious Years
Thy Youth shou'd hurt, thy Sweets consume;
When wrought by thee, each Bud appears
Unchang'd, and always in its Bloom.

Each Swain, with thee, must surely grieve
The partial Rigour of the Sky;
That *Chloe's* Works must bloom and live.
When *Chloe's* Beauties fade and die.

A few fair Months our Gardens charm,
Now flourish, and anon decay:
Each Season on thy Gown is warm,
And ev'ry verdant Month is *May*.

Let Autumns then the Lilly hide,
Our Roses blast, our Myrtles chill;
When seated close by *Chloe's* Side,
'Tis *June*, or fragrant *April* still.

Victorious Nymph! whose Hand has done,
Beyond weak Nature's fainter Power;
Waking each Plant without the Sun,
Swelling each Bud without the Shower.

When ev'ry Field beside is seen
 Robb'd of its Pride ; we here behold
 Gay-spreading Stems of lively Green,
 And yellow Fruit of rip'ning Gold.

SONG CCXII.

COME, delightful, peerless Creature,
 Bring sweet Comfort in thine Eye ;
 'tis'd by Smiles, thy ev'ry Feature
 Swift will make my Sorrows fly.

SONG CCXIII.

TRUE WIT is like the brilliant Stone
 Dug from the *Indian Mine* ;
 Which boasts his various Powers in One,
 To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same Gifts abounds ;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles whilst it wounds.

SONG CCXIV.

ROVING Birds thus sweetly singing ;
 Zephyrs, ev'ry Odour bringing ;
 All the Beauties of the Grove,
 Teach me, where to find my Love.

SONG CCXV.

THIS not, O ! 'tis not Love alone,
 Ev'n pow'rful Love could give
 The Pain, the Pleasure, I have known,
 Whilst absent thus I live.

That sacred Friendship has a Share ;
 Both fill at once my Heart ;
 And cheering Hope, and anxious Fear,
 Alternately impart.

May

May the dear Object ever find
 All Blessings of the best ;
 May guardian Angels be assign'd,
 To sooth her spotless Breast.

Whatever's present to my View,
 And wou'd employ my Care ;
 Still *Sylvia's* Image I pursue,
 Her Image still is there.

The tedious Hours I oft beguile,
 Reflecting on her Charms ;
 I hear her speak, I see her smile,
 Tho' distant from her Arms.

Still I retain, by Fancy's Aid,
 The last, soft parting Kifs ;
 And seem to feel the tender Maid,
 As in the Height of Bliss.

But O! the fond, delusive Thought
 Too soon, alas! is gone ;
 And I, who to be happy sought,
 Now find myself undone.

Grant me then, (Fates!) again to prove
 The Joys which she can yield ;
 Or snatch me up to those above,
 Or let me quit the Field.

SONG CCXVI.

THAT Face, so fam'd for Beauty,
 Inspires with Love and Duty
 My Will, your constant Slave.
 A Glance from those bright Eyes
 Where *Cupid's* Armory lies,
 Will instant make me brave.

SONG CCXVII.

ATREUS' brave Son, and *Cadmus'* Fame to sing
 I try'd, and to my Voice I touch'd each String.
 To my bold Hand the Strings rebellious move ;
 No other Sound wou'd they return, but *Love*.

Enrag

ag'd I chang'd them all ; away I threw
 old ; and my whole Lyre I strung anew.
 it I essay'd the great *Alcides'* Praise,
 sung his Labours in heroic Lays.
 ead of these, Love's pleasing Toils, my Lyre
 verse, resounds from softly-tinkling Wire.
 oes, farewell ; in Spheres too high you move ;
 my soft Lyre will nothing sound but *Love*.

SONG CCXVIII.

BURN, I freeze, I fry,
 'Mid Fury and Disdain ;
 w live, now doubt, now die,
 eiv'd in all I try,
 And torne with endless Pain.

SONG CCXIX.

BELIEVE me : but my Actions speak
 Thy Merit, and my Truth ;
 re all Expressions are too weak,
 O dear, engaging Youth !

ords faintly wou'd my Love define,
 If Words thou didst approve ;
 y Eyes, my Lips, my Soul are thine,
 And all reveal my Love.

ere is no Atom in this Frame
 Which does not talk to thee ;
 d sigh, and tremble at thy Name,
 And plead for Love, and me.

listen to my beating Heart ;
 When thy dear Head reclines !
 t, if it fail to speak its Part,
 Attend my melting Lines.

ith tender Passion they are fraught,
 Nor dread the Critic's Ear ;
 whilst gentle *Cupid* tunes my Thought,
 And is the Poet here.

SONG

SONG CCXX.

SWEET the Blessing
 Of caressing ;
 And possessing
 Faithful Love and constant Pleasure.
 Joy enduring,
 Peace procuring,
 Is a Lover's shining Treasure.

SONG CCXXI.

NATURE strong Horns upon the lowing Herd ;
 Upon the gen'rous Steed hard Hoofs conferr'd ;
 Swiftneſs of Foot ſecures the tim'rous Hare ;
 Vaſt Jaws and Teeth the furious Lions bear ;
 To Fiſhes, Fins ſhe gave thro' Streams to ſtray ;
 To Birds, light Wings to cut th' ætherial Way :
 Of Wiſdom's Gifts exhausted all the Store
 On Man, and left on Womankind no more.
 What Gift of Nature then the Sex has bleſt ? —
Beauty, a Gift ſuperior to the reſt :
 For all defensive and offensive Arms,
 Shields, Spears and Swords, a panoply of Charms.
 Thus arm'd, ev'n pointed Steel, the beauteous Dame,
 And Fire ſubdues, with fiercer, brighter Flame.

SONG CCXXII.

AWAKE, awake each joyful Strain,
 And ſtrike the trembling Strings :
 WILLIAM returns, with Conqueſt crown'd ;
 Let every Voice his Triumphs ſound.
 Sweet Peace he brings
 On downy Wings ;
 And ev'ry Joy in his victorious Train.

SONG

SONG CCXXIII.

WHILST, for thy precious Life I fear,
From ev'ry Pore descends a Tear ;
Soul and Body feels, for thee,
Universal Agony.

Wonder if my Fears are more,
To love as none e'er lov'd before :
Little Floods will not suffice,
Which Nature gives to weeping Eyes.

In thine, behold my Face grow pale,
Speech all broke, my Spirits fail :
Eyes are on thy Features fix'd ;
Looks with Death and Sorrow mix'd.

SONG CCXXIV.

Alas ! my foreboding Fears ;
What mean my flowing Tears ;
Those Sorrows that weigh down thy Head ;
These Sighs suppress'd
To tear thy Breast,
And o'er thy Frame such Horror spread ?
Why all this Show
Of silent Woe,
Our promis'd Joy to Sorrow turning,
Our Songs of Triumph into Mourning ?

SONG CCXXV.

CAN I ever live to see
That Bosom, press'd so oft by me,
Lying for dreaded Want of Breath,
Those dear Eyes shut up in Death ?
If thy Soul will force its Way,
Tears, nor Wailings bribe its Stay ;
Lips in the last Gasps shall join ;
Catch thy Soul, and give thee mine.

Till

Till then I'll near thy Bed attend ;
 My Eyes shall watch, my Knees shall bend :
 The Stars my midnight Hours shall see ;
 The Stars shall learn to watch, of me.

Thee Cordials I'll present, with Care ;
 But, if a Tear shou'd mingle there,
 Forgive my Fondness :—know that she
 Who weeps, as soon wou'd die for thee.

SONG CCXXVI.

LET me a while defer my Fate,
 And to the Mountains fly ;
 There to bewail my Virgin-State,
 And then return, and die.

SONG CCXXVII.

GENTLE Love, to paint my Lover,
 Let thy Pencil be thy Dart ;
 Ev'ry killing Grace discover,
 Which is glowing in my Heart.

Be his lovely Eyes defining ;
 But 'tis fatal to approach,
 Where ten thousand Charms are shining ;
 I, alas ! have gaz'd too much.

Be thy Pencil now descending,
 But descend with tender Care ;
 Left the new-born Smiles offending,
 Which are ever springing there.

Gently glide o'er ev'ry Feature
 With bewitching Softness form'd ;
 In his Composition, Nature
 Was by *Love* and *Bacchus* warm'd.

Touch his Lips, design'd for pressing,
 Where thy own fond Mother lies ;
 Everlasting Love expressing,
 From his Mouth, and from his Eyes.

How his Shape and Air surveying,
How I chide my artless Song!
My Fondness am betraying,
And have done his Beauties wrong.

How ill I am performing,
Tho' assisted by thy Dart;
His Picture is more charming,
It has painted in my Heart.

SONG CCXXVIII.

AD *Israel*! thy Beauty's Pride
On yon high Mountain bleeding lies:
How have the mighty Warriors dy'd,
No weeping Friend to close their Eyes.

SONG CCXXIX.

SPOTLESS Paper, fair and white!
On thee by Force constrain'd to write;
Not hard I shou'd destroy
My Purity, to please a Boy!
Grateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest Servant of the Muse.
My Friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest Secrets of my Heart;
What Atonement can be made
For spotless Innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like lilly'd Banks, or falling Snow!
Now, alas! become my Prey,
That Floods can wash thy Stains away:
What this small Comfort can I give,
When destroy'd, shall make *Thee* live.

SONG CCXXX.

IF I thy Grief,
Thy Tears employ;
Once thy Relief,
So late thy Joy;

To

To silent Floods,
 To lonesome Woods,
 Far from thine Eye,
 O! let me fly,
 Where never human Feet did trace.
 In Shades conceal'd I'll lie.
 There retiring;
 There expiring,
 Willing die,
 To buy a Father's Peace.

SONG CCXXXI.

TO thee, dear Letter, I impart
 All the Anguish of my Heart.
 O! compose its racking Care;
 Pour thy healing Softness there.

Since a thousand cruel Forms
 Keep thy Matter from my Arms;
 Thou a while his Place supply;
 On my trembling Bosom lie.

Often whisper his dear Name;
 To Advantage dress his Flame;
 That no Jealousy may dare
 To alarm me with a Care.

If in Slumbers sweet I fall,
 Thou shalt waken at my Call;
 Ev'ry soft, enchanting Line
 Shall, in spite of Midnight, shine,

Gentle Love shall smiling see
 All my Tenderness for thee;
 And shall bless the happy Hour
 When she gave thee so much Power.

SONG CCXXXII.

DAUGHTERS of *Israel*, weep o'er *Saul*,
 Who cloath'd you in the brightest Dyes:
 With Sighs on Sighs bemoan his Fall,
 Whose Smile was Glory to your Eyes.

Weep o'er his Urn, whose dearest Care
 Was to improve the op'ning Mind;
 To make you virtuous as you're fair,
 And be the Wonder of your Kind.

SONG CCXXXIII.

THE Sweets in Friendship found,
 Blissful Sweets, an endless Round,
 When two Hearts, as one unite,
 Source, to each, of true Delight!

Other Pleasures must decay,
 The Pageants of a Day:
 Those of Friendship never die,
 But, with Souls, ascend the Sky.

SONG CCXXXIV.

T WAS Midnight; when the Northern Bear
 Rolls near *Bootes'* lazy Car;

When weary Mortals lie repos'd,
 Their Eyes in pleasing Slumber clos'd.

Was then that Mischief-making Brat,
Mid, stood knocking at my Gate.—

Who's there, said I, that calls so late?

That Sounds unseasonably molest

My soothing Dreams, and break my Rest?

Sir, with a piteous Tone, he cry'd,

May be not angry; do not chide.

I am a poor, weak, helpless Boy,

Whom Wind, and Rain, and Dirt annoy:

Who without Guide, or Moon-light, stray,

Get to the Skin, as cold as Clay.

I, who his Complaints with Pity heard,

He, struck a Light, my Gates unbarr'd.

A lovely Boy stood shiv'ring there;

On whom, I thought, I need not fear.

I view'd him round, and saw strange Things,

A Bow, a Quiver, and two Wings.

Him, shudd'ring, to the Fire I led;
 Chaf'd his chill'd Hands, and stroak'd his Head;
 Wringing, with Care, its beauteous Curls,
 Which new-fall'n Rain had hung with Pearls.

At length, when warm, the Yonker said,
 Alas! my Bow:—I am afraid
 The String is injur'd by the Wet;
 And that's a Damage very great.
 Sir, if you please, we'll quickly try.—
 Ay, by all means, do, do, says I.

With that he bent the stubborn Yew,
 And to the Head an Arrow drew,
 And pierc'd my Liver through and through.
 Then giggling loud, and with a Bound
 Jumping, and cap'ring from the Ground:
 Kind Host (cry'd he) the Rain you see,
 Has us'd my Bow most civilly:
 But O! I fear th' unlucky Dart
 Has been uncivil to your Heart.

SONG CCXXXV.

BY *Music*, Minds an equal Temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the Breast tumultuous Joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive Voice applies;
 Or, when the Soul is sunk in Cares,
 Exalts her with enliv'ning Airs.
 Warriors she fires by sprightly Sounds;
 Pours Balm into the Lover's Wounds:
 Passions no more the Soul engage;
 Ev'n Factions hear away their Rage.

SONG CCXXXVI.

WHEN our lov'd Country's Cause provokes
 Arms,
 How martial Music ev'ry Bosom warms!
 When the first Vessel dar'd the Seas,
 The *Thracian* rais'd his Strain;
 And *Argo* saw her kindred Trees,
 Descend from *Pelion* to the Main;

Transport

Transported Demi-Gods stood round,
 And Men grew Heroes at the Sound,
 Enflam'd with Glory's Charms :
 Each Chief his sev'n-fold Shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining Blade :
 And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound
 To Arms, to Arms, to Arms.

SONG CCXXXVII.

BELINDA smil'd, I urg'd my Moan :
 She frown'd, and scoff'd my Pain :
 She chang'd her Humour, I my Tone,
 And soon grew calm again.

SONG CCXXXVIII.

WHEN Time itself shall be no more,
 And all Things in Confusion hurl'd,
 Music shall then exert its Pow'r,
 And Sound survive the Ruins of the World :
 Then Saints and Angels shall agree
 In one eternal Jubilee.

SONG CCXXXIX.

IF no Love is, ye Gods ! what feel I so ?
 And if Love is, what Thing, and which is he ?
 If Love be good, from whence proceeds my Woe ?
 If it be ill, how can that Ill agree ?
 His bitter Potion I the sweetest think ;
 And ever thirst the more, the more I drink.

If willingly I bear the burning Charm,
 Whence are my Wailings, and my deep Complaint ?
 If Harm is pleasing, why grieve I then the Harm ?
 Why, with the Load unwearied, am I faint ?
 Sweet Harm ! how holds my Heart of thee so
 much,
 But that my Heart consents it shou'd be such.

And if my Heart consent, and I agree,
 The Folly of Complaint fair Wisdom binds;
 Thus like a Boat, all steerless in the Sea,
 My Heart is toss'd betwixt two warring Winds.
 Alas! what wondrous Woe poor Lovers try?
 For Heat of Cold, for Cold of Heat I die.

SONG CCXL.

IF the hopeless Lover's Heart
 Sinks down, oppress'd with Woe;
 And deaden'd by the ceaseless Smart,
 The Stream of Life runs low:
 Music's healing Voice apply'd,
 He hears away his Pain;
 Gently swells the Spirit's Tide,
 Then briskly springs again.

SONG CCXLI.

IN vain, my gentle Charmer, you inquire,
 How many thousand Kisses I desire.
 Say first, how many Sands the Shores contain,
 And Drop by Drop the boundless Ocean drain:
 Count all the Stars that gild the silent Night,
 And glitter, conscious of each stol'n Delight:
 Count all the Leaves, that on ten thousand Trees
 Tremble, obedient to the Morning Breeze:
 Count all the Courtier's Arts, the Tradesman's Lye,
 The Miser's Wishes, and the Lover's Sighs,
 'Then will I tell thee, nor till then enquire
 How many thousand Kisses I desire.
 Scarce will Arithmetic the Sum explain,
 Millions on Millions multiply'd again.

SONG CCXLII.

HERE blest'd with Study, rural Ease and Health,
 Grant me a Life, led as it were by Stealth;
 Its Path as secret as that winding Wood;
 My Mind as calm and clear as yonder Flood;

My

My Thoughts to Heav'n with those tall Trees ascend ;
 The Flow'rs beneath still warn me of my End :
 All Strife for Gain, Ambition's loudest Call,
 Drown'd in the Murmurs of yon neigh'ring Fall.
 Alive uneasy'd, and when dead unknown ;
 Or, if remember'd, for the Good alone.

SONG CCXLIII.

WHILST Life, my Fair, remains, enjoy thy Charms,
 And deaf to Censure, take me to thy Arms ;
 The Ev'ning Sun descends into the Main,
 And sets to rise with brighter Beams again.
 The Lilly folds her Beauties up at Night,
 And opens fairer to the Morning Light :
 But you, to charm no more, resign your Breath,
 And sleeping, moulder in the Arms of Death.
 For a few Years the vital Oil may burn ;
 Your Frame then vanish'd, you'll to Dust return ;
 Wherefore let's love this fleeting Life away,
 And laugh at what delirious Dotards say.
 O let me on thy panting Breast recline,
 And press my burning, humid Lips to thine !
 A thousand Kisses let me first implore,
 And after them a thousand, thousand more.
 A countless Number let me still repeat,
 Till my Joys grow as numberless as great ;
 Till envious Tongues in their Account are cross'd,
 And Magic, in her secret Art, is lost.

SONG CCXLIV.

WHEN a tender, virtuous Passion,
 Mutually two Lovers feel ;
 When a secret Inclination,
 Sighing they in Words reveal ;
 Soft to languish,
 Without Anguish,
 O what Transports they enjoy !
 These are Treasures,
 These are Pleasures,
 Charm the Soul, and never cloy.

SONG CCXLV.

AS from the Honey-Comb one Day,
 Young *Cupid* filch'd the Sweets away ;
 Intent on the felonious Wrong,
 A watchful Bee his Fingers stung.
 Impatient of the Smart and Pain,
 He frets, and puffs, and stamps in vain.
 To *Venus*, in a Rage, he flies,
 And sniv'ling (see Mamma) he cries ;
 What Mischief lurks in little Things ?
 A scurvy Bee this Torment brings :
 Shall such vile Insects, (quoth the Boy,)
 The Pleasures of a God destroy ?
 While thus with peevish Rage he burn'd,
 The Goddess, with a Smile, return'd.
 Cease, Child, thy Wonder at the hurtful Bee ;
 A Pow'r more hurtful is repos'd in thee :
 Like that fierce Animal on slender Wings,
 Thou roam'st Abroad ; thy Arrows are thy Stings.
 Tho' small thy Stature seem, thy fatal Darts
 Subdue Almighty Strength, and pierce Almighty
 Hearts.

SONG CCXLVI.

WHAT cruel Pangs the Lover feels,
 Who soon must bid adieu,
 To her whose Face a Heav'n reveals,
 Which he no more must view !
 But doom'd to wander, lost, forlorn,
 In myrtle Shades below :
 Doom'd his own Fate, his Nymph's to mourn,
 And nourish endless Woe.

SONG

SONG CCLXVII.

Flavia and Cynthia.

FLAVIA to many does the *Venus* seem,
Of all the reigning Nymphs near *Isis*' Stream,
The Toast of Coxcombs, and the Poet's Theme.

}

To me, (th' impartial Truth I will declare)
Her Eyes seem sprightly, her Complexion fair,
Plump are her Limbs, majestic is her Air.

}

And yet no *Venus* is the buxom Dame,
Since nought divine informs her bulky Frame,
No Charm to merit that illustrious Name.

}

But *Cynthia* is a *Venus* in the whole,
Whose lawful Title no Defects controul,
Unblemish'd in her Body, and her Soul.

}

In her a graceful Shape, a comely Mein,
And all the Charms of all the Sex are seen,
Still rising in her Bloom; but just eighteen.

}

SONG CCXLVIII.

HAIL Harmony! amazing Source
Of Blessings Gods and Men enjoy;
Inspir'd, we sing thy awful Course,
Which ceasing wou'd the World destroy.

Till thou cam'st forth, all Nature lay
Dark as the Abyss profound;
But at thy Gloom-dispelling Ray,
Inchanting Glories darted round.

SONG CCXLIX.

WHEN Nature form'd *Clarinda* (heavenly Fair!)
With each attractive Charm, and winning Air;
Minerva's Eloquence refin'd her Tongue,
Charm'd in her Speech, and warbl'd in her Song;

Imperial Majesty from *Juno* came,
 Sooth'd with the Softness of the *Cyprian* Dame.
 O! wou'd some other Pow'rs employ their Care,
 To make her kind, as these have made her fair;
 That single Act wou'd all the rest outshine,
 And make the dear Perfection all divine.

SONG CCL.

MUSIC, gently-soothing Pow'r,
 In what Cloud-surrounded Bow'r,
 Far remov'd, in deep Disguise,
 Dost thou hide from human Eyes?
 What art thou, sweet Being, say,
 When thou warblest from the Spray?
 When thou wak'st the sleeping String?
 What art thou when Angels sing.

SONG CCLI.

AS I range these spacious Fields;
 Feast on all that Nature yields;
 Ev'ry Thing conspires Delight,
 Charms my Smell, my Taste, my Sight;
 Ev'ry rural Sound I hear
 Soothes my Soul, and tunes my Ear.
 Yonder azure Hills arising,
 Peeping thro' the wide Horizon;
 Strive for the Priority,
 Which shall first salute my Eye:
 Gentle Winds, each Sweet adorning,
 Breathe the wholesome Breath of Morning.
 Birds, on blossom'd Hawthorns, sing
 Jocund Carols to the Spring;
 Hopping o'er the fragrant Lawn,
 Merrily salute the Dawn;
 With their Music seem to chide
 Man's Ingratitude and Pride.

SONG CCLII.

THE Captive bound in rankling Chains,
 Who sadly of his Fate complains,
 If Music speaks, no Anguish knows,
 But sweetly lull'd, forgets his Woes.
 Her Voice can sooth the fiercest Grief,
 And o'er the Mind breathe soft Relief.

SONG CLIII.

OVENERABLE Solitude!
 Best of Blessings, sweetest Good!
 Sweetest Good! for in you is
 Ev'ry Part of Happiness.

No racking Passions here controul
 The peaceful Surface of my Soul;
 Nothing can my Bliss destroy,
 Whilst I thus myself enjoy.

E'er the Heav'ns or Earth were made,
 Or their vast Foundations laid;
 E'er Angels yet were taught to sing;
 To tune the Lyre, or touch the String;
 In God-like Pomp, the great Three-One
 Reign'd in their Solitude alone.

SONG CCLIV.

MORTALS, scorn the boasted *Nine*;
 Sing of Love, but Love divine,
 Vain are all terrestrial Things.
 They or soon or late decay;
 Flourish now, now glide away,
 Blades of Grass, and Thrones of Kings.

SONG CCLV.

O VIEW this green, embow'ring Shade,
 Sacred to Retirement made!
 What surprizing Sweets surround me!
 What Varieties confound me!

Bless'd in this retir'd Abode,
 I think myself almost a God!
 I think myself a God, the more
 Because I'm out of Envy's Pow'r.

If bright Seraphs envious be,
 They alone can envy me;
 Doing which, they let me know
 I am happier here below.

SONG CCLVI.

LET no Joy untasted go;
 Short's the Pleasure
 Thou canst measure;
 Snatch the Minutes as they flow:
 Seasons pass with fleeting Time,
 The present Moment is the prime.

SONG CCLVII.

IF from the Lustre of the Sun,
 To catch your fleeting Shade you run,
 In vain is all your Haste, Sir:
 But if your Feet reverse the Race,
 The Fugitive will urge the Chace,
 And follow you as fast, Sir.

Thus, if at any time, as now,
 Some scornful *Flavia* you pursue,
 In hopes to overtake her;
 Be sure you ne'er too eager be,
 But look upon't as cold as she,
 And seemingly forsake her.

So I, and *Phyllis*, t'other Day,
 Were coursing round a Cock of Hay,
 Whilst I cou'd ne'er o'erget her :
 But, when I found I ran in vain,
 Quite tir'd, I turn'd me back again,
 And, flying from her, met her.

SONG CCLVIII.

HENCE to softer Climes away,
 Purer Air, and brighter Day ;
 Where thousand melting Pleasures,
 Move to soft *Lydian* Measures ;
 And Satyrs mix their Dances
 With Jests, and fleering Glances ;
 Whilst ev'ry secret *Arethuse*
 Leaves to guide her secret Sluice ;
 And every wanton Wood-Nymph sings,
 To the gay Music of their Springs.

SONG CCLIX.

H ERE's to thee, my *Sylvia*, let's drink and be
 merry ;
 And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of Sherry ;
 Commit ev'ry Care to the Guardians above,
 And we'll live, like Immortals, in Pleasure and Love.
 Here's *Chloris's* Health, lo! the Liquor flows higher ;
 'Tis *Chloris's* Name that awakens its Fire ;
 Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence shine,
 And Fancy be brisk as the sparkling Wine.
 Ye Nymphs and ye *Graces*, ye *Cupids*, ye Swains,
 Go pluck the sweet Roses, the Pride of the Plains ;
 Pluck only such Flow'rs as are worthy the Fair,
 And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care.
 While to yon high Poplar's cool Shade we retire,
 To sink in Embraces, and mingle our Fire ;
 In long wishing Bliss we'll live and we'll die,
 She'll melt in the Flame which I catch at her Eye.

SONG

SONG CCLX.

'MID scorching Suns, and chilling Snows,
 The Hero burns, the Hero glows ;
 To bright Renown, by Toils, he marks his Road.
 At length a sweet Repose he finds ;
 His Mem'ry lives in God-like Minds ;
 Himself enroll'd, among the Gods, a God.

SONG CCLXI.

'T'WAS a Doubt in Debate among Sages of Yore,
 Whether Women, or Wine, had more absolute Power ;
 Now had I been the Judge, when the Matter was done,
 Not one had been wiser than when it begun :
 For how can Man tell which the strongest to call,
 When, with the same Ease, both can give him a Fall.

SONG CCLXII.

T O love and to languish,
 To sigh and complain,
 How killing's the Anguish !
 How tormenting's the Pain !
 Suing,
 Pursuing,
 Flying,
 Denying,
 O the Curse of Disdain !
 How tormenting's the Pain !

SONG CCLXIII.

A S *Laura*, conscious of her lovely Face,
 Kiss'd the reflected Goddess in the Glass ;
 And shall these Charms (she cries) these matchless
 Charms.
 To-Night be buried in a Husband's Arms ?

No!—since the Gods indulgent give me Pow'r,
I'll reign, at least, the Tyrant of an Hour.

She said, and to the glitt'ring Toilet flew,
Heighten'd each Feature, and diviner grew ;
A thousand Arts, a thousand Airs she tries,
And thus computes the Conquest of her Eyes.

With Scorn, *Honorio's* Passion I resign,
Brillanto, dear *Brillanto*, shall be mine ;
Conquer'd *Sireno* shall this Face adore,
Alexander, *Damon*, and a thousand more.

Thus spoke the proud, premeditated Bride,
And the *Cosmetic Oracle* reply'd :

Beware, fair Nymph, beware, nor strive to prove
The dangerous Varieties of Love ;
But think, how brittle are the Charms you boast,
And think how soon that Beauty may be lost.

For this (O heed now what I say !)

Depend on, to your Sorrow ;

If, (Nymph,) you change your Mind To-day,
I'll change your Face To-morrow.

SONG CCLXIV.

FLY, fly to my Arms, to my Arms,
Goddeſs of immortal Charms !
To my Arms, to my Arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of transporting Joy !

But to gaze

On thy Face,

Thy gentle Hand thus preſſing,

Is a delicious Bleſſing.

SONG CCLXV.

A W I T told *Celia*, that the Fair
In Fame reſembled *China Ware*.——
Indeed !" (ſays ſhe :)—" Well, if we do
I've had this Diſh,—Years,—twenty-two !"

To prove its Strength, ſhe took it up,
And, whilt ſhe praiſ'd it, crack'd the Cup.

SONG

SONG CCXLVI.

SOFTEN'D by the Pow'r of Sound,
 Human Passions melt away :
 Melancholy feels no Wound,
 Envy sleeps, and Fears decay :
 Entranc'd in Pleasure *Jove's* dread Eagle lies,
 Nor grasps the Bolt, nor darts his fiery Eyes.

SONG CCLXVII.

MY *Lucy* is of Form divine,
 Kind as first-meeting Loves ;
 Sweeter than the *Jessamin* ;
 Softer than the Down of Doves.
 Thousand Charms,
 Still renewing ;
 Love disarms,
 In pursuing :

When the Dance she briskly leads,
 Each Heart with secret Wishes bleeds.

Whene'er she passes thro' the Grove,
 Soft Violets spring beneath ;
 Surrounding Zephyrs gently move,
 And sweetest Odours breathe,
 On her Lip,
 Trembling, sighing,
 Dew they sip,
 Fate defying.

Cou'd I share with them in Bliss,
 I'd turn to Air, to gain one Kiss.

SONG CCLXVIII.

IN fair *Britannia's* rich Domain,
 Where Flow'rs and Fruits alternate blow ;
 Where Plenty spreads her peaceful Reign,
 And Seas surround, and Fountains flow ;
 Bright *Religion* lifts her Eye,
 Wand'ring thro' the kindred Sky.

SONG

SONG CLXIX.

TH O', lovely *Delia*, thou art coy,
 And cruel to thy am'rous Swain ;
 Regardless of the fighting Boy,
 And senseless of thy Lover's Pain.

Yet still I keep thee in my Heart ;
 Thou art the Nymph whom most I love ;
 I'll keep thy Image, tho' with Smart,
 And try if Constancy can move.

In Sighs I to the Winds complain,
 And to the harden'd Rocks I weep ;
 By Day thou art my constant Pain,
 At Night the Vision of my Sleep.

SONG CCLXX.

GENTLE Wishes, chaste Desires,
 Holy *Hymen's* purer Fires ;
 Lives of Innocence and Pleasure,
 Moral Virtue's mystic Treasure ;
 Wisdom, Eloquence, and Love,
 All are Blessings from above.

SONG CCLXXI.

TELL me ye gay, ye brave, ye wise,
 Ye Strangers all to *Damon's* Eyes,
 Whose Hearts are ever free :
 Tell me, how shall a wounded Swain,
 The Conflicts of his Mind restrain,
 'Twixt Love and Liberty ?

With constant Care my *Flavia* charms,
 And courts me to her longing Arms,
 The truest Nymph is she :
 My rebel Heart still unconfin'd,
 To all her fond Endearments blind,
 Still pants for Liberty.

A Victim falls to *Celia's* Shrine,
 Who reigns alone with Pow'r divine,
 Despotic Queen of me :
 And, spite of all my conscious Shame,
 My guilty Eyes reveal my Flame ;
 I've lost my Liberty.

O hear me, cruel God of Love !
 Propitious to thy Suppliant prove,
 And let me still be free !
 Grace *Flavia* with her Rival's Charms,
 Or bless me in my *Celia's* Arms,
 With Love and Liberty.

SONG CCLXXII.

O LOVE, regard a Virgin's Sigh !
 Give me Sleep, or let me die.
 Tyrant Love, why guardest thou,
 Against so soft a Guest, thy Brow ?

SONG CCLXXIII.

BENEATH a cooling Shade
 Young *Strepson* sought Relief ;
 The Flow'rs around his Head,
 Pin'd, conscious of his Grief.

Fond, foolish Wretch (he cry'd)
 I love, and yet despair ;
 Pursue, tho' still deny'd,
 By the too cruel Fair.

The Courtier asks a Place ;
 The Sailor tempts the Sea :
 The Miser begs Increase ;
 Love only governs me.

Not Honour, Wealth, or Fame,
 Can like soft Transports move :
 On Earth 'tis Bliss supreme,
 And Heav'n is but to Love.

SONG CCLXXIV.

O BEAUTEOUS Maid, no more refuse
 To dry those crystal Showers ;
 More lovely far than Morning Dewa
 That fall on op'ning Flowers.

SONG CCLXXV.

AROUND the barren Heath I rove,
 Fondly to seek my peerless Love ;
 Not Paradise, when thou we'rt there,
 Cou'd with the barren Heath compare :
 When absent, neither *Eden's* Field,
 Nor *Tempe's* Grove such Pleasures yield.
 The verdant Shrubs now blighted are,
 Sad Emblems of the Woes I bear.
 I know not what cou'd change 'em so,
 Unless they mourn thy Absence too.

SONG CCLXXVI.

O BOW'R of Bliss, and Seat of Love,
 Witness to the Vows he made !
 Witness to the Wreathes he wove
 To crown my happy Head !
 No more those Oaths *Myrtillo* swears,
 Or swears to me no more :
 Those Wreathes a happier Maiden wears,
 Which I so lately wore.

SONG CCLXXVII.

Dirge.

BENEATH this little Length of Stone,
 In Peace a Youth is laid ;
 How soon cut off ! just seen and known ;
 Just blooming, and decay'd.

Thy

Thy Parent's Joy, their only Care,
 Rest in thy Urn secure ;
 They only know the Grief they bear,
 For they alone endure.

In Death secur'd, from Woes retir'd,
 In Innocence O rest !
 What made thee here to be admir'd,
 In Heav'n now makes thee blest.

SONG CCLXXVIII.

BY all chaste Things above I swear,
 By ev'ry golden Star ;
 By Heav'n and you,
 To Love *Myrtillo's* true.
 By those silver Beams of Light,
 Whose Paleness rules the Night,
 No Time, or Art
 Shall change *Myrtillo's* Heart.

SONG CCLXXIX.

SHE that wou'd gain a sighing Lover,
 Must at a Distance keep the Slave ;
 Not, by a Look, her Heart discover ;
 Men scarce shou'd guess the Thoughts we have.
 Whilst they're in doubt, their Flame increases,
 And all Attendance they will pay :
 When we're possess'd, their Transport ceases ;
 And Vows, like Meteors, glide away.

SONG CLXXX.

FLY, fly, unkind *Myrtillo*, fly,
 Fly to my Rival's Arms,
 And gaze upon her Charms ;
 On her believing Bosom die :
 The Vows once mine sigh o'er again,
 And teach her how to feel my Pain.

SONG

SONG CCLXXXI.

TO melancholy Thoughts a Prey,
 With Love and Grief oppress'd ;
 To Peace a Stranger all the Day,
 And all the Night to Rest :
 For thee, disdainful Fair, I pine,
 And wake the tender Sigh ;
 By that obdurate Heart of thine,
 My sweetest Blessings fly.

The stubborn Rocks than thee less hard,
 Will kind Compassion show ;
 Ev'n they my loud Complaints regard,
 And echo back my Woe :
 Whilst you, averse to all my Care,
 Unpitying hear me grieve ;
 And add new Pangs to my Despair,
 Nor with a Smile relieve.

O think how soon that heav'nly Bloom,
 By which you tyrannize,
 Shall fade, and share the common Doom,
 And Death shall veil those Eyes !
 Then look to that celestial Sphere,
 Where Souls with Rapture glow,
 And dread to want that Pity there,
 Which you deny'd below.

SONG CCLXXXII.

BLOW Winds, and bear me to some Grove,
 Clad in Shades of baleful Yew ;
 There to mourn my hapless Love,
 And weep till she believes me true.
 Hither, Sorrow, I invite thee ;
 Fill with thy gloomy Train my Mind ;
 The horrid dwelling will delight me,
 And thou an easy Entrance find.

SONG

SONG CCLXXXIII.

VAIN are our fondest Hopes of Bliss
 From such a faithless World as this,
 Where Vice in ev'ry Form appears,
 In wanton Youth, and palsy'd Years.

Where Villainy exalted shines,
 And Merit unregarded pines ;
 Angelic Probity unpriz'd,
 And Heav'n-descended Truth despis'd ;

Where Friendship's Name conceals a Knave,
 Subtle and studious to deceive ;
 Where triumphs self-adoring Pride ;
 Where Virtue's scorn'd, and God defy'd.

SONG CCLXXXIV.

DEEP in the Secrets of the Grove,
 Darkness, with gloomy Sway,
 Expell'd the gazing Day :
 Noon did with mimic Gloom,
 The Face of Night assume.
 O bless'd Retreat ! th' Abode of Love !

SONG CCLXXXV.

TOO long deceiv'd, I strove to know
 Felicity in Things below.
 But now, (O Pow'r supreme !) I see
 True Happiness resides with thee :
 With thee, whose Wisdom guides on high,
 The Worlds of Light that gild the Sky ;
 And made this Earth a Place of Pain,
 A mix'd, unsatisfying Scene.

SONG

SONG CCLXXXVI.

A CRUEL Nymph there roves
About these happy Groves :
Oh ! cou'd I, cou'd I find her !
This little subtle Dart
Shou'd pierce her stony Heart,
And teach her to be kinder.

SONG CCLXXXVII.

LAGU'D with Dependance on the Great,
To raise me from my humble State ;
With paying Court to faithless Friends,
Who disappointed all my Ends ;
With wasting all my blooming Years
In endless Toils, and Hopes and Fears.

How fondly longs my Soul to gain,
The calm, uncrowded, rural Scene !
To fly the Man, whose treach'rous Art
Includes the undesigning Heart !
To Calumny, no pale-cheek'd Care,
To Envy shall attend me there.

Here, seated near a gliding Stream,
Content on some inspiring Theme ;
To wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Vale,
To sip Joy from ev'ry Gale ;
To strive that blissful State to gain
Which fondly sought, so sought in vain.

SONG CCLXXXVIII.

SWEET be thy Sleep, thou lovely Maid !
And soft upon thine Eye-lids laid !
Deep Silence guard thee all around,
Nothing hurtful here be found ;
No bad Spirit tread this Ground ;
Neither Fawn, or Satyr leud,
Nor evil Genius of the Wood.

}

SONG

SONG CCLXXXIX.

WHAT Joy, (O Friendship!) do we find
 In thee, to raise the human Mind!
 Friendship's the noblest Bliss we know
 That virtuous Souls can taste below
 The sacred, social, tender Tye,
 Of Souls immortaliz'd on high.

It makes our Pleasures more sincere;
 Divides and lessens ev'ry Care;
 Forbids the burthen'd Heart to sigh,
 And wipes the Tear from Sorrow's Eye;
 Makes Solitude and Desarts please,
 And sooths the Soul a thousand Ways.

SONG CCXC.

HER Breath perfumes the Vale,
 Sweet as the Morning yields;
 Sweet as th' *Arabian* Gale,
 That breathes from spicy Fields.

SONG CCXCI.

NAY, fly me not, (alluring Fair,)
 Nor scorn these Locks of silver Hair;
 Tho' Youth now lends thee ev'ry Grace,
 And Beauty, blooming, paints thy Face:
 Tho' Nature o'er thy Cheeks hath spread
 The smiling Morning's purest Red;
 Tho' all that's lovely dwells in thee,
 Yet fly not thus from Love, and me.

How do those Wreathes delight the Eye,
 Compos'd of Blooms of various Dye!
 See, Nymph, how fair the Lilly shows,
 Entwin'd around the blushing Rose!

SONG

SONG CCXCII.

WHAT beauteous Nymph is this, in Dress
 Like to some simple Shepherdess ?
 A Face so fair, so fine a Mein,
 Not unworthy Beauty's Queen.
 Lying she leans upon her Crook,
 With charming, tho' disorder'd Look.
 See, from her Eye, as crystal clear,
 Down on her Cheek there drops a Tear;
 Might make *Revenge*, tho' just, to nod,
 And instant break her Iron Rod.

SONG CCXCIII.

T WAS *Love's* Command, (fair *Beauty's* Son)
 That I shou'd nimbly with him run ;
 And when, by cautious Fear delay'd,
 Slowly with Regret obey'd,
 He urg'd me with a purple Wand,
 Which grac'd his all-subduing Hand.

Thro' rushing Torrents swift we go,
 And Streams that roughly-rapid flow ;
 Thro' Woods which wave with passing Gales,
 Embow'ring Groves, and low-sunk Waves ;
 But lo ! what chanc'd, as *Love* and I,
 Thro' Vales, and Groves, and Torrents fly.

Serpent's Sting, thro' ev'ry Vein,
 Diffus'd a Heart-ensfeebling Pain ;
 Thro' all my Limbs a Faintness spread ;
 My Strength decay'd, my Vigour fled ;
 The Soul seem'd hast'ning to depart,
 And Life scarce warm'd my languid Heart.

But *Love* immediate Comfort brings ;
 He fans me with his downy Wings ;
 And know from thy Contempt," (he cries)
 Of *Cupid's* Laws thy Woes arise :
 Now, taught by Pain, his Pow'r adore,
 And tempt his just Revenge no more.

SONG CCXCIV.

SINCE, with her Song, sad *Philamel*
 Did the Night's approach foretel,
 I have not clos'd my restless Eye;
 And now the Lark ascends the Sky,
 And hath his artless Notes begun,
 To bid Good-Morrow to the Sun:
 Here on this flow'ry Bank I'll try
 If gentle Sleep will close mine Eye.

SONG CCXCV.

ON Myrtles laid, with Roses crown'd,
 And Flow'rs that breathe Delight around,
 I'll drink, and all my Soul incline
 To Mirth, the Child of gen'rous Wine.

Then *Love* shall, like my Slave, prepare
 The genial Bowl that poisons Care;
 For, swiftly as the Chariot flies,
 To win the hard-contested Prize;
 Our Life as swiftly rolls away,
 With all that's pleasing, all that's gay.
 This Frame must soon to Ashes turn,
 And fill the cold sepulchral Urn;
 And Silence chain the tuneful Tongue,
 Each Bone dissolv'd, each Nerve unstrung.

Why, on our Tombs, are Unguents spread,
 (Superfluous Care to grace the Dead:)
 And why the vain Libation paid,
 To honour an unconscious Shade?
 Rather to me, whilst yet I live,
 The costly, fragrant Blessings give:
 My Head with roseate Crowns adorn,
 Whose Sweets surpass the Breath of Morn;
 And call the Fair, whose Charms impart
 Soft Extasies that sway the Heart.

O Love ! e'er I'm compell'd to go
To Crowds of joyless Shades below ;
My Soul shall ev'ry Pleasure share,
And court Delight, and banish Care.

SONG CCXCVI.

MY Life, my Love, my *Florimel*,
I've search'd the Secrets of the Vale ;
I've question'd ev'ry Breath of Air,
When last he kiss'd my absent Fair ;
The feather'd Warblers of the Grove
Were silent, when I nam'd my Love :
Thy Shepherd fear'd, some Sylvan Pow'r
Had snatch'd the Goddess of the Bow'r.

SONG CCXCVII.

COME hither, *Myra*, whilst the Sun
Prepares his radiant Course to run ;
Come sit, my Fair-One, always gay,
Inspirer of the tender Lay ;
On yonder Bank, with Violets crown'd,
And, Cowslips, breathing Sweets around :
Then listen, kind, whilst I impart
What Fondness dictates to my Heart.

SONG CCXCVIII.

WHAT means my Love ? Those Words ne'er
fell
From the sweet Lips of *Florimel*.
Her Tongue was ever soft and kind,
Calm as breathes the Southern Wind
Its Murmurs to the dimpled Wave,
When *Boreas* sleeps within his Cave.

SONG CCXCIX.

TO me how beautiful appear
 All Nature's Works, when *Chloe's* near !
 Sweet glides the mazy Stream along,
 And sweetly sounds the *Thrush's* Song.
 With added Charms the Flow'rs display
 Their Beauties, op'ning to the Day ;
 But *Chloe* gone, my Pleasures fly ;
 The Stream unheeded wanders by.
 The Birds, methinks, discordant sing ;
 And cheerless breathe the Sweets of Spring :
 'Tis *Chloe* charms, and makes with Ease
 Each varying Scene, and Object please.

SONG CCC.

OH stay ! Thou Fair unkind :
 Some Spell in magic Fetters binds
 Our erring Minds.
 She flies, she flies,
 Far from my longing Eyes,
 Which still pursue
 The less'ning View.
 She's gone, gone, gone, for ever gone !
 And Life to come shall be a Groan.

SONG CCCI.

O *CHLOE* ! each superior Grace,
 Adorns thy Soul, and decks thy Face :
 Both form'd so fair, not Envy's Eye
 Can one Defect, or Blemish spy ;
 Ev'n Virtue's self, wou'd Mankind see,
 Their wond'ring Eyes wou'd fix on thee.
 May Heav'n, to crown my Life with Joy,
 For thee its guardian Care employ ;
 And ev'ry swiftly-circling Hour
 Abundant Blessings round thee pour :

Then *Damon*, blest in this Retreat,
Shall scorn the Glory of the Great.

SONG CCCII.

AS with wearied Steps I trod,
Seeking Dainties for the God ;
As I measur'd, up and down,
Verdant Lawns, and Fallows brown ;
Sunny Hills, and russet Dales,
Op'ning Glades, embower'd Vales ;
Streaming Lakes, and Rivers grey,
I spy'd where *Cupid* sleeping lay.

SONG CCCIII.

OF T is it pleasing to the Great
To live forgetful of their State ;
To leave Abundance, and unbend
Their Minds with some inferior Friend.

Where blest'd with Health, and homely Fare,
They quaff Delight, and smile at Care ;
And find, that in an humble Cell,
Mirth, Innocence, and Peace can dwell.

SONG CCCIV.

OGENTLE *Sleep*, propitious prove,
To a faithful *Suain* be kind !
And fill, in pleasing Dreams, her Mind
With sad *Myrtillo's* constant Love.

SONG CCCV.

OWOU'D some Zephyr waft, with Care,
My House and Garden thro' the Air,
To Lands encircled by the Main,
Where *Lilliputian* Monarchs reign !
How wou'd it glad my Heart, to see
Whole Nations ;—somewhat less than me ?
My House wou'd then a Palace rise,
And Kings with Envy view my Size.

SONG CCCVI.

HA I L, happy Bow'r! blest Grotto, hail,
 That hold'st my Fair, tho' cruel *Florinda*;
 See, where on yonder Bank she lies;
 Kind Sleep has clos'd her shining Eyes.
 Her flowing Locks her Neck o'erspread;
 Her Lilly Arm supports her Head:
 Her Face like chaste *Diana* seems
 When she sheds her silver Beams,
 O'er the Fairies midnight Courts;
 And guides their little, frolic Sports.

SONG CCCVII.

The Bee.

TO yonder newly-open'd Rose,
 Whose Leaves the Morning's Blush disclose,
 How swift the prudent Insect flies,
 Who oft in Beds of Fragrance lies;
 And now the dewy Drop devours
 That soft impearls the blowing Flow'r!
 He now on Wings of Zephyrs rides,
 Then, smooth in airy Circles glides;
 And tastes whatever Nature yields
 In fragrant Gardens, Groves or Fields.

SONG CCCVIII.

A W A K E, my Fairest, my Delight:
 Cheer me with thy admiring View.
 Who first shall greet thy waking Sight,
 Him shalt thou love, and him pursue.

SONG CCCIX.

W H Y, *Lycidas*, shou'd Man be vain,
 If bounteous Heav'n hath made him great?
 Why look with insolent Disdain,
 On those undeck'd with Wealth and State?

Can

Can splendid Robes, or Beds of Down,
 Or costly Gems to deck the Hair ;
 Can all the Glories of a Crown
 Give Health, or smooth the Brow of Care ?

The scepter'd Prince, the burthen'd Slave ;
 The Humble and the Haughty die ;
 The Poor, the Rich, the Base, the Brave,
 In Dust, without Distinction, lie.

Go, search the Tomb where Monarchs rest,
 Who once the richest Glories wore ;
 Fled is that Grandeur they possess'd,
 And all their Greatness is no more.

So glides the Meteor thro' the Sky,
 And sweeps along a gilded Train ;
 But, when its short-liv'd Beauties die,
 Dissolves to common Air again.

SONG CCCX.

WHAT lovely Object fills my Sight
 At once with Awe, and with Delight ?
 I pant, I burn : my Blood's on fire !
 O Fairest, form'd to raise Desire ;
 Thou that giv'st, must heal my Smart.—
 Here I'll try my stolen Dart.

SONG CCCXI.

O MIRA! fair as early Day,
 More cheering than the Sunny Ray ;
 Not all the Beauties Nature yields,
 To scent the Lawns, or grace the Fields ;
 Nor gaudy Finch, with gilded Wing,
 Nor warbling Larks that soar and sing ;
 Nor cooling Seat in vaulted Bow'rs,
 Nor Fragrance breath'd from op'ning Flow'rs ;
 Nor Fall of Streams, nor lonely Walks,
 Where unsubstantial Echo talks ;

Nor bleating Flocks, nor grassy Downs,
Nor silken Nymphs retir'd from Towns :

Not these have Charms, whene'er we part,
To kindle Pleasure in my Heart.

SONG CCCXII.

WHILE on my Breast,
My Fair doth rest,
Oh ! let *Myrtillo's* Faith be prov'd !
Let these sad Sighs ;
These streaming Eyes ;
Witness that he ever lov'd.

SONG CCCXIII.

SUCH Sweetness and Goodness together com-
bin'd ;
So beauteous her Face, so enchanting her Mind ;
So loving, yet chaste ; and so humble, yet fair ;
So comely her Shape, and so decent her Air ;
So skilful, that Nature's improv'd by her Art ;
So prudent her Head, so bounteous her Heart ;
So wise without Pride, and so modestly neat ;
'Tis strange this sweet *Chloe* shou'd be such a Cheat !

For tho' she to Man, for a Mortal, was given,
These Virtues declare her Extraction from Heav'n.

SONG CCCXIV.

LET these Arms again enfold thee.
Faithful Shepherd, do I hold thee ?
Gloomy Cares that fill'd my Mind,
Hence :— I give you to the Wind.
Smiling Joys, and Pleasures gay,
On gaudy Pinions round me play.

SONG

SONG CCCXV.

LET perjur'd, fair *Aminta* know,
 What, for her Sake, I undergo ;
 Tell her, for her, what I sustain,
 A ling'ring Fever's wasting Pain :
 Tell her the Torments I endure,
 Which she (sweet Nymph) alone can cure.

But O! she scorns to hear or see,
 The Wretch that lies so low as me ;
 Her sudden Greatness turns her Brain,
 And *Strepson* hopes, alas! in vain :
 For ne'er was found, tho' often try'd,
 That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

SONG CCCXVI.

SMILING Hours shall attend ye ;
 Joys in endless Circles move :
Cupid always shall befriend ye,
 And ev'ry Moment fill with Love.

SONG CCCXVII.

BENEATH this Shade
 When thou art laid,
 I'll sing, than Pipe more clear ;
 That soothing Sleep
 May o'er thee creep,
 And woo thee thro' thine Ear.

SONG CCCXVIII.

DEAR *Phillis*, did you never gaze,
 Thro' Optic-Glass, on mouldring Cheese ?
 Here, *Phillis*, did you ne'er perceive
 A Croud of dwarfish Creatures live ?
 The little Things, elate with Pride,
 Strut to and fro, from Side to Side :

In tiny Pomp, and pertly vain,
 Lords of their pleasing Orb, they reign;
 And, fill'd with harden'd Curds and Cream,
 Think the whole Dairy made for them.

So Men, conceited Lords of all,
 Walk proudly o'er this pendent Ball;
 Fond of their little Spot below,
 Nor greater Beings care to know;
 But think those Worlds, which deck the Skies,
 Were only form'd to please their Eyes.

SONG CCCXIX.

GREAT *Love*, to thee our Rites belong;
 Thy Name demands the Shepherd's Song;
 Thy Pow'r demands the Shepherd's Knee.
 Below, Above,
 All, All is *Love*:
 Ev'ry Thing is full of Thee.

SONG CCCXX.

FORGIVE me, *Delia*, 'twas a Deed
 Which from Ambition sprung;
 I'll ne'er again presume to plead
 With your victorious Tongue.

Such Wisdom in your Words appears,
 Such Music makes them please;
 Mine lose their Force, like Morning Stars,
 Before the Solar Rays.

Conquer'd by your superior Sense,
 I drop the tatling War;
 Convinc'd your powerful Eloquence
 Is strong as you are fair.

Yet, tho' subdu'd, my Fall is great,
 Nor shamefully I yield;
 'Tis Honour to contend, tho' beat,
 When Angels take the Field.

SONG

SONG CCCXXI.

WINE 'tis alone can swell
 With decent Pride the Heart ;
 Wine wakes the Song,
 Inspires the Tongue ;
 And strikes with bolder Art
 The shrill-resounding Shell.

SONG CCCXXII.

CHLOE, since we have Both been kind,
 And of each other had our Fill ;
 Tell me what Pleasure can you find,
 In forcing Nature 'gainst her Will ?

'Tis true you may, with Art and Pain,
 Keep in some Glowings of Desire ;
 But still, those Glowings which remain,
 Are only Ashes of the Fire.

Then let us free each other's Soul,
 And laugh at the dull, constant Fool,
 Who wou'd Love's Liberty controul,
 And teach us how to whine by Rule.

Let us no Impositions set,
 Or Clogs upon each other's Heart ;
 But as for Pleasure first we met ;
 So now, for Pleasure, let us part.

We both have spent our Stock of Love,
 So consequently shou'd be free :
 Strephon expects you in yon Grove,
 And matchless *Delia* waits for me.

SONG CCCXXIII.

WINE 'tis alone can bid arise
 The Wretch that pining lies :
 The Brow of Pain can smooth,
 The Sigh of Sorrow sooth ;

And equal, in Command,
 The Fatherless, and Father of the Land :
 Can bear aloft on Fancy's Wing
 Th' imprison'd Slave, to scorn th' invested King.

SONG CCCXXIV.

WHEN *Flavia* tunes her vocal Song,
 And strikes the trembling Strings ;
 The list'ning Audience round her throng,
 Admiring whilst she sings.

But, when we view the skilful Fair,
 We're struck with more Surprise ;
 Before she only sooth'd our Ears,
 But now, enchants our Eyes.

Beauty and Harmony combin'd,
 Like secret Charms betray ;
 Like Ghosts in magic Rings confin'd,
 We cannot move away.

So Birds, imprudent, fall to Ground,
 When pleasing Notes they hear ;
 Lull'd by the Piper's artful Sound,
 Till taken in his Snare.

SONG CCCXXV.

SEE, within his living Grave,
 The Wretch, a nameless Thing !
 Let but the sparkling Juice
 Its gen'rous Warmth infuse ;
 Hark ! how he begins to rave,
 Amid his Chains a King.
 Alternate he rises, and sinks like the Wave ;
 Now view him a Monarch, now see him a Slave.

SONG CCCXXVI.

SINCE, *Kitty*, I must bid adieu,
 How can I help despairing ?
 Let Fate its Rigours still pursue,
 There's nought more worth my Caring.

'Twas she alone cou'd calm my Soul,
 When racking Thoughts did grieve me ;
 Her Eyes my Tortures cou'd controul,
 And into Joys deceive me.

Farewel ye Brooks, no more along
 Your Banks must I be walking :
 No more you'll hear my Pipe or Song ;
 Or pretty *Kitty's* talking.

But I, by Death an End will give
 To Grief, since we must sever :
 For, who can, after parting live ;
 Ought to be wretched ever.

SONG CCCXXVII.

FIR'D with th' intoxicating Fumes,
 The low-born Clod

Affects the God ;

The Sigher sings

The Poor are Kings :

The gen'rous Juice inspires

Ev'n Fools with unknown Fires ;

Till Wine the Tongue unbends,

And Wit forgets her Friends ;

And sneering Taunts,

And bellowing Rants,

With senseless Sound

All Ears confound :

Till ev'n the Meek the Brow of Rage assumes ;

And Men, and Wine, and Arms, and Goblets
 strew the Ground.

SONG CCCXXVIII.

THE trembling Merchant begs for Ease,
 When tost upon the boist'rous Seas ;
 When frowning Clouds obscure the Skies,
 And Thunder roars, and Lightning flies.

Nor

Nor silver Mines, nor shining Gold,
Nor all the Gems fam'd *India* holds ;
Nor purple Robes, nor pompous State,
Can heal the Cares which vex the Great.

Happy the Man whose frugal Board
Supplies the Wishes of its Lord ;
No Fears torment his peaceful Breast,
No sordid Avarice breaks his Rest.

Why shou'd we so much Wealth desire,
When Life so little will require ?
Why shou'd we rove, from Zone to Zone,
And change, for other Climes, our own ?

SONG CCCXXIX.

AT *George's* high Command, from far
The lofty Clarion sounds to War :
At once the Battle swarms,
And Princes rush to Arms.
The royal Word
Unsheathes the Sword :
He bids to save
The Fair and Brave :
Instant the Brave and Fair
Are made the Soldier's Care,
And safe 'mid War's Alarms.

SONG CCCXXX.

ALL make their *Exit*, soon or late ;
And, shou'd the Gods contract thy Date,
The vital Hour deny'd to thee,
Their kinder Hand may give to me.
What tho' thy fruitful Pastures keep
An hundred Flocks of bleating Sheep ?
What tho' thy proud, exulting Mares
Prance, fly, before thy gilded Cars ?

my Board tho' twenty Dishes grace;
 my Coat as many Yards of Lace;
 I envy not the purple Dye,
 nor all thy Pomp of Luxury.

There are some Sparks of *Phœbus*' Fire,
 to warm my Breast, if not inspire:
 A little Wealth to make me proud,
 and Sense enough to scorn the Croud.

SONG CCCXXXI.

WHEN, in Reward of all his Toil,
 The Soldier sweats beneath the Spoil,
 To cast it at the Royal Feet he hies:
 Nor less, in Sky-born Peace,
 The Husbandman his Care employs
 To greet him with the Golden Fleece.

SONG CCCXXXII.

COME kind Angel, gently flying,
 Mov'd with Pity at my Pain;
 Alas *Corinna* I am dying,
 Till with Joy we meet again.

Alas *Corinna*, since we parted,
 I have never known Delight;
 And shall soon be broken-hearted,
 If I longer want her Sight.

Alas her how her Lover, mourning,
 Thinks each lazy Day a Year;
 And ev'ry Morn returning,
 Since *Corinna* is not here.

Alas her too, not distant Places,
 Will she be but true and kind!
 And with Time, and Change of Faces,
 E'er shall shake my constant Mind.

SONG

SONG CCCXXXIII.

THE King, with Empire's Cares oppress,
 Demands Relief of downy Rest ;
 Th' appointed Youth his Duty knows,
 And wakeful watches his Repose.

Upon his Lids no Slumbers fall ;
 He wakes for him, who wakes for All :
 Nor Life his Wish, nor Death his Dread,
 So Safety crown the Royal Bed.

SONG CCCXXXIV.

MAN's a poor, deluded Bubble,
 Wand'ring in a Mist of Lies ;
 Seeing false, or seeing double,
 Who wou'd trust to such weak Eyes ?

Yet, presuming on his Senses,
 On he goes, most wond'rous wise ;
 Doubts of Truth, believes Pretences ;
 Lost in Error, lives and dies.

SONG CCCXXXV.

AR M'D for the doubtful Fight,
 Men, fearless, take their Way ;
 They dare the darkest Night,
 And tempt the roughest Sea :
 The Lion's Rage they dauntless meet ;
 They sweat, they toil ;
 They kill, they spoil,
 And with the Spoil their Fair-One greet.

SONG CCCXXXVI.

ACCEPT, my Love, as true a Heart,
 As ever Lover gave :
 'Tis free (it vows) from any Art,
 And proud to be your Slave.

Then

Then take it kindly as 'twas meant,
 And let the Giver live ;
 Who with it wou'd the World have sent,
 Had it been his to give.

And that *Lucinda* may not fear
 I e'er will prove untrue ;
 My Vows shall, ending with the Year,
 With it begin anew.

SONG CCCXXXVII.

TO *Woman*, all Mankind we owe ;
 From her, in sweet Return,
Mankind conspire to burn ;
 For her, the Spring whence Life and Being flow.
 For her, their dearest, best Concerns they leave,
 Forego the Sweets of native Air,
 And all a Parent's tender Care ;
 To her, for Life, and her alone, they cleave.
 For her the Toils of Men, their keen Pursuits ;
 Their restless Soul 'tis she inspires
 With eager Cares, and vague Desires :
 Theirs the Toil, and her's the Fruits.

SONG CCCXXXVIII.

FAIR *Venus*, Queen of female Charms,
 Calls to her Son one Day :
 Come, *Cupid*, come ; to Arms, to Arms,
 And leave your childish Play.

See'st thou yon blooming, tender Fair,
 Whom ev'ry Grace adorns ;
 Whose lovely Face, and Shape, and Air,
 Surprise, and charm by Turns.

Good-Nature smooths her equal Brow ;
 Love sparkles in her Eyes ;
 Compassion melts her tender Heart ;
 She's all that Man can prize.

With

With such superior Charms she shines,
 So exquisitely fair,
 That all my Graces, by Mistake,
 Are fled to wait on her.

Haste then, (my Dear,) your Bow prepare;
 Chuse out the keenest Dart;
 Find one that's worthy of this Fair,
 And strike him thro' the Heart.

See that, with Merit, Virtue join,
 To form his manly Breast;
 Good-Nature with fond Love combine,
 To make the Fair-One blest.

Enough, enough, young Cupid cries,
 I'll please you in a Man;
 Find one more worthy of the Prize
 Than *Sylvio*, if you can.

He spake: and let an Arrow fly;
 I bled: (the Lover cry'd.)
Hymen stepp'd in, and clos'd the Wound,
 Or he had surely dy'd.

SONG CCCXXXIX.

BESIDE the King, *Apame* sat:
 Whene'er she sigh'd,
 His Sighs reply'd;
 Whene'er she smil'd,
 The King, beguil'd
 Forgat his Fame, forgot his State.
 From the Victor's Brow
 She took the Crown,
 To grace her own;
 And haughty cry'd,
 With beauteous Pride,
 Who's the Victor now?

SONG CCCXL:

SINCE by ill Fate I'm forc'd away,
 And snatch'd so soon from thy dear Arms;
 'gainst my Will I must obey,
 And leave those ever-blooming Charms.
 Still love on, and never fear,
 But You and Constancy will prove,
 Though my present Flame to bear,
 And make me, whilst in Absence, love.
 Tho' your Presence Fate denies,
 I feel, alas! the killing Smart;
 I can, with undiscerning Eyes,
 Behold your Picture in my Heart.

SONG CCCXLI.

VAIN's the Force of sparkling Wine,
 And all the Power of Woman's vain;
 Ask the King we call divine:
 And wicked all the Sons of Men:
 The King himself shall nameless fall,
 But Truth eternal reigns o'er all.

SONG CCCXLII.

IN vain, alas! poor *Strephon* tries,
 To ease his tortur'd Breast;
 The *Amoret* the Cure denies,
 And makes his Pain a Jest.
 Fair-One, why to me so coy,
 And why to him so true?
 He with more Coldness flights the Joy,
 Than I with Love pursue.
 Then, unhappy Lover, die;
 For, since she gives thee Death,
 The World has nothing that can buy
 A Moment more of Breath.

Yet,

Yet, tho' thy scorn I cou'd out-live,
 'Twere Folly ; since to me,
 Not Love itself a Joy can give,
 But, *Amoret*, in thee.

SONG CCCXLIII.

FAIR tho' she be, yet Woman's Charms are frail
 Great tho' it be, this Earth shall melt away
 High tho' they be, the Heav'ns themselves shall fail
 Swift tho' the Sun, Time shall his Coursers stay.
 H E, only H E, shall never taste Decay,
 Who call'd from Chaos all Things into Day,
 More swift, more high, more great, more
 fairer far than they.

SONG CCCXLIV.

ON Beds of Roses, *Lucy*, say
 What well-shap'd Youth, perfum'd with
 In some cool Grot, excluding Day,
 Urges thee close with am'rous Toil ?
 For whom ty't thou thy golden Hair ?
 Still charming in thy Want of Care !

How oft shall he (ill-fated Youth !)
 With Tears regret thy Breach of Truth ?
 Thy faithless Gods and Sea (at last)
 With Tempests and black Winds o'ercaſt,
 Which he, unus'd to, wond'ring shall behold,
 Who, credulous, thinks thee like to Gold !
 Hoping thou, (vain Hope !) will be
 Ever lovely, ever free.

Fond Youth ! he little knows
 The treacherous Wind that blows !
 Hapless they, who in their Arms
 Clasp thy unexperienc'd Charms !
 'Scap'd from the Storm, and safe ashore,
 In *Neptune's* Shrinel've hung my Clothes
 There too this votive Picture shows,
 Once shipwreck'd, I'll to Sea no more.

SONG

SONG CCCXLV.

AS the rich Apple, on whose Boughs,
 Ripe Fruit with streaky Beauty glows,
 excels the Trees that shade the Grove,
 So shines, among her Sex, my Love.

SONG CCCXLVI.

UNWISE who, first, the Charm of Nature lost,
 With *Tyrian* Purple soil'd the snowy Sheep;
 unwiser still who Seas and Mountains cross,
 Who dig the Rock, and search the pearly Deep.
 These costly Toys our silly Fair surprize;
 The shining Follies cheat their feeble Sight;
 Their Hearts, secure in Trifles, Love despise;
 'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.
 Why did the Gods conceal the little Mind,
 And earthly Thought, beneath a heav'nly Face?
 Forget the Worth that dignifies Mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish to each outward Grace.

SONG CCCXLVII.

WHO quits the Lilly's fleecy White
 To fix, on meaner Flow'rs, the Sight?
 Or leaves the Rose's Stem untorne,
 To crop the Blossom from the Thorn?
 Unrival'd thus thy Beauties are;
 So shines my Love among the Fair.

SONG CCCXLVIII.

FEW are the Maids that now on Merit smile;
 On Spoil and War is bent the Iron Age:
 Let Pain and Death attend on War and Spoil,
 Unfated Vengeance and remorseless Rage.
 To purchase Spoil ev'n Love itself is sold;
 Her Lover's Heart is least *Amanda's* Care;
 And I thro' War must seek detested Gold,
 Not for myself, but for my venal Fair:

That

That while she bends beneath the Weight of Dress,
 The stiff-neck'd Robe may spoil her easy Mein;
 And Art mistaken make her Beauty less,
 While still it hides some Graces better seen.

SONG CCCXLIX.

FORBEAR, O charming Swain! forbear;
 Thy Voice enchants my list'ning Ear;
 And whilst I gaze my Bosom glows;
 My flutt'ring Heart with Love o'erflows:
 The Shades of Night hang o'er my Eyes,
 And ev'ry Sense within me dies.

SONG CCCL.

SE EK not to know To-morrow's Doom;
 That is not ours which is to come.
 The present Moment's all our Store;
 The next shou'd Heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more.
 So all our Life is but one instant *Now*.

Look on each Day you've past
 To be a mighty Treasure won,
 And lay each Moment out in Haste;
 We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon,

Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
 Which from decrepid Age will fly;
 The Flow'rs that flourish in the Spring,
 In Winter's cold Embraces die.

SONG CCCLI.

HOW lovely art thou to the Sight,
 For Pleasure form'd, and sweet Delight!
 'Tall as the Palm-Tree is thy Shape;
 Thy Breasts are like the clust'ring Grape.

SONG CCCLII.

MY Fair's a Garden of Delight,
 Enclos'd, and hid from vulgar Sight;
 Where Streams from bubbling Fountains stray,
 And Flow'rs enrich the verdant Way.

SONG CCCLHI.

DIFFUSIVE Cold does the whole Earth in-
 vade;
 Like a Disease, thro' all its Veins, 'tis spread,
 And each late, living Stream benumb'd and dead.
 Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
 Let cheerful Fires *Sol's* feeble Beams repair;
 Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine;
 Let's drink till our own Faces shine;
 All we like glorious Suns appear,
 To light and warm the Hemisphere.
 Wine can dispense to all both Light and Heat,
 They are, with Wine, incorporate;
 That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix;
 Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix;
 Let that but in Abundance flow,
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
 Be Heav'n's Concern; and let it be
 The Care of Heav'n still, for me.
 Those Winds which rend the Oaks, and plough the
 Seas,
 Great *Jove* can, if he please,
 With one commanding Nod appease.

SONG CCCLIV.

SWEET Nymph, whom ruddier Charms adorn
 Than open with the rosy Morn;
 Fair as the Moon's unclouded Light,
 And as the Sun in Splendor bright;
 Thy Beauties dazzle from afar,
 Like glitt'ring Arms which gild the War.

SONG

SONG CCCLV.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
 One dear Blessing e'er I die ;
 Long I've borne Excess of Pain,
 Let me now some Bliss obtain.

Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,
 When angry, thus the God reply'd.

Blessings greater none can have,
 Art thou not *Amanda's* Slave ?
 Cease, fond Mortal, to implore ;
 Love, ev'n Love himself's no more.

SONG CCCLVI.

O TAKE me ! stamp me to thy Breast !
 Deep let the Image be impress ;
 For Love, like armed Death, is strong ;
 Rudely he drags his Slaves along :
 If once to Jealousy he turns,
 With never-dying Rage he burns.

SONG CCCLVII.

THY Voice, O *Harmony* ! with awful Sound,
 Cou'd penetrate th' Abyss profound ;
 Explore the Realms of antient Night,
 And search the living Source of unborn Light.
 Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,
 And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.

Then did'st thou, *Harmony*, give Birth
 To this fair Form of Heav'n and Earth ;
 Then all those shining Worlds above,
 In mystic Dance began to move
 Around the radiant Sphere of Fire,
 A never ceasing, never silent Choir,

SONG CCCLVIII.

THY Groves, O *Richmond* ! now may vie
 With old *Parnassus*' sacred Hill ;
 The *Muses* here their Voices try,
 And Bards the heav'nly Rapture feel.

My Grotto, venerably-wild,
 Seems like *Calypso*'s fabled Cell ;
 That where, from the World exil'd,
 The peaceful Hermit loves to dwell.

The Busts rais'd, by a *Queen*'s Command,
 Thro' ev'ry Age shall speak her Praise ;
 Whilst Science lives in *Albion*'s Land ;
 Or Bards, to Merit, tune their Lays.

SONG CCCLIX.

BEGIN the pow'rful Song, ye sacred *Nine*,
 Your Instruments and Voices join ;
 Harmony, Peace, and sweet Desire,
 Every Breast inspire.

Drive the melancholy, drooping Heart,
 And soft Repose to restless Thoughts impart.

Appease the wrathful Mind,
 And dire Revenge and Death inclin'd ;
 With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood assuage,
 And melt to mild Remorse his burning Rage.

Is done ; and now tumultuous Passions cease ;
 And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.

The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,
 And Music lull'd to pleasing Rest.

SONG CCCLX.

HOW vain are Pleasures which arise
 From all the giddy World calls great !
 Pleasures which God-like Souls despise,
 For those beyond the Pow'r of Fate.

H

Sleep:

Scepters and Crowns, those envy'd Things,
 Ne'er yielded yet substantial Joy ;
 But the Delight which Wisdom brings,
 No adverse Fortune can destroy.

SONG CCCLXI.

F A I R *Amoret* is gone astray ;
 Pursue and seek her, ev'ry Lover ;
 I'll tell the Signs by which you may
 The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her Air ;
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected :
 Careful she is with artful Care ;
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the Thing that she despises.

SONG CCCLXII.

I N *Plaislow's* fruitful Vales, a lovely Maid,
 Of lowly Parentage, but gentle Mind,
 Dwelt, in fresh Prime of rosy Youth display'd,
 The Pride and growing Envy of her Kind :
 Her, many Swains with wishful Fancy fir'd,
 Flock'd far to see, and all who saw, admir'd.

But she, superior to the shining Toys
 Of looser Maidens, indolent with Ease,
 Fled the soft Mazes of bewitching Joys,
 And spent at Home her long, laborious Days ;
 Virtue (she knew) which guards the comely Dame,
 Expos'd to Crouds, but ill defends her Fame.

Her Bosom purer than the crystal Stream,
 Gliding o'er silver Sands from Fountains fair;
 For ever chearful fed the pious Flame
 Of undissembled Faith, and Friendship rare;
 No meaner Guests within that Temple dwelt,
 No grosser Flames, for Love she never felt.

To Arts she study'd to improve her Charms;
 Sometimes she carol'd to the circling Wheel;
 Sometimes the Distaff grac'd her snowy Arms,
 Her Hands the Spindle, or the Telling-Reel:
 Her hoary Parents thus the Virgin cheers,
 And grateful Youth rewards the Care of Years.

To Pleasure she indulg'd but balmy Rest,
 Begot by Labour, far from Sloth remov'd;
 Rest in her Parents, in her Duty blest,
 Content she priz'd, and Solitude she lov'd;
 But sought in vain: however dark the Way,
 Love guides his Steps, if Beauty darts a Ray.

SONG CCCXLIII.

TO hazardous Attempts and hardy Toils,
 Ambition some excites;
 And some, desire of mortal Spoils
 To bloody Fields invites;
 Others, insatiate Thirst of Gain
 Provokes to tempt the dang'rous Main;
 To pass the burning Line, and bear-
 Th' Inclemency of Winds, and Seas, and Air;
 Pressing the doubtful Voyage, till *India's* Shore,
 Her spicy Bosom bares, and spreads her shining
 Ore.

SONG CCCLXIV.

FROM Heav'n alone, all Good proceeds:
 To heav'nly Minds belong
 Pow'r and Love, (*Dorinda*) of good Deeds,
 And Sense of sacred Song!

And thus, most pleasing are the Muse's Lays
To those who merit most her Praise ;
Wherefore, for thee, her Iv'ry Lyre she strings,
And soars with Rapture while she sings.

SONG CCCLXV.

WHEN *Delamira* shews her Face,
The killing Air ! the melting Grace !
A thousand Lovers round her fly ;
A Thousand for her Beauties sigh.

In her smooth Cheeks are fondly spread,
The Lilly's White, the Rose's Red ;
But never Odours of the Spring
Such Incense, as her Breath, cou'd bring.

What Raptures does her Voice dispense !
How soft the Sounds ! how strong the Sense !
The Sweetness reconciles the Smart,
And, whilst it conquers, mends the Heart.

When other Dangers bend the Bow,
We fly the Field, or quit the Foe ;
But here a diff'rent Turn is found,
We court the Dart, and kiss the Wound.

SONG CCCLXVI.

PLEAS'D with this Spot, for Pleasure made,
I sought the Center of the Shade ;
There on a Couch with Verdure gay,
A lovely Virgin sleeping lay.

Th' unfully'd Flow'rs that round her twin'd,
Seem'd Emblems of her spotless Mind ;
And near her Body fondly grew,
As tho' their Odours thence they drew.

The silken Tresses of her Hair
Hung loose and wavring met the Air ;
These gently did the Curl's divide,
And kiss'd her Neck with am'rous Pride.

Her Eye-Brows nicely did extend
 And into two fair Arches bend ;
 With such Exactness were, as tho'
 They both were drawn from *Cupid's* Bow.

Her moist red Lips, design'd for Bliss,
 Seem'd willing to receive a Kiss ;
 Her Smiles, which Slumbers did impart,
 Declar'd the Calmness of her Heart.

And her soft Breasts where Gods might dwell,
 Which gently rose, which gently fell ;
 As Iv'ry white, as Crystal clear,
 Shew'd no Disorder harbour'd there.

The rest, her modest Robe conceal'd,
 Save what the busy Winds reveal'd.

SONG CCCLXVII.

O VIRGIN fair ! the sad *Leander* says,
 Why shou'd I measure Life, if only born
 To wooe the Maid, whose Cruelty repays
 My warmest Wishes with the coldest Scorn ?
 That Face enrich'd with each celestial Grace ;
 Ah me ! that ever I beheld that Face !

Witness my joyless Days, my sleepless Nights,
 How dear to me, how very dear thou art !
 Witness ye Woods and Vales, and horrid Heights
 Of yon hard Rocks, yet softer than thy Heart !
 They shew'd a Face of Sadness at my Moans,
 Heard all my Complaints, and answer'd to my Groans.

O ! since my Life is but a dismal Gloom,
 Nor Vows, nor Tears, nor Gratitude can move
 Thy stony Heart, to mitigate my Doom,
 Receive the last, sad Trial of my Love ;
 When clay-cold I am stretch'd upon the Bier,
 Thy ruthless Eye, perhaps, may drop a Tear.

SONG CCCXLVIII.

LOVE's God has leap'd into my Fair,
 And fix'd his Habitation there ;
 In all her Words, her Looks, her Mein,
 The God is to Perfection seen.

Cupid attends whene'er she's drest,
 And *Cupid* heaves her snowy Breast ;
 Instructs her sparkling Eyes to kill,
 And aims their Glances at his Will ;
 Directs her Tresses how to wave,
 And wear, in ev'ry Curl, a Slave.

And when the Charmer smiling speaks,
 Sits in the Dimples of her Cheeks ;
 With her, for ever he remains,
 And, tho' a Captive, hugs her Chains.

SONG CCCLXIX.

HA I L heav'nly *Beauty* ! Source of earthly Joys,
 Whose vivid Rays the blackest Cares disperse ;
 By Love can build as fast as Death destroys,
 And bind in Peace the boundless Universe !
 From thee, whatever Stoicks may devise,
 The noblest Deeds, the brightest Arts arise.

SONG CCCLXX.

COU'D I, with Nature's Pencil, paint,
 Thy matchless Beauties, lovely Saint !
 Soon wou'd the World my Rival be,
 And Beauty's Picture take from me.
 In these Embraces wou'd you lie,
 And on your Bosom let me die ;
 To me that Bliss wou'd you resign,
 Mankind might beg a Death like mine.

SONG

SONG CCCLXXI.

YE noble Youths, in measur'd Steps advance
 To the clear Warblings of the mellow Flute :
 Ye honourable Maidens, tread the Dance,
 In lighter Mazes to the breathing Lute :
 Ye sweet Musicians, swell the Rapture higher ;
 Join the deep Organ to the vocal Choir.
 Ye Matrons, now the nuptial Room adorn ;
 Gay as the youthful Son the Bridegroom comes ;
 The Bride all lovely as the blushing Morn,
 Shed Syrian Odours, melt Arabian Gums ;
 Ye Graces, light the *Hymeneal* Torch ;
 Prepare the Bed, for *Love* is in the Porch.

SONG CCCLXXII:

WHEN charming *Phyllis* first I saw,
 The Nymph was nicely coy ;
 Her rigid Virtue forc'd an Awe,
 And Awe procur'd me Joy.
 Delighted with her lovely Look,
 My Heart receiv'd the Snare ;
 A Warmth I from her Coldness took,
 And long'd to clasp the Fair.
 With soft Persuasions I pursu'd ;
 With Words I made her yield :
 The Victor was at length subdu'd,
 Nor cou'd maintain the Field.
 Thus *Phyllis* did indulge my Mind,
 And fill'd my fond Desire ;
 Her frozen Coldness she resign'd,
 And, what was Ice, is Fire.

SONG CCCLXXIII.

NO Virgin's easy Faith I e'er betray'd,
 My Tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd Embrace
 No Poisons in the Cup have I convey'd,
 No veil'd Destruction with a friendly Face.

No secret Horrors gnaw this quiet Breast,
 This pious Hand ne'er robb'd the sacred Fane;
 I ne'er disturb'd the Gods eternal Rest
 With Curses loud,——but oft have pray'd in vain.

No Stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing Hair,
 Nor Age yet bent me with his iron Hand;
 Ah! why so soon the tender Bosom tear?
 E'er Autumn yet the ripen'd Fruit demand.

SONG CCCLXXIV.

TO thee, the brightest of thy Race,
 Thy Swain submissive sends;
 Thy Virtue beautifies thy Face,
 And ev'ry Charm commends.

That Wit, that Elegance of Air,
 Those all Things that can move;
 Have drawn my Soul into the Snare;
 And O! I die with Love.

With Pity (Nymph) my Sighs regard,
 Nor let me vainly burn;
 My Flame, with equal Flame reward,
 And Love for Love return.

Thus Both shall find in *Cupid's* Field,
 What Blessings must ensue;
 Where Both at once with Transport yield,
 And Both at once subdue.

SONG CCCLXXV.

THE fearless Lover wants no Beam of Light ;
The Robber knows him, nor obstructs his
Way ;

Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless Night ;
Belongs to *Venus*, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling Wind, and beating Rain,
Nor heed cold Watchings on the dewy Ground ;
If all the Hardships I for Love sustain,
With Love's victorious Joys at last be crown'd.

SONG CCCLXXI.

THE fairest Flow'r of all the Train,
That paints, with various Pride, the Plain ;
That decks the Garden and the Field,
Must to the Lilly's Whiteness yield ;
The Lilly's Self must disappear,
Compar'd in Whiteness to my Dear.

The Blushes of th' unfolding Rose,
Rich Odours to the Smell disclose ;
From ev'ry Pore they breathe Perfume,
And, while they give, themselves consume ;
The blushing Rose must disappear,
Compar'd in Sweetness to my Dear.

The Turtle-Dove is pure within,
Unspotted all, and free from Sin ;
But, what's uncommon, wou'd you find,
A purer Innocence enshrin'd,
Let *Chloe*, charming Saint, appear,
And you'll adore the Wonder there.

See yonder Lark on soaring Wings,
That slowly mounts, and sweetly sings ;
The ravish'd Swains attentive throng,
And catch the Music from her Tongue ;
But matchless *Chloe*'s tuneful Voice,
Can make the list'ning Lark rejoice.

Cou'd Poets all their Wit resign
To me, and make their Glory mine ;
Or wou'd the *Sultan* to my Arms,
Yield his Seraglio of Charms ;
In vain the Tempters shou'd apply ;
In vain shou'd hope my Dear to buy.

I never shall at Fate repine,
If gentle *Chloe* will be mine ;
Nor envy Kings, or Gods above,
If gentle *Chloe* crown my Love :
Whilst I, unrival'd, grasp that Store,
I reign, and Monarchs do no more.

SONG CCCLXXVII.

On Britain.

COLD *Russia* costly Furs ; from far
Hot *China* sends her painted Jar ;
France gen'rous Wines to crown it ; *Arab* sweet
With Gales of Incense swells our Sails,
Nor *India* our brave Merchant fails,
Her richest Ore the Ballast of our Fleet.

Luxuriant Isle ! what Tide that flows,
Or Stream that glides, or Wind that blows,
Or genial Sun that shines, or Show'r that pours :
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for Thee ?
How ev'ry Heart dilates to see
Each Land, each Season, blending on thy Shores !
All these one *British* Harvest make :
The Servant Ocean, for thy Sake,
Both sinks and swells ; his Arms thy Bosom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundless Dow'r
To mighty *George's* growing Pow'r,
The wasted World into thy loaded Lap.

SONG

SONG CCCLXXVIII.

WEALTH, in the Virtuous and the Wise,
 'Tis Vice and Folly to despise:
 Let those in Praise of Poverty refine,
 Whose Heads or Hearts pervert its Use,
 The Narrow-foul'd, or the Profuse:
 The truly Great find Morals in the Mine.

SONG CCCLXXIX.

OUR wiser Fathers left their Fields unsown;
 Their Food was Acorns, Love their sole Em-
 ploy;
 They met, they lik'd; they stay'd but till alone,
 And in each Valley snatch'd the honest Joy.
 No wakeful Guard, no Doors to stop Desire;
 Thrice happy Times!—but O I fondly rave;
 Lead me to *Delia*, all her Eyes inspire
 I'll do:—I'll plough or dig as *Delia's* Slave.

SONG CCCXXX.

ALAS! 'tis all in vain, it will not be;
 Not Pyramids of Gold from Fate can save;
 Or bribe th' inexorable Grave;
 In vain are all our Hopes, of shunning Destiny.
 The Wealthy, with the Poor, resigns his Breath;
 They, tho' so much unequal here,
 Must, one Day, both alike appear;
 Like must moulder in the Domes of Death.
 No, were thy wondrous Mind inspir'd
 With brighter Thoughts than those which *Homer*
 fir'd;
 When once the *Sisters* cut the fatal Twine,
 Not all thy Learning can renew thy Line.

SONG CCCLXXXI.

THE Wretch afflicted, destitute, and poor.
 Who slept by Night upon the lonely Plain;
 Expos'd to whistling Winds, and beating Rain,
 And wander'd all the Day, from Door to Door.

Sleeps safe on Earth, nor does he hear
 The Proud, with scornful Taunts, insulting in his Ear:
 The Proud himself grows humble in the Grave;
 Rots like Plebeian Clay, and mingles with the Slave.

SONG CCCLXXXII.

HAPPY the Man, who large of Heart,
 Has learn'd the rare, illustrious Art
 Of being rich : Stores starve us, or they cloy.
 From Gold, if more than chymic Skill,
 Extract not what is brighter still ;
 'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

SONG CCCLXXXIII.

SINCE (*Sylvia*) naught can bribe a Moment's
 Breath,
 But all alike submit to Death ;
 Thy Life let strictest Wisdom steer,
 And what she dictates, from thy Soul revere ;
 Her happy Conduct shall secure the Way,
 And smooth thy Passage to the Realms of Day.
 Then, when the fatal Hour is come,
 That calls thee to the frozen Tomb ;
 When sadly languishing you lie,
 Your Soul upon the Wing to go,
 From this dark, melancholy Vale below,
 And Friends stand weeping by ;
 Thy Soul, serene and calm, assur'd of Rest,
 May bless the welcome Stroke, and hug the
 friendly Guest.

SONG

SONG CCCLXXXIV.

COMMERCE gives Arts, as well as Gain ;
 By Commerce wafted o'er the Main,
 They barbarous Climes enlighten as they run.
 Arts, the rich Traffic of the Soul,
 May travel thus from Pole to Pole,
 And gild the World, with Learning's brighter Sun,
 Commerce gives Learning, Virtue, Gold :
 Ply Commerce then, ye *Britons* bold,
 Inur'd to Winds and Seas : Left Gods repent ;
 The Gods that thron'd you in the Wave ;
 And, as the Trident's Emblem, gave
 A triple Realm, that awes the Continent :
 And awes with Wealth ; for Wealth is Pow'r.
 When *Jove* descends a golden Show'r,
 'Tis Navies, Armies, Empire : all in One.
 View, emulate, outshine old *Tyre*,
 In Scarlet rob'd, with Gems on Fire ;
 Her Merchants, Princes ; ev'ry Deck, a Throne.

SONG CCCLXXXV.

BENEATH a Cyprefs lying,
 Young *Strepson* told his Pain,
 Whilst hollow Rocks replying,
 Prolong'd the mournful Strain.

The falling Rills combining,
 In Murmurs sweetly flow ;
 And Winds in Concert joining,
 Compos'd melodious Woe.

O *Cupid* ! dear Deceiver !
 Thou Cause of all my Care !
 O tell me, must I leave her ?
 For ever lose my Fair ?

Ah ! say, what Habitation,
 Conceals her from my Eyes ?
 I'll range the whole Creation
 To find the lovely Prize.

In

In all the Works of Nature,
 Her equal none can view ;
 No Spices e'er were sweeter,
 No Turtle-Dove so true.

The Smile which Morn discloses,
 Her Eyes indulgent shed ;
 The Blush of op'ning Roses,
 Adorns her Cheeks with Red.

But thou the Guardian cruel,
 With whom was lodg'd my Store,
 Hast far remov'd my Jewel,
 To bless my Sight no more.

Yet when the Fates convey me
 To *Pluto's* gloomy Shade ;
 When Rage and Anguish slay me,
 My Ghost shall serve the Maid.

Shall, when she sleeps, befriend her,
 And all her Slumbers guide ;
 Shall, when she wakes, attend her,
 And hover near her Side.

Thus all alone lamenting,
 The Lover press'd the Plain ;
 Whilst Winds their Murmurs venting,
 With Tribute paid the Swain.

When strait his Ears alarming,
 A Nymph was heard to say,
 (No Music sweetly charming,
 Such Notes cou'd e'er convey.)

Cease, cease, no more afflict thee,
 But give thy Mind content,
 I'll to the Fair direct thee : —
 He bow'd, obey'd, and went.

SONG CCCLXXXVI.

THE RS may traffic, if they please;
Britain, fair Daughter of the Seas,
 is born for Trade ; to plough her Field, the Wave;
 and reap the Growth of ev'ry Coast:
 Speck of Land ; but let her boast,
 Gods gave the World, when they the Waters gave.

Britain! behold the World's wide Face ;
 it cover'd half with solid Space ;
 Three Parts are fluid ; Empire of the Sea !
 and why ? for Commerce:—*Ocean* streams
 that, thro' all his various Names :
 And, if for Commerce, *Ocean* flows for thee.

Britain, like some fam'd Potentate
 Eastern Clime, retires in State ;
 shuts out the Nations ! Would a Prince draw nigh,
 passes her strong Guards, the Waves ;
 her servant Winds Admission craves :
 Her Empire has no Neighbour but the Sky.

SONG CCCLXXXVII.

W HAT have Earth's lofty Sons to do,
 But reap her Fruits, and warm pursue
 The World's chief Good ; not glut on other's Toil ?
 Whence Commerce from the Gods came down,
 Whence Compass, Chart, and starry Crown,
 Their Delegates, to make the Nations smile.

Are there be Men, of lofty Brow,
 Who think Trade mean, and scorn to bow
 So far beneath the State of humble Birth ?
 Alas ! these Chiefs but little know,
 Commerce how high ; themselves how low ;
 The Sons of Nobles are the Sons of Earth.

SONG

SONG CCCLXXXVIII.

IF any find, of Woman-kind,
 One that in Grace abounds ;
 Then doth her Price, in value rise,
 Above all precious Stones.

Her Husband's Heart, doth never start,
 But trusts in her always ;
 She doth him good, without all Mood,
 And helps him all her Days.

Fine Wool she seeks, and Flax she gets ;
 Her Hands work with good Will :
 The Merchant's Trade, is not to wade,
 For Gain, beyond her Skill.

While Night is dark, yet doth she mark
 When Time doth move to rise :
 Her Servants ask, she gives their Task,
 And Food ; this is her Guise.

A Field to use, her Heart doth muse,
 So lays she out her Gain :
 A Vine she plants, to help her Wants,
 And Household to maintain.

She girds her Loins, her Might she joins,
 And strengthneth both her Arms.
 The Fruit is sweet, as she thinks meet,
 So Work by Night she frames.

The turning Spindle, her Fingers handle,
 So draws she out her Thread ;
 Her Hand is prest, to help the least
 Of such as stand in need.

She does not fear, thro' needles Care,
 For Want of worldly Pelf ;
 For all her House, wear Cloth of Choice,
 And she has Silks herself.

The Man of whom, is great Renown;
Is of her House the Band :
Who sits in Gate, and there doth treat
With Elders of the Land.

Cloth is wrought well, which she doth sell ;
She maketh great Exchange ;
So Merchant thrives, where he arrives
In Countries that be strange.

Thus getting Strength, she is at length,
About with Honour deck'd ;
She trusts in God, her Heart is glad ;
She doubts in no respect.

Her modest Speech, does wisely teach,
What seemeth well her Place :
For in her Breast, does always rest
The Law of godly Grace.

Within her Roof, she taketh Proof,
What Trade of Life is led :
Her Heart is loth, thro' Evil's Sloth,
To eat of idle Bread.

Her Children now, beholding how,
In Honour she does grow ;
Are mov'd to bless, and to express,
The Duty which they owe.

Her Husband he, does likewise see,
To yield her worthy Praise :
And, as in Mind, his Thoughts him bind,
So with his Mouth he says.

Of Woman-kind, tho' Man cou'd find,
" A Number that do well ;
Yet thou art she, whom I do see,
" All others to excell.

For Favour great, tho' Beauty get,
" Yet Time does wear it out :
Then it decays ; but Virtue's Praise,
" God makes take deeper Root.

" His

“ His Grace doth sure, best Praise procure,
 “ God therefore gives in charge ;
 “ That such have Praise, whose godly Ways,
 “ He crowns with Mercies large.

SONG CCCLXXXIX.

TR A D E once extinguish'd, *Britain's* Sun
 Is gone out too ; his Race is run ;
 He shines in vain ; her Isle's an Isle indeed,
 A Spot too small to be o'ercome ;
 Ah dreadful Safety ! wretched Doom !
 No Foe will conquer, what, no Foe can feed.
 Trade's the Source, Sinew, Soul of All ;
 Trade's All herself ; her's, her's ; the Ball ;
 Where most unseen, the Goddess most is there :
 Trade leads the Dance, Trade lights the Blaze ;
 The Courtier's Pomp, the Student's Ease :
 'Twas Trade at *Blenheim* fought, and clos'd the
 War.

Trade, barbarous Lands can polish fair ;
 Make Earth well worth the wise Man's Care ;
 Call forth her Forests, charm them into Fleets ;
 Can make one House of human Race ;
 Can bid the distant Poles embrace :
 Her's, ev'ry Sun ; and *India*, *India* meets.

SONG CCCXC.

P E R I S H fell War !—detested War,
 Shalt thou make Gods ? light *Cæsar's* Star ?
 What calls Man, Fool so loud, as this has done,
 From *Nimrod* down to *Bourbon's* Line ?—
 Why not adore too, as divine,
 Wide-wasting Storms before the genial Sun ?
 Peace is the Merchant's Summer clear ;
 His Harvest ; Harvest round the Year ;
 For Peace, with Laurel ev'ry Mast be bound :
 Each Deck carouse, each Flag stream out ;
 Each Cannon roar, each Sailor shout ;
 For Peace let ev'ry sacred Ship be crown'd.

SONG

SONG CCCXCI.

ADORE the Gods, and plough the Seas :
 These be thy Arts, O *Britain* ! These.
 Let others pant for an immense Command ;
 Let others breathe War's fiery God ;
 The proudest Victor feels thy Nod,
 Soon as the Trident fills thy glorious Hand.
 Glorious, while Heav'n-born Freedom lasts ;
 Which Trade's soft, spurious Daughter blasts ;
 For what is Tyranny ? A monstrous Birth
 From Luxury, by Bribes carefs'd ;
 By glowing Pow'r, in Shades compress'd ;
 Which stalks around, and chains the groaning Earth.

SONG CCCXCII.

Fidelia, to her Looking-Glass.

PLEASING Mirror ! Woman's Pride,
 Who taught to smile, or frown with Art ;
 The Friend in whom we most confide ;
 By whom we catch the Lover's Heart.
 Thee each Help we see to place,
 Which may give Force to Beauty's Arms ;
 The Young, thro' thee, enjoy each Grace ;
 The Old repair their faded Charms.

SONG CCCXCIII.

F when a gentle Sea invites,
 A prosp'rous Gale the Pilot flights,
 Arms oft succeed, and scarce he saves
 His Vessel from the raging Waves.

Thus when the Mind has been distress'd,
 Adverse Fate a while oppress'd ;
 When that relents, our Sighs shou'd cease,
 And not provoke what gives us Peace.

SONG

SONG CCCXCIV.

O WHAT dismal Fashion,
 Can make in this Nation,
 The forsaken Distaff a Toy for the Fair!
 Such Housewife's old Tools,
 'Tis for Family Fools,
 What modern fine Lady of Pleasure can bear?
 A Play or Romance,
 A Drum or a Dance,
 Is all the Fatigue our nice Frames can support;
 Delights and Expence,
 Engage all the Sense,
 Of Dames of the City, and *Belles* of the Court.

SONG CCCXCV.

FOR ever sacred be this Place
 To *Rosalinda's* Name;
 Sad *Polydor* no Tomb can raise
 Her Beauties to proclaim.
 My fairest Flow'r, alas! is fled,
 By faithless Winds oppress'd;
 Remorseless Waves roll'd o'er her Head,
 And robb'd her Mate of Rest.

SONG CCCXCVI.

THE feather'd Songstress of the Skies,
 Free from the Fowler's fraudulent Snare,
 From Grove to Grove exulting flies,
 And wantons in the Waste of Air.
 But if the Net her Flight restrains,
 She vainly flutters to and fro;
 Of sad Captivity complains,
 In Accents of melodious Woe.

SONG

SONG CCCXCVII.

ON softest Beds at leisure laid,
 Beds of Pinks, and Myrtle made;
 While the easy Hours I spend,
 Love my Festal shall attend;
 Love, his Robe behind him bound,
 Love shall serve my Goblet round.
 Swift, in this terrestrial Strife,
 Turns the rapid Wheel of Life;
 Swift, as speeding from the Bar,
 Turns her Wheel the rapid Car.

Soon, my Friends, to cruel Death,
 I, alas! must yield my Breath;
 Soon dissolve (too soon I must)
 Turn'd to undistinguish'd Dust.

Do not then, when I am dead,
 Flow'rs, or Wines, or Odours shed;
 Fruitless Love! superfluous Care!
 Spare me then what I can spare.
 Rather, in these present Hours,
 Bring your Odours, Wines, and Flow'rs.

Now, O *Cupid*! bind my Hair!
 Summon, now, the tender Fair!
 That, before, I'm doom'd to go
 To the Ghosts who sport below,
 I may taste, with those that live,
 All the Sports which Life can give.

SONG CCCXCVIII.

THE Winter melts away, the Spring takes
 Place;
 Warm Winds the icy Streams release,
 And Ships revisit the neglected Seas.
Venus in Pairs now calls again,
 Her Nymphs and Graces, lovely Train,
 To dance by Moonshine on the verdant Plain.

Now's

Now is the Time to deck the Head,
And Myrtles round the Temples spread,
Or Flow'rs new springing from the frosty Bed.

Intruding Death with equal Freedom greets
The low-built Hut, and stately Gates
Of lofty Palaces, and royal Seats.

Be wise then, (*Floria*) to prolong forbear,
Since Life is short, thy Hopes and Care :
The fabl'd Shades, and gloomy State, draw near.

SONG CCCXCIX.

FROM Wave to Wave, with gentle Gales,
The dancing Bark securely sails ;
But if contending Tempests rise,
And blot the Brightness of the Skies,
She's then in whirling Eddies tost,
Amid the War of Waters lost.

Not so my Soul shall yield to Fears,
Tho' Fate in all its Rage appears ;
For, in the ghastly View of Death,
I'll triumph with my latest Breath.

SONG CCCC.

WHEN, spent with endless Grief I die at last,
Cælia may come, and see my poor Remains ;—
O *Cælia* ! after such an Absence past,
Can't thou still love, and not forget my Pains ?

Wilt thou, in Tears, thy Lover's Coarse attend ?
With Eyes averted light the solemn Pyre,
Till all around the doleful Flames ascend,
Then, slowly sinking, by Degrees expire.

To sooth the hov'ring Soul be thine the Care,
With plaintive Cries to lead the mournful Band ;
In fable Weeds the golden Vase to bear,
And cull my Ashes with thy trembling Hand.

SONG CCCC I.

ALLURING Tyrant, charming Foe,
 Who, whilst you kill, inchant me so ;
 To the same Fate my Passion soars,
 With the poor Wanton, who adores
 The fatal Blaze, which soon consumes
 His tender Form, and painted Plumes.

Your lovely Locks of shining Gold,
 Which now my easy Heart enfold,
 With fond Devotion I adore,
 And wish for Freedom's Charm no more.

SONG CCCC II.

SEE Time's creeping Winter shed
 His hoary Snow around my Head ;
 And whilst I feel, by swift Degrees,
 My wasting Blood wax chill, and freeze ;
 Let Thought unveil to my fix'd Eye
 The Scenes of dread Eternity ;
 Till Life, dissolving at the View,
 Awake, and find those Visions true.

SONG CCCC III.

THO' I were arm'd with ev'ry Dart,
 Fantastic *Cupid* can impart ;
 The haughty Nymph who now inspires
 The Warmth of these unmanly Fires,
 You'd proudly smile at my dire Pain,
 And render all my Ardours vain.

Yet know, presumptuous Fair-One, know,
 No' Pride of Charms elate you so ;
 No' now your Guilt eludes my Rage,
 Yet naught my Vengeance shall assuage ;
 No Friend you'll find my Pow'r to brave,
 Nor shield you from the gloomy Grave.

SONG

SONG CCCCIV.

WHILST adverse Fate, on distant Plains,
 Fair *Delia*, gentlest Nymph, detains ;
Delia, by ev'ry Swain caress'd,
 But *Strephon's* Hope alone confess'd,

Pensive and sad the Shepherd lay,
 Each watchful Night, each tedious Day ;
 And sang beside the murm'ring Stream,
 The absent Nymph, his constant Theme.

Kind Zephyrs waft his Sighs in Air ;
 The Stream receives each falling Tear ;
 The rural Pow'rs attend his Song,
 And *Echo* bears his Complaints along.

SONG CCCCV.

The Rose.

SAY, what Flow'r do you design
 Grateful to the God of Wine ?
 Say, what Flow'r but that can prove
 Grateful to the God of Love ?

Come then, Friends, with *Roses* crown'd ;
 Come, and put the Goblet round :
 Thus we'll laugh, and thus we'll play,
 Drink and revel all the Day.

Of each beauteous Flow'r that grows
 The most lovely is the *Rose*.

Peerless *Rose* ! of Gods the Care,
 Nothing seeing half so fair.
Love himself, when he resorts
 Where the Band of *Graces* sports ;
 And to join the Dance prepares,
 Binds, with This, his golden Hairs.

Crown me then ; and, with the Lyre,
 Sweetly-breathing soft Desire ;

and the Fair, provoking Love;
 wait to *Bacchus*' Fane remove:
 here we'll laugh, and there we'll play;
 drink and revel all the Day.

SONG CCCCVI.

YE Birds! whose Breasts with genial Fires
 Are urg'd to melting, soft Desires,
 When vernal Suns renew the Force
 Of Love, great Nature's fruitful Source;
 Warblers! round my *Sappho* move,
 And tune your Strains to Notes of Love;
 Touch'd with your Songs, the Nymph again
 Shall sigh, shall pant, invoke her Swain;
 With mutual Warmth impatient glow,
 And ev'ry Pang of Absence know.

SONG CCCCVII.

O ENY me not this one Request
 That I may love, and I am blest.
 Content will then my Peace secure
 Whate'er I'm destin'd to endure;
 And, tho' your icy-cold Disdain
 Should pierce my Heart, I'll not complain.

SONG CCCCVIII.

NEEK not to know, what fated End
 The Gods for you, or me, intend;
 Nor lend to magic Arts an Ear,
 Nor still against the worst prepare.
 With unconcern let Life glide on;
 As full of Toil, and quickly done.
 When Winter rages on the Sea,
 'Tis perhaps the last you'll see.

Wise, enjoy the present Hour;
 And Wine from smiling Goblets pour:

Improve the Moments whilst they last,
And snatch the Hours which fly so fast.

To-day let Hope prevent Despair;
To-morrow is not worth your Care.

SONG CCCCIX.

THE Traveller may show no Fears
At the departing Gleam of Day,
Tho' Night in all its Gloom appears,
To darken his bewilder'd Way.

With beamy Brightness soon he knows
The rosy-finger'd Morn will rise;
And, with returning Rays, disclose
The lovely Scene of Earth and Skies.

SONG CCCCX.

WHILST gay Florella's blooming Charms
My *Chloe* praises to the Sky;
His rosy Neck, and waxen Arms,
With Spleen I burst, with Passion die.

'Tis then I rave, look pale, and pine;
Then gentle Tears exhaling prove
The secret Fire which lurks within,
'The secret-walling Fire of Love.

With Jealousy I rave and burn,
To see you shew your livid Scars;
Your Lips with biting Kisses torne
In Revels, and nocturnal Wars.

Believe me, *Chloe*, peerless Maid,
You'll never find those Lovers true,
Who cou'd your balmy Lips invade,
Where Love distils his balmy Dew.

Thrice happy they, whose Hearts are ty'd
In Love's mysterious Knot so close,
No Strife, no Quarrels e'er divide,
And only cruel Death can loose.

SONG CCCCXI.

THE Pine its lofty Top displays,
 Its Boughs with green Profusion spread ;
 But shatter'd by the Lightning's Blaze:
 Sinks to the Dust its blasted Head.

Such is the Tyrant's vary'd State,
 In prosp'ring Pride he climbs the Skies ;
 But punish'd by vindictive Fate,
 The low-sunk Wretch despairing dies.

SONG CCCCXII.

COME, gentle Sleep, and as I lie,
 O! bid the Hours tread softly by ;
 Whilst in thy still Pavillion laid,
 Think upon the charming Maid.

Some mimic Dream, on Fancy's Wing,
 Might poiz'd, command such Joys to bring,
 Obedient to thy milder Sway)
 As Tyrant Love denies by Day.

Come, sweet Seducers, who restore
 And Exiles to their native Shore ;
 To his proud Hopes the Courtier raise,
 And crown the youthful Bard with Bays.

Come! and lavish all your Art,
 To paint the Mistress of my Heart ;
 But make the lovely Phantom kind ;
 And bless, whilst you deceive, my Mind.

In the warm Blush of virgin Bloom,
 Conduct her to the bridal Room ;
 The Graces, then, undress the Fair!
 The Graces, loose her gather'd Hair !

Come! and whilst my ravish'd View,
 His pleasing Shadow shall pursue ;
 Let my Resemblance be convey'd,
 Indulgent to the sleeping Maid.

SONG CCCCXIII.

MY charming Treasure, I shall view
 Redoubled Joy and Beauty too,
 With starry Lustre fondly rise,
 And sparkle in thy radiant Eyes.

With their seraphic Brightness bless'd,
 My happy Soul shall be possess'd
 Of every Rapture that can prove
 The blest Reward of spotless Love.

SONG CCCCXIV.

WHY shou'd the Lover quit his pleasing Home,
 In search of Danger on some foreign
 Ground?

Far from his weeping Fair ungrateful roam,
 And risk, in ev'ry Stroke, a double Wound.

Ah! better far, beneath the spreading Shade,
 With cheerful Friends to drain the sprightly Bowl
 To sing the Beauties of my darling Maid,
 And on the sweet Idea feast my Soul.

Then, full of Love, to all her Charms retire,
 And fold her, blushing, to my eager Breast;
 Till, quite o'ercome with Softness, with Desire,
 Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to Rest.

SONG CCCCXV.

THE fantastic God of Love,
 He who rules the Heart of Jove,
 Bestows a good or evil Fate,
 As he may or love, or hate:

Like the laborious Bee, when willing,
 He lays up Honey for the Heart;
 But like the Wasp, more often killing
 With his Sting, and deadly Dart.

SONG CCCCXVI.

THE wanton Queen of loose Desires
 My Soul with Love re-kindled burns ;
Bacchus foment the raging Fires,
 And all the Libertine returns.

Fair *Glycera*, divinely bright,
 With brilliant Eyes inflames my Heart ;
 Her Cheeks diffusing beamy Light ;
 Her wanton Eyes, and winning Art.

In my fond Bosom *Venus* reigns,
 Forsaking her lov'd *Cyprian* Grove ;
 She bids me cease my warlike Strains,
 And sing no other God but Love.

With verdant Turf adorn the Shrine ;
 With fragrant Herbs the Altars bind ;
 Pour forth the choicest, richest Wine,
 To make the Nymph and Goddess kind.

SONG CCCCXVII.

ZEPHYR, who with Spring returning,
 Wafted soft o'er op'ning Flow'rs ;
 Breathing in the Face of Morning,
 Wakes *Aurora* from her Bowers !

While with Love's fierce Flame I languish,
 In these dry and desert Plains ;
 Gently breathe and sooth my Anguish,
 Fan my Breast, and ease my Pains.

SONG CCCXVIII.

WHY shou'd your Eyes for Conquest rove ?
 Why others tender Looks return ?
 In *Strepson's* Heart you'll find more Love
 Than can in thousand others burn.

So tender is his Heart, so true,
 Ev'n Love itself you triumph o'er ;
 Unless he dies your Pow'r to shew,
 What wou'd my *Stella* seek for more ?

Tyrants, who wou'd new Kingdoms get,
 Think ev'ry Joy in Pow'r alone ;
 The Monarch who is truly great,
 Contented is to reign alone.

SONG CCCCXIX.

CRUEL Love ! swift ease a Mind
 Too long inur'd to Anguish ;
 O cease the Strife
 That wastes my Life !
 And grant she may at last be kind ;
 The Fair for whom I languish.

SONG CCCCXX.

IDOAT on Poetry and Mirth ;
 Let Sorrow in the Ocean drown :
 What is't to me who rules the North ?
 Or if rude Cares surround a Throne ?
 O lovely Muse ! O darling Maid !
 Take all the fragrant Flow'rs that grow
 Around the Springs, or in the Shade,
 And weave a Crown for *Celia's* Brow.
 You (Goddeſs) all my Fame beſtow ;
 Prepare your Harps, your Pipes, your Lays ;
 For all the Nine to *Celia* owe
 The ſweeteſt Songs, the higheſt Praise.

SONG CCCCXXI.

THE fly Diſſembler ſtill prevails,
 Whiſt the faithful Lover fails.
 'Tis not the conſtant, ſpotleſs Mind
 Can beſt ſucceed with Womankind ;

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Each of that Sex, to Love who yield,
To false Pretenders quit the Field.

In Love, how needful is Disguise !
The little God, o'er Hearts presiding,
His genuine Thoughts is ever hiding ;
'Tis for this He masks his Eyes.

SONG CCCCXXII.

DEAREST Child ! of Heav'n the Care,
Banish from thy Heart Despair ;
When the raging Ocean roars,
When the Billows lash the Shores,

And Hearts are trembling with Dismay ;
Some favouring Star with friendly Light,
Gilds the black Horror of the Night,
And all the gloomy Scenes grow gay.
A steady Heart and vig'rous Mind,
Force adverse Fortune to be kind.

SONG CCCCXXIII.

RUN'WAY Love, the *Muses* finding,
And in flow'ry Fetters binding ;
Strait their little captive Slave
To the Charge of *Venus* gave.

Venus hearing *Love* was caught,
Mighty Gifts of Ransom brought ;
To redeem him from his Chain,
Mighty Gifts she brought in vain.

Cupid of his own free Will,
Proffer'd Liberty refuses ;
Chusing to live captive still,
Slave of *Venus*, and the *Muses*.

SONG CCCCXXIV.

TO your Pow'r, if (dire *Cupid*) my Heart I
 sign,
 Why insult the poor Slave who entirely is thine ?
 O thou God, who involv'st the whole World in thy
 Fires,
 Why sport with our Loves, when thou giv'st the De
 fires ?
 Thy Scoffs, and thy Mirth, am I born to sustain ?
 Can'st thou never rejoice, but when others have Pain ?

SONG CCCCXXV.

WHAT Joy to wind along the cool Retreat,
 To stop and gaze on *Delia* as I go ?
 To mingle sweet Discourse with Kisses sweet,
 And teach my lovely Scholar all I know.
 Thus pleas'd at Heart, and not with Fancy's Dream,
 In silent Happiness I rest unknown ;
 Content with what I am, not what I seem,
 I live for *Delia*, and myself alone.
 With her I scorn the idle Breath of Praise,
 Nor trust to Happiness that's not our own ;
 The Smile of Fortune might Suspicion raise,
 But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

SONG CCCCXXVI.

IFIND, to my Cost,
 That a Heart is soon lost ;
 For Man will be going astray.
 He's ours for an Hour ;
 Then out of our Pow'r ;
 Our Sex was design'd for his Prey.
 But again let him love, again let him burn,
 Love shall doubly reward such as fondly return.

SONG

SONG CCCCXXVII.

TEACH me not your Arts and Rules
 Empty Words of babb'ling Schools !
 What, of Good, to me imparts
 Your vain Talk of Rules and Arts ?

Teach me rather to refine
 In the pleasing Rules of Wine !
 Teach me rather to improve
 In the golden Arts of Love.

Quick, e'er hasty Life take Wing,
 Wine refresh'd with Water bring ;
 Bring the heav'nly Mixture, (Boy ;)
 Grudge me not the short-liv'd Joy ;
 Bestin'd soon to yield my Breath,
 There's no drinking after Death.

SONG CCCCXXVIII.

WE may scruple some time,
 And think Vengeance a Crime,
 Far below a great Mind ;
 But at last we shall find,
 This only remains,
 To sooth the sad Pains
 We receive from the Fair,
 When they bid us despair.

SONG CCCCXXIX.

ADIEU vain Mirth, and noisy Joys,
 Ye gay Desires, deluding Toys ;
 Thou thoughtful Melancholy deign
 To hide me in thy pensive train.
 If by the Fall of murm'ring Floods,
 Where solemn Shades imbrown the Woods ;
 Or if where Winds in Caverns groan,
 Thou wand'rest silent and alone.

Come blissful Mourner, wisely sad,
In Sorrow's Garb, in Sable clad :
Henceforth, thou Care, my Hours employ ;
Sorrow, be henceforth my Joy.

SONG CCCCXXXI.

QUEEN of Love! forsake a while
Paphos, and the *Cyprian* Isle ;
To a brighter Shrine repair ;
Rosalind attends you there.

Leteach *Nymph*, and ev'ry *Grace*,
And young *Cupid* fill the Place ;
Youth by Beauty made polite,
With the nimble God of Wit.

SONG CCCCXXXI.

PERSIAN Pomp, and costly State,
Garlands and Perfumes I hate ;
Be not too curious to compose
The flow'ry Sweets, and fragrant Rose.
Why shou'd you and I be fine,
Underneath th' embow'ring Vine ?
Let myrtle Wreathes my Brow adorn ;
All other Crowns but that I scorn.

SONG CCCCXXXII.

GENTLE Gales that fan the *May*,
Quiv'ring on the bloomy Spray ;
No more the Winds with Whispers fill,
All be silent, all be still.

Then rise at once, and murmur'ing blow,
Hollow, dismal, deep and low :
Turn Companions to my Groans,
And fill the Mountains with my Moans.

SONG

SONG CCCCXXXIII.

MID a fair Garden's various Wild,
A Rose there stood of peerless Hue;
Of Aspect beautifully mild,
And deck'd with Gems of Morning Dew.

A gilded Butterfly sat nigh,
And softly breath'd his am'rous Pray'r;
He, with a well-adapted Sigh,
Persuaded soon the blushing Fair.

For the far happier Insect-kind,
Are thus with Joys untainted blest'd;
No marriage Deeds their Nuptials bind,
Their Torch they light without a Priest.)

O! ever faithful may'st thou prove,
The yielding Vegetable cry'd;
Ruin attend my lessen'd Love,
The glitt'ring Bridegroom strait reply'd.

With full Possession blest'd he was,
Then clapp'd his Wings, and careless fled:
O'er each untasted Flow'r he strays;
Nor turns but with the length'ning Shade.

And's this your boasted Truth and Love;
The Rose with scornful Blushes said?
Thus faithful do you Gallants prove,
To ev'ry too-believing Maid?

I saw thee, (Traitor, as thou art)
Roam o'er each Bed of various Hue;
And Kisses to each Flow'r impart,
Which only to thy Rose were due.

The simple Violet cou'd please,
Dark as she is, thy changing Taste;
Nay, even the dull Tub'rose Leaves,
By you in common were embrac'd.

What can th' insipid Tulip fill,
 That such an eager Kiss bespeaks ?
 Or how the pale Jonquil excel
 The ruddy Damask of my Cheeks ?

Hast thou enough betray'd thy Vows,
 (Perfidious) art thou yet content ?
 Or must I still my faithless Spouse,
 In wretched Solitude lament ?—

She said, and dropp'd a silent Tear ;
 When, thus the Butterfly began :
 Your Accusation's true, (my Dear,)
 The Crimes alledg'd, and more, I own.

Yet, Madam, sure by you unblam'd
 These short Excursions might have slept ;
 For why so sacredly are nam'd,
 Vows which, yourself, so ill have kept ?

I saw with what an eager Joy
 Your ev'ry Odour you display'd ;
 Whilst o'er your Leaves the am'rous Boy,
 (The wanton Zephyr) lewdly stray'd.

He scarcely had my Honour stain'd,
 But your insatiable Desire,
 Each Bee with Pleasure entertain'd,
 And quench'd each Horner's glowing Fire.

Nay, not the piteous *Negro-Fly*,
 Nor the Dwarf-Gnat cou'd you withstand ;
 Each vilest Insect of the Sky,
 Your sickle Temper cou'd command.

*This Form each Curtain-Lecture bears,
 And charg'd with Nymphs of private Cost ;
 My Lord, 'gainst China Shops, declares ;
 And Voles at once, and Virtus lost.*

SONG

SONG CCCCXXXIV.

MYRA alone can please, and never tire ;
 Exceed the Paint of Thought in true Delight ;
 With her Enjoyment wakens new Desire,
 And equal Rapture glows thro' ev'ry Night.
 Beauty, and Worth, in her alike contend
 To charm the Fancy, and to fix the Mind ;
 In her, my Wife, my Mistress, and my Friend,
 I taste the Joys of Sense and Reason join'd.
 O! when I die, my latest Moments spare,
 Nor let thy Grief with sharper Torments kill ;
 Wound not thy Cheeks, nor hurt thy flowing Hair,
 Tho' I am dead, my Soul shall love thee still.

SONG CCCCXXXV.

RICHES, Chance may take or give ;
 Beauty lives a Day, and dies ;
 Honour lulls us while we live ;
 Mirth's a Cheat, and Pleasure flies.
 Is there nothing worth our Care ?
 (Time, and Chance, dire Death, our Foes,)
 Our Joys so fleeting are,
 Are we only ty'd to Woes ?
 Let bright Virtue answer, No :
 Her eternal Pow'rs prevail,
 When Honours, Riches, cease to flow,
 And Beauty, Mirth, and Pleasure fail.

SONG CCCCXXXVI.

LIFE, farewell, thou long Disease ;
 Let me languish into Fate :
 As I will, but still complain
 Of the wav'ring, cruel Swain ;
 And haunt his Sleep, a ghastly Shade,
 The Image of an injur'd Maid.

SONG

(1828)

SONG CCCCXXXVII.

HOW sharp soe'er the Lover Smart,
Never, never, from the Heart
Let a flatt'ring Hope depart.

In the changing State of Love,
This alone may ease our Sorrow ;
If To-day she cruel prove,
She'll be kind again To-morrow.

SONG CCCCXXXVIII.

O COME dear fatal Hour !
And all my Woes remove ;
Death lead me to thy Bow'r,
To which I force my Love.

There, mixt with happy Shadows,
Once more our Souls shall join.
In gay, *Elysian* Meadows
I'll live for ever thine.

SONG CCCCXXXIX.

O YE Stars ! your Rage we find,
Seldom, far too seldom, kind.
Pleasures vanish swift away ;
Tedious is the dismal Day ;
Good uncertain, short its Stay.
Such the Life poor Mortals share ;
Alas ! but little worth our Care.

SONG CCCCXL.

AS *Pastorella* pass'd the Day,
Crown'd with Flow'rs, the Queen of May ;
Two rival Swains us'd all their Art
To learn which most had gain'd her Heart.
Young *Strephon* brought a varied Wreath,
Where living Sweets did freshly breathe :

But

But *Damon* cry'd, let me prefer
To Gifts, accepted Smiles from her.

She took the Garland with a Bow,
And with it, laughing, crown'd her Brow ;
Then quick on *Damon's* Temples plac'd
That which, till then, her Own had grac'd.

Now Love's Casuist, tell me true,
Which was most favour'd of the two ;
He whose Garland now she wore,
Or he, with what was her's before ?

SONG CCCCXLI.

DEEP was the Wound her Eyes first gave,
Those Eyes which never fail :
One Look destroys, no Art can save,
Lost e'er we know our Ail.

Who then can bear again to gaze
At such resplendent Light ;
Not the bright Sun's most glorious Rays,
So fatal to the Sight.

SONG CCCCLXII.

WHAT Scenes of Bliss my raptur'd Fancy fram'd,
In some lone Spot, with Peace and Thee re-
tir'd ;

Tho' Reason then my sanguine Fondness blam'd,
I still believ'd what flatt'ring Love inspir'd.

But now my Wrongs have taught my humbled Mind,
To dang'rous Bliss no longer to pretend ;
In Books, a calm, but fix'd Content to find,
Safe Joys, which on ourselves alone depend.

SONG CCCCLXIII.

THE Morning rises full of Tears,
And yet the Evening's gay :

The garh'ring Clouds which gave us Fears,
Dissolve, and fly away.

So

So Love begins with Looks severe,
Which the sad Soul affright ;
Yet, even then, is Mercy near,
Soft Joys, and fierce Delight.

SONG CCCCXLIV.

IN nothing, greater Joy we take,
Than to sit and dream awake :
The flatt'ring Error sooths our Soul,
And still it roves without Controul.

Thus he, whose harpy Finger itches,
Still to be scraping up of Riches ;
Can ne'er express th' Excess of Pleasure,
In brooding o'er a fancy'd Treasure.

Another more inclin'd to Love,
Forms in his Mind a shady Grove ;
And in that Grove, some Grotto, where
He may enjoy his charming Fair.

Already in his Fancy traces
All her nameless Charms and Graces ;
The Fair indulges, first, a Kiss,
And then, at last, a nobler Bliss.

SONG CCCCXLV.

MUST I ever live formenting ?
No :—She'll change, at last, her Mind.
I shall see the Nymph consenting,
And her Humour sweetly-kind.

The stormy Blasts, the Winds that roar,
Sometimes gently greet the Shore.

Methinks I hear the God of Love
Fondly whisp'ring from above :

“ You shall find her Soul consenting,

“ And thy Heart no more lamenting.

SONG

SONG CCCCLXVI.

WOU'D *Jove* a Queen of Flow'rs decree,
 The Rose the Queen of Flow'rs shou'd be.
 The Blush of Meads! the Pride of Bow'rs!
 The Grace of Plants! the Eye of Flow'rs!
 The Gods themselves her Beauties move:
 Fav'rite of *Venus*! Breath of Love!
 What Flow'r is half so charming found,
 As when, with full-blown Tresses crown'd,
 The Rose in all her Bloom prevails,
 And smiles on *Zephyr's* gentle Gales?

SONG CCCCLXVII.

LOVE's no irregular Desire,
 No sudden Start of raging Pain,
 Which in a Moment grows a Fire,
 And, in a Moment, cools again.
 Not found in the sad Sonneteer,
 Who sings of Darts, Despair, and Chains;
 And, by whose senseless Verse 'tis clear,
 He wants not only Heart, but Brains.
 Nor is it centred in the Beau,
 Who sighs by Rule, in Order dies;
 Whose all consists in outward Shew;
 And, Want of Wit, by Dress supplies.
 No, Love is something so divine,
 Description wou'd but make it less:
 'Tis what I know, but can't define;
 'Tis what I feel, but can't express.

SONG CCCCLXVIII.

AS Roses in a Wreath I bound,
Cupid 'mid the Flow'rs I found:
 Seizing fast this Foe of mine,
 And immersing deep in Wine:

Strait

Straight in Hand I took the Cup,
Straight I drank the *Wanton* up.

Now the idly-flutt'ring Guest,
Up and down my Bosom springs ;
Teizing, tickling without Rest,
With the Feathers of his Wings.

SONG CCCCXLIX.

TO Feasts, to Smiles, to joyous Sports,
Let deep-felt Sighs give way :
Hither the am'rous Gods resort,
To frolic, dance, and play.

And let the sister *Graces* aid
To tread the measur'd Maze,
In Honour of the suff'ring Maid,
Whose Heart is now at Ease.

Let tender Verse our Loves declare,
And tell in softest Lays,
The Nymph was true, as well as fair,
And worthy of our Praise.

SONG CCCCL.

THE Man who curbs his vicious Mind,
When to curst Avarice inclin'd,
A nobler Empire far maintains,
Than he who o'er all *Afric* reigns.

'Tis great this Passion to controul,
For 'tis the Dropsy of the Soul :
Unless you purge each sickly Vein,
'Twill thirst and drink, - and thirst again.

Virtue ne'er reckons with the Blest,
The Man who sways the potent East :
No specious Names, no false Disguise
Can cheat her clear, unerring Eyes.

Only to him she gives the Crown,
And puts the Laurel-Garland on,
Who against Bribes undaunted stands,
Which neither touch his Eyes, nor Hands.

SONG CCCCLI.

HALCYON Peace, and gentle Pleasures,
Which were Strangers to my Breast ;
Noblest of all worldly Treasures,
Come, O come ! and give me Rest.

SONG CCCCLII.

FOOLISH India ! send, no more,
Faint and languid Colours o'er ,
Paintings, brighter, livelier far,
Nature's Pencil has drawn here.
All the Glories of the East,
Crowded are in *Cælia's* Breast.
Aurora, when we see her rise,
And streak, with red, the dawning Skies,
Does a Blush less beauteous wear,
Than that maiden's Colour here ;
Which oft, thro' Modesty, is seen,
Never from a Guilt within ;
Whose rosy Colours ne'er return ;
But I, with equal Ardour, burn.

SONG CCCCLIII.

Conjectures concerning Love.

TIS Somewhat that exists within ;
By Pedants construed into Sin :
A sudden Particle of Fire,
With which Heav'n did our Souls inspire ;
Of such a mix'd and doubtful Kind,
It pleases, while it racks, the Mind ;

In Lightning thro' our Eyes it breaks ;
 In Blushes glows upon our Cheeks ;
 Pants in the Breast, dilates the Heart,
 And spreads its Power thro' ev'ry Part :
 We feel it throb at ev'ry Kiss,
 Yet know not why, nor what it is.

SONG CCCCLIV.

TIS best the middle Way to keep,
 And not decline to either Hand ;
 Nor launch too far into the Deep,
 Nor steer your Course too near the Land.

I, who nor wants nor wish for more
 Than what befits an even State ;
 Avoid the Curse of being poor,
 The Plague and Torment of the Great.

The Man who arms his steady Breast,
 To stand unmov'd the worst of Ills ;
 When Fortune frowns, still hopes the best,
 And fears the Worst, whene'er she smiles.

When Clouds grow thick, be bravely wise ;
 With Patience guard your constant Mind :
 But if a merry Gale arise,
 Contract your Sails, nor trust the Wind.

SONG CCCCLV.

MY *R A*, your sovereign Charms I own ;
 I feel the fatal Smart :
 The Glory you can boast alone,
 To fix my wand'ring Heart.

Your beauteous Sex, with various Grace,
 My Passions oft have mov'd ;
 And now a Shape, and then a Face,
 As Fancy led, I lov'd.

Thus does the vagrant Bee explore
 Each Sweet that Nature yields ;
 Lightly she skims from Flow'r to Flow'r
 And ranges all the Fields.

at you have found the cruel Art
To cure my roving Mind;
Each female Beauty you impart,
Your Sex, in One, combin'd.

My Eyes disclose my secret Pain;
My constant Sighs discover,
Tho' in deep Silence I remain,
That I am *Myra's* Lover.

Some I pass the Hours away,
When banish'd from your Sight;
Languish all the live-long Day,
And all the wakeful Night.

Tell me, ye Learn'd, who study much
The Nature of Mankind;
Why, if I think, or look, or touch,
(If she be coy or kind;)

Feel my Bosom strangely move;
Quick Throbbings seize my Breast?
All that I know is that I love:—
Do you explain the rest.

SONG CCCCLVI.

THE fleeting Years pass on apace,
And grey Old-Age draws near;
Death knows no Mercy, no Delays,
Nor Virtue's Self will spare.

All who of Breath and Food partake
Must cross the gloomy Shore;
Be ferry'd o'er the *Stygian* Lake,
The Wealthy and the Poor.

Soon you must leave the Nymph you love,
Your Fields and pleasant Home;
And only Cypress, from the Grove,
Attend you to the Tomb.

SONG

SONG CCCCLVII.

SAY, lovely Creature, whence those Sighs;
 Whence all that Deadness in your Eyes?
 Where is the Rose which did adorn
 Your Cheeks, more beauteous than the Morn;
 Your Lips than Coral were more red,
 O whither's their Vermillion fled?
 Why sit you pensively alone,
 And, like a lonely Turtle, moan?
 Some absent Youth your Mind employs
 With Fancy of untasted Joys.

Yes, yes, I've found the Cause I'm sure;
 'Tis *Strepson* must perform the Cure.
 Oft I've observ'd amid the Croud,
 His Heart with equal Wishes glow'd.
 Then take the sweetly-smiling Youth,
 Soul of Good-Nature, fam'd for Truth;
 Enflame his Mind with all your Charms;
 O clasp him in your snowy Arms!
 Press him, with Ardour, to your Breast,
 Then you, as *Venus*, shall be blest;
 Dart on his Lips the balmy Kifs,
 And trebly he'll repay the Blifs.

SONG CCCCLVIII.

WHILST *Damon* to his Maker bows,
 To offer solemn Prayer;
 To *Florimel* he pays his Vows,
 His Praises center there.

Consider, *Damon*, tho' her Face
 Does like an Angel's shine;
 'Tis to her Features no Disgrace,
 That she is not divine.
 'Tis not expected at your Hand,
 To idolize the Fair;
 Your Admiration she'll command,
 Your Adoration share.

Her Soul is beauteous as her Frame,
 There she's an Angel too ;
 The charming Creature will not claim
 What's the Creator's due.

Oh! lovely *Florimel*, beware
 How you such Swains approve ;
 He that's a Hypocrite in Pray'r,
 Will be the same in Love.

SONG CCCCLIX.

SWEET Flower, say, from whence thy Hue,
 Which does all other Hues excel ?

Whence all this Grace in you ?
 Whence all this fragrant Smell ?

You grew in *Paston's* Field,
 Where Nature's Bounties meet ;
 But Nature ne'er cou'd yield
 A Flowret half so sweet.

Has the Queen of Love,
 Whilst her *Adonis* bled,
 With Blood to dye you strove,
 Which gives this sky-born Red ?

No, no :—Thrice happy Flow'r !
 The Cause till now I mis'd ;
 Three peerless *Calia* wore ;
 Thy Beauties *Calia* kiss'd.

SONG CCCCLX.

HE who is happily possess'd
 Of what the golden *Mean* requires ;

Never resigns his balmy Rest,
 To slavish Fears, or vain Desires,

Is foolish to enlarge our Views,
 Since Life is short, and quickly done ;

In vain we might new Climates chuse,
 But never, from ourselves, can run.

'Gainst

'Gainst future Ills there's no Relief;

The present Good is always best:

Be wise, and mingle Joy with Grief,

Since nothing is compleatly blest.

You, num'rous Flocks and Herds possess,

The fruitful Cow, and neighing Mare;

You in your Chariot loll at Ease;

You the most gaudy Scarlet wear.

I with my Little am content,

And of my Lyric-Genius proud;

Since the good Gods their Vot'ry lent

A Soul, which can despise the Croud.

SONG CCCCLXI.

L OUD was the Wind, and rough the Main,

But Life was past my Care;

I thought of Absence and Disdain,

And felt no Storm but there.

The Seas their Wonders might reveal,

But *Stella's* Eyes have more;

Not all the Treasures they conceal,

Can equal mine on Shore.

From native *Britain's* temp'rate Coast,

Remove me farther yet;

To shiver in eternal Frost,

Or melt with *India's* Heat.

Her Image shall my Days beguile,

And still my Dream shall be,

The tuneful Voice, and tender Smile,

Tho' ne'er vouchsaf'd to me.

SONG CCCCLXII.

H E who enjoys his All, nor covets more,

Minds not the Sea, secure on Shore;

Nor racks his Breast with black, tormenting Cares,

Tho' Storms attend the rising, or the setting Stars.

Unmov'd he sees the Vineyards rent with Hail,
 The Fields disrob'd, the Harvest fail ;
 The fertile Product of the Orchard lost,
 Burnt up by scorching Heats, or numb'd with chilling
 Frost.

Since then, nor rich Perfumes, nor flowing Wine,
 Nor Pavements from the Marble Mine ;
 Nor purple Robes the least Relief impart,
 To ease a troubled Soul, or cure a wounded Heart.

Why shou'd I think my Happiness compleat,
 In a new, lofty, modish Seat ?

Why change my little Store, and Peace of Mind,
 For Pomp perplex'd with Cares, and Wealth with Tor-
 ments join'd ?

SONG CCCCLXIII.

WH O wou'd not for his Country die,
 When 'tis as vain, as base, to fly ?
 What Coward can outstrip his Fate ?
 For Death comes on as we retreat.

Virtue with native Lustre shines,
 And still pursues her just Designs :
 'Tis not to please the giddy Town,
 She takes, or lays her Honours down.

Virtue still finds new Ways to rise,
 And free Admission to the Skies ;
 She scorns the Croud ; and Homeward bound
 Takes Wing, and spurns the misty Ground.

SONG CCCCLXIV.

MY Darling, haste ; some Comfort give ;
 Tho' Fate decrees, thou must not live,
 Yet, folded thus, O ! yield thy Breath.
 I'll not remain alone to sigh ;
 For, with my Wish, the Stars comply,
 And I'll attend thee, ev'n in Death.

K

SONG

SONG CCCCLXV.

HAPPY Man, the Gods outvying,
 He, who close by you appears ;
 He, who gazing, list'ning, dying,
 Drinks your Charms at Eyes and Ears.

When your Words, in Music flowing,
 Silent Extasy impart ;

When your Smiles, divinely glowing,
 Fire the dancing, ravish'd Heart.

You approach ; when thro' your Lover
 Warm the soft Infection flies ;

My Tongue fails, I shake all over ;
 Ring my Ears, and swim my Eyes.

Cold Sweats trickle, Speech forsakes me ;
 Blood and Sense at once retire ;

Gentle Faintness overtakes me ;
 Now I pant ! O ! now expire.

SONG CCCCLXVI.

FLY hither, fly, my gentle Fair,
 And ease the Pangs for thee I bear.
 With thy soft Smiles thou may'st impart
 Some Respite, to my pungent Smart.

Think of my fond, unspotted Love ;
 Think of the Tortures I now prove ;
 And that, for all the Woes I've known,
 The sole Reward's in thee alone.

SONG CCCCLXVII.

DO not for ever pine and mourn,
 For, if the Winds propitious prove,
Arephon will to your Arms return ;
 His Wealth increasing with his Love.

Now tofs'd by Storms to distant Shores,
 He curses his relentless Stars ;
 In soft Complaints consumes the Hours,
 And passes all the Night in Tears.

Mean while, some foreign *Phyllis* tries
 By am'rous Wiles to win his Heart ;
 And bids the Envoy of his Sighs,
 Exert each soft and wanton Art.

But, all in vain ; he stops his Ears ;
 And all her artful Charms defies :
 Do you, like him, avoid those Snares,
 Lest some gay Youth your Heart surprize.

And, tho' he call you, *cruel Fair*,
 Do not relent, but shut your Door ;
 The dusk and dang'rous Shades beware,
 And shun the serenading Hour.

SONG CCCCLXVIII.

NO Flowret so delightful grows,
 As are the Charms of thy bright Face :
 The Flow'r a single Beauty shows,
 But all the Spring, in thee, we trace.

SONG CCCCLXIX.

ALOFT her tender Neck she bears,
 Reluctant to the Yoke untry'd ;
 Indocil yet, to draw in Pairs,
 Starts at the Name of Slave and Bride :
 And wild with unexperienc'd Fear,
 Your Heifer mocks the ardent Stear.

Behold the frisking Wanton spend,
 In verdant Fields the thoughtless Day ;
 The Younglings of her Kind attend,
 With harmless Court, and childish Play ;
 While purling Streams with Azure crown'd,
 Quench all the Heat she e'er has found.

Fond of the Grape's unmellow'd Juice,
 Thy sickly Appetite confine;
 For Autumn's Suns shall soon produce,
 The purple Harvest of the Vine;
 And growing Years her Bloom display;
 The Years which hasten thy Decay.

SONG CCCCLXX.

TH' advent'rous Faulcon takes his Flight,
 And, high in Air, surveys around;
 Darts, on each Nest, his piercing Sight,
 In hopes that Prey may soon be found.
 If once the wish'd-for Bird he spies,
 Together, swift, his Strength he calls;
 Downward on rapid Pinions flies,
 And on the trembling Victim falls.

SONG CCCCLXXI.

THE blue-cap Lads,
 In Rags and Plaids,
 Whom Right-Divine bewitches;
 Forsaking their Home,
 From the *Highlands* are come,
 In quest of Shoes and Breeches.
 Each lawless Clan,
 Declares for the Man *,
 Who Orders takes from *Marli*;
 Insuring his Doom,
 By the Blessing of *Rome*,
 And tofs their Caps for *Charlee*.
 With Bagpipe-Flute
 They him salute,
 With Shouts that rival Thunder;
 Some write for the Cause,
 Again Union and Laws;
 But more look out for Plunder.

* *The young Pretender.*

* *ASB*
 † *Rau*

Thus Southward they march,
 With Mein stiff and starch,
 And utt'ring fierce Bravadoes ;
 And all the *Route*,
 Hang the *French* Flag out,
 In the Shape of white Cockadoes.

Our Riches and Trade
 Resolv'd to invade ;
 And that way make their Season ;
 Seeming at this Time,
 That Money is a Crime,
 And Plate and Jewels Treason.

True *English* Hearts
 Exert your Parts,
 For Freedom, Faith and Riches ;
 Or instead of Rags,
 They'll get your Bags ;
 And you their Kibes and Itches.

With watering Mouth,
 They look to the South,
 In hopes of Viands dainty ;
 And, for your Share
 Leave wholesome Fare,
 Long Kail, and *Ranty-tanty* *.

Have base Dragoons,
 Those mongrel Loons,
 That fled at *Preston* cow'd ye ?
 'Tis not my Belief,
 That Pudding and Beef
 Can stoop to *Crowdy-Mowdy* †.

Tho' some got Clothes
 Without much Blows,
 And some are newly mounted ;
 When *Wade* they accost,
 They'll find their Host
 Was absent when they counted.

K 3

There's

* *A Sheep's Head, dress'd with the Wool and Horns on.*

† *Raw Oatmeal, and cold Water.*

There's *Blakeney* and *Guest*
 Will stand the Test,
 Defying the Pretender :
 We'll fight and sing
 For *George* our King,
 Our Right and Faith's Defender.

SONG CCCCLXXII.

E N T H R A L L ' D thy sorrowing Soul remains,
 Yet so enchanting are the Chains,
 Sweet Freedom can't allure.
 Corroding Cares surround thy Heart ;
 Yet so delicious is the Smart,
 Thou covet'st not a Cure.

SONG CCCCLXXIII.

M Y Fair, my Spouse, my only Bliss,
 With Hope thy Grievs assuage ;
 Not always will the frowning Skies
 Pursue me with their Rage.
 Chase ev'ry anxious Thought away ;
 Thy rising Pangs controul ;
 Thy Thoughts to Woes my Soul betray ;
 Thy Pangs unman my Soul.

SONG CCCCLXXIV.

F A I R *Ariadne* drown'd in Tears,
 Upbraids the faithless *Græcian* Chief ;
 Till *Bacchus*, jolly God, appears,
 And calms her Woe, and lulls her Grief.
 The Moral of this Tale implies,
 When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
 Away the sated Lover flies,
 Since there he can obtain no more.

A while she tries each female Snare,
 And seems ev'n lost in Thinking ;
 But, tir'd at length with fruitless Care,
 Drowns all her Woes with Drinking.

SONG CCCCLXXV.

H O P E's like the Lightning's scorching Blaze ;
 A transient Glare it fondly lends :
 But oft destructive are its Rays,
 And Death the rapt'rous View attends.

Hope comes with Pleasure in its Train,
 But when the fleeting Good is past ;
 Grief, with Increase, returns again,
 And Anguish that will ever last.

SONG CCCCLXXVI.

C O M E to my Feast (dear Friend !) and take
 An hundred Glasses for my sake ;
 Let Strife and Noise be far away ;
 Our Tapers shall renew the Day.

Leave all the Cares that vex your Mind,
 And grand Affairs of State behind :
 What tho' the *Gallic* Army's fled,
 Or civil Broils infest the *Swede* ?

What tho' the *German* wins the Field ;
 And makes the fierce *Cantabrian* yield ?
 Or tho', at length the *Genoese* long
 For Peace, and sue in humble Song ?

Ev'n let the State Machine roll on,
 Mind not its Danger, nor your own :
 Enjoy the present Hour, and clear
 Your Brow from Frowns, your Soul from Fear.

SONG CCCCLXXVII.

SWEET Shade ! enjoy eternal Rest ;
 With Patience wait, supremely blest,
 The Vengeance I design.
 That done, to Realms of cloudless Day,
 On Love's soft Wings I'll dart away ;
 And, faithful, with thee join.

SONG CCCCLXXVIII.

TIR'D of their Heav'n, and fond of Change,
 Ev'n Gods forsake their starry Seats ;
 The Gods delight on Earth to range,
 And joy to taste our humble Sweets.

See ev'ry baleful Planet shine,
 The raging *Dogstar* scatters Death ;
 With Heat the fainting Cattle pine,
 And the poor Shepherd pants for Breath.

In vain the Grove and gliding Flood,
 With weary Steps they now explore ;
 Nor Zephyr wakes the silent Wood,
 Or whistles in the hollow Shore.

Why then, ah ! why still wrapp'd in Cares ?
 Why negligent of Health and Ease ?
 Fearful, in vain, of future Wars,
 Why do you lose the Sweets of Peace.

Future Events are hid in Shades ;
Love only gives the present Hour ;
 Vain is the Mortal that invades
 The Secrets of Almighty Pow'r.

SONG CCCCLXXIX.

COME, dear Inchantress, to my Breast,
 Fled is each anxious Care ;
 I feel my ravish'd Soul oppress'd
 With Joy too great to bear.

come, my Heart's Delight, I come;
 Now threatning Woes are past.
 Thy Presence dissipates the Gloom,
 Which o'er my Mind was cast.

SONG CCCCLXXX.

LOVELY Spring ! as crystal clear !
 Accept this Wine, these fragrant Flow'rs ;
 Soon as the Morning shall appear,
 A Goat, with budding Horns, is yours.

Young and wanton, fit to try
 The lusty Leap, or hardy Fight ;
 His Blood your limpid Streams shall die,
 Your Streams, with purple Mixture bright:

From the *Dog-star's* scorching Ray
 You still defend the tender Flock ;
 With you the Herds their Thirst allay,
 And Oxen, sweating with the Yoke.

Every Spring shall yield to you,
 Whilst I the shady Scene rehearse ;
 The Rocks from whence your Waters flow,
 And speak your Murmurs in my Verse.

SONG CCCCLXXXI.

TO shift from daisy'd Meads to Courts,
 My tow'ring Mind aspires :
 Leave ye all, ye rural Sports,
 So sov'reign Fate requires.

SONG CCCCLXXXII.

CARELESS of what may be To-morrow,
 On present Mirth your Thoughts employ ;
 Why shou'd the Fears of future Sorrow
 Trouble the Stream of present Joy.

Human Affairs, like *Thames's* Tide,
 With no fix'd, stated Motion flow ;
 Unruffled, now, they smoothly glide,
 While no rude Wind presumes to blow.

Anon, the Waves with dreadful Force,
 Come rushing on the frightened Shore ;
 With Ruin mark their furious Course,
 And make the distant Forest roar.

Bless'd, only He, who free from Care,
 Can ev'ry Night with Pleasure say,
 Be it To-morrow foul or fair,
 Thanks to my Stars, I've liv'd To-day.

The Joys I have possess'd, are mine,
 Harbour'd secure, from Fortune's Blast ;
 Tho' *Jove* shou'd at my Bliss repine,
Jove can't recal the Minutes past.

SONG CCCCLXXXIII.

IF you a faithful Heart approve,
 Desert not mine, thy certain Prize :
 'Twere cruel, sure, to slight such Love ;
 And my unchanging Truth despise.

SONG CCCCLXXXIV.

GOD of the Woods, who loves to chace
 The *Nayads*, nimble as the Wind ;
 Along my Fields propitious pass,
 And to my tender Flocks be kind.

Then ev'ry Year a wanton Kid,
 With Bowls of love-inspiring Wine,
 Shall to your *Sylvan* Godhead bleed,
 Whilst fragrant Smoke perfumes the Shrine.

Soon as *December* cools the Plains,
 My Cattle on soft Herbage browse ;
 Nor Toil nor Care fatigues the Swains ;
 The *Bullocks* from the Team are loose.

to rav'ning Wolves the Lambkin fright ;
 The Leaves lie scatter'd thro' the Wood ;
 The Rusticks in the Dance delight,
 And beat the Ground they lately plow'd.

SONG CCCCLXXXV.

MY Heart is my own,
 And scorns all Direction,
 Not from Fancy alone,
 Where to place its Affection.

For I'll smother the Flames,
 Which so ardently burn,
 And resign these vain Gems,
 And to Desarts return.

SONG CCCCLXXXVI.

FORTUNE loves dearly to perplex
 Our busy Hopes, and airy Schemes ;
 She's ever changing to Extremes,
 She's ever changing to Extremes.

When'er she pleases to be kind,
 I'll meet her with extended Arms ;
 But when the Wanton shifts her Mind,
 Why shou'd I languish for her Charms.

Without Regret, I then resign
 The fleeting Joys she only lent ;
 Not at th' expected Change repine,
 Arm'd with my Virtue and Content.

But Fools th' unpitying Gods implore,
 When Ruin swells in ev'ry Wave ;
 And anxious to preserve their Store,
 Drown with the Wealth they strive to save.

Whilst I, an humble Safety seek,
 And ev'ry Star propitious find ;
 Waste to some happy, little Creek,
 Nor think on all I leave behind.

SONG CCCCLXXXVII.

THY Wailings, beauteous Fair-One, cease ;
 Each Tear, soft-trickling, adds Increase
 To my Heart-galling Pains.
 Fate's fiercest Ire is wreak'd on me.
 Alas ! 'tis killing Grief to be
 In these detested Chains.

SONG CCCCLXXXVIII.

WINE kept old *Cato's* Virtue warm ;
 This whets the Dull, and Wit inspires ;
 The Grave with sprightly Vigour fires,
 And, by a never-failing Charm,
 Unlocks the Mind, and all its gay Desires.
 Wine with fresh Hope the Coward cheers,
 Revives the Wretched and Undone,
 And makes the Slave his Lord disown :
 What Wretch, when arm'd by *Bacchus*, fears
 To meet a Warrior's Arm, or stand a Tyrant's
 Frown.
 Let *Venus*, and the God of Wine,
 And ev'ry *Grace*, too strictly chaste,
 Come, if they please, and crown the Feast ;
 Our Torches, and our Souls, shall shine,
 Till we eclipse the Sun, when rising in the East.

SONG CCCCLXXXIX.

ISEE the gath'ring Clouds arise,
 That bode a Tempest near.
 Their Heads my lucky Stars disguise,
 And soon will disappear.

SONG

SONG CCCCXC.

FRIENDSHIP, the heav'nly Theme, I sing,
 The Source of sweetest Joy!
 Pleasures from grosser Sense refin'd,
 Still new, that never cloy.

'Tis sacred Friendship softens Life,
 And smooths the rugged Stream;
 Uniting Joys, will Joys create,
 And sharing, lessen Pain.

'Tis pure as the ætherial Flame,
 Which lights the Lamps above;
 Or, as the new-born Infant's Thought,
 Or, as his Mother's Love.

The sordid Soul ne'er knows thy Charms,
 Nor such divine Delight;
 He, whom thy gen'rous Passion warms
 Soars to an Angel's Height.

Friendship is founded on Esteem,
 'Tis Elegance of Choice,
 Acquaintance pick'd from Crouds of Men,
 By heav'nly Reason's Voice.

SONG CCCCXCI.

YE envious Stars, be now appeas'd!
 On my sad Griefs serenely smile:
 On the dire Rack, my Thoughts, till eas'd,
 Can ne'er my thrilling Smart beguile;
 Can ne'er, without your Aid, oppose
 This Torrent of unceasing Woes.

SONG CCCCXCII.

WITH Mirth and Joy unbend thy Soul,
 And for the Hogthead call;
 With brilliant Sherry fill the Bowl,
 For this is WILLIAM's Festival.

From

From *GEORGE* the first we date the Juice
Which now shall crown the Glafs ;
Without Delay that Cask produce,
For see ! the Day declines apace.

I'll sing of *Neptune* and his Train
Of Nymphs with sea-green Hair ;
You to *Latona's* Praise shall strain
The Lyre, and to *Diana* fair.

We'll sing of *Venus*, and her Doves
With which she wings her Flight ;
To *Cnidos* and the *Paphian* Groves,
And praise the Goddess of the Night.

SONG CCCCXCIII.

DESPAIR not, thou enchanting Maid,
Altho' I can't indulge thee Aid,
To combat Ills the Fate's prepare,
Yet think, 'tis Folly to despair.
Rather give thy Wailings o'er ;
Rather pitying Gods implore,
To change their cruel, dire Decrees ;
To give thy baleful Sorrows Ease :
Wailings only make them more.

SONG CCCCXCIV.

OHAPPY Nymph ! a friendly Sign
Has usher'd in thy Birth ;
Fair Hope sits blooming on thy Morn,
And crowns the Day with Mirth.
May ev'ry Omen prosp'rous prove,
And gladsome all thy Days ;
May Beauty triumph in thy Face,
And Wisdom guide thy Ways.
Still may'st thou give thy Father Joy ;
Deserve thy Mother's Love ;
Shine an Example to thy Sex,
Which Virtue may approve.

And late may'st thou retire from Life,
 With ev'ry Merit blest ;
 Belov'd, esteem'd, lamented die,
 And glide to heav'nly Rest.

SONG CCCCXCV:

LONE LY and sad-fighing I,
 Like the cooing Turtle fly,
 Who seeks his Mate, from Glade to Glade,
 And finds her, to dire Toils betray'd.
 Enamour'd with his captive Bride,
 He pants to murmur by her Side ;
 With Transport falls within the Snare,
 Because his Soul's Delight is there.

SONG CCCCXCVI.

WH O can insure To-morrow's Sun ?
 Or give an another Day, when this is done ?
 Be free and cheerful ; do not spare
 Your Wealth, to glut an undeserving Heir.
 When to the Shades below you come,
 And *Minos* fixes your eternal Doom,
 Nor Virtue, nor high Birth, shall save,
 Nor Eloquence redeem you from the Grave.
 Diana try'd to bring, in vain,
 Her chaste *Hypolitus* to Life again ;
 Tho' *Theseus* did to Hell descend,
 He cou'd not rescue his unhappy Friend.

SONG CCCCXCVII.

CHERISH sweet Hope, dispel thy Fears ;
 Let not thy Heart be torne by Cares :
 Rates, Good and Ill, alternate sway ;
 And, come what will, we must obey :
 Then banish Fear, since oft we find,
 Fortune, when least expected, kind.

SONG

SONG CCCCXCVIII.

THE Spring dissolves the fleecy Snows ;
 Fresh Green adorns the Fields, fresh Leaves
 the Boughs :

Nature is deck'd in all her gayest Pride,
 The limpid Streams in narrow Limits glide.

The Nymphs trip naked o'er the Plains,
 And with them, hand in hand, the *Graces* dance.
 The rolling Hours, and shifting Year
 Inform you, that your last great Change is near.

Warm Zephyr melts the Winter down,
 Then Spring succeeds, and Summer's quickly gone ;
 Then Autumn, rich in Fruits and Grain,
 Rolls regular till Winter comes again.

The Moon renews her fading Light,
 Whilst Man lies down in everlasting Night.

SONG CCCCXCIX.

ON your Wings, thro' Fields of Air,
Zephyrs fly, and seek my Fair ;
 Then return, and tell me where.

Her (soft *Zephyrs*) when you find,
 Whisper, that she must be kind :
 Teach her, if you can, to flee
 With you, *Zephyrs*, back to me.

SONG D.

VIRTUE's an idle, useless Thing,
 When hid in secret, and o'ercaut ;
 Whilst I (dear Friend !) your Praise can sing,
 Your Actions shall for ever last.

Oblivion shall not reach your Fame,
 For you by prudent Measures steer ;
 In ev'ry Fortune still the same ;
 Not flush'd with Joy, nor sunk with Fear.

Vice, when adorn'd with Wealth and State,
 With you no Favour is allow'd ;
 Your Judgment's right, and sure as Fate ;
 You triumph o'er the giddy Croud.

He is not number'd with the Bless'd,
 To whom the Gods large Stores have given ;
 But he, who of enough possess'd,
 Can wisely use the Gifts of Heav'n :

Who Fortune's Frowns with Patience bears,
 And the worst Ills the Gods can send ;
 His Honour to his Life prefers,
 To save his Country, or his Friend.

SONG DI.

OFFSPRING sad of guilty Fear,
 Thou, who dost cold Poisons bear ;
 And, in Hearts enamour'd, lie,
 Thou, too cruel JEALOUSY,
 Leave my spotless Heart at ease ;
 Leave me to my wonted Peace.

Frozen Ice, devouring Flames,
 Dire Ideas, waking Dreams ;
 Wild Suspensions, odious Lyes,
 Secret Trains of Perjuries,
 Wait on thee, whose ceaseless Strife
 Blasts the Lamp of Love and Life.

SONG DII.

WH Y, *Delia*, shou'd you so much strive,
 Your kindling Passion to conceal ?
 Your Lips, tho' they Denial give,
 Yet all your Actions Love reveal.

In vain you strive, in vain, alas !
 The charming Passion to disguise ;
 It glows, it blushes in your Face,
 And sparkles in your swimming Eyes.

Your

Your Eyes, those Emblems of the Heart,
 Still contradict whate'er you say ;
 And, tho' your Lips deny the Smart,
 Your Eyes are more believ'd than they.

SONG DIII.

BE kind, my Charmer ; crown my Hopes,
 Nor let me longer feed on Air.
 Alas ! my throbbing Heart forebodes
 A Train of Woes, and black Despair.

SONG DIV.

WHEN shall I, (wretched Maid !) S^o
Soone
Ph
 Lay down my Cares and die ?
 When join my *Damon's* Shade,
 And by his Ashes lie ?
 But ah ! I rage in vain ;
 With fruitless Moan complain :
 I see no End of Pain.

Once Love, with silken Bands,
 Entwin'd our Hearts and Hands ;
 And innocently gay,
 Wing'd all our Hours away.
 Now, where loud Billows roar,
 His dead Corps beats the Shore,
 And knows such Joys no more.

Sad, on the rocky Strand,
 I take his Corps to Land ;
 And, whilst I weep and rave,
 Implore a friendly Grave.
 But who will deign their Aid,
 To sooth a plaintive Shade,
 Or help a wretched Maid ?

Dear Youth ! I wait thy Doom,
 In angry Tempests tost ;
 Dear Youth ! deny'd a Tomb,
 To sooth thy plaintive Ghost.

But o'er my fun'ral Bed
Will one kind Tear be shed,
To wail poor *Lucy* dead.

SONG DV.

THE Storm, long menacing, is past ;
And Calms, my Soul to Peace incline :
Propitious Stars their Influence cast,
And every pleasing Hope is mine.

SONG DVI.

SOONER, my Love, shalt thou survey
Without Stars, a glitt'ring Night ;
Sooner view, without one Ray,
Phæbus shine divinely bright,
Than my Heart (blest Maid !) thou find
Lost to Love ; to thee unkind.
Sooner Sea shall want a Shore ;
Sooner Rivers cease to pour
Tributes to the boundless Sea,
Than I fail, in Faith, to thee.

SONG DVII.

PEERLESS Maid ! as *Venus* fair ;
Cruel Maid ! as false as Air ;
When, with hoary Honours dy'd,
Age shall triumph o'er your Pride,
When your Locks their Beauties lose,
And your Cheeks the fading Rose ;
Then, when all your Bloom is gone,
Scarce you'll think your Face your own ;
But with Wonder and Amaze,
Fixing on the faithless Glafs,
Thus exclaim :—Ah ! tell me why,
Love must live, and Beauty die ?
Why, when Youth adorn'd my Brow,
Was I not so kind as now ?
Or, since Age has banish'd Scorn,
Why shou'd not my Charms return ?

SONG

SONG DVIII.

AS Birds, who wander'd long o'er Sea,
 Eager to find their old Abodes,
 Swift wing their Course to verdant Woods;
 So does my Soul, impatient, flee,
 My darling Fair, to join with thee.

Fly, fly, my Soul; for her thou'lt find
 Gentle, patient, constant, kind:
 O! haste, before me, to her Breast,
 And fix there thy *Halcyon* Nest.

SONG DIX.

HAIL ever pleasing *Solitude*!
 Companion of the Wise and Good;
 But from whose holy, piercing Eye,
 The Herd of Fools and Villains fly.

O! how I love with thee to walk!
 And listen to thy whisper'd Talk;
 Which Innocence, which Truth impart,
 And melts the most obdurate Heart.

A thousand Shapes you wear with Ease,
 And still in ev'ry Shape you please;
 Now wrapt in some mysterious Dream,
 A lone Philosopher you seem.

Thine is th' unbounded Breath of Morn,
 Just as the Dew-bent Rose is born;
 And while Meridian Fevers beat,
 Thine is the Woodland, dumb Retreat.

But chief when ev'ning Scenes decay,
 And the faint Landskip glides away;
 Thine is the doubtful, dear Decline;
 And the best Hour of *Musing*, thine.

SONG

SONG DX.

SOUL-INFLAMING, lovely Eyes,

Where the Graces ever reign ;

If my dying may suffice,

Ah ! with Pity view my Pain.

Tho' serene as starry Flames

You in Love's fair Heav'n shine ;

Yet the Seat my Honour claims,

Peerless Beauty must resign.

SONG DXI.

COME, ever-smiling Liberty,

And with thee bring thy jocund Train ;

For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,

With whom eternal Pleasures reign.

O Liberty ! thou choicest Treasure,

Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleasure ;

Life without thee knows no Blessing,

No Endearment worth caressing.

SONG DXIII.

CHLOE, this aged Cask is thine,

Replete with racy Mountain Wine ;

Much Parsley in my Garden grows,

And Ivy to adorn your Brows.

My Rooms with burnish'd Plate shall shine ;

My Garlands round your Temples twine ;

Fresh Greens upon the Shrine shall lie,

And there the tender Lambkin die.

Think what this Mirth, these Transports mean ;

The happy *Ides* come round again :

This Day the smiling Month divides,

O'er which the Queen of Love presides.

Let

Let not Ambition soar too high,
But let your Hopes with Sense comply;
By Rules of just Decorum move;
Equality's the Soul of Love.

You are my only Joy ; for you,
I bid all other Nymphs adieu.
Come, ease my Soul with Music's Charms :
Music the sharpest Grief disarms.

SONG DXIII.

THE Pilot, ignorant in the Gales
That swell the Bosom of his Sails,
May fondly hope, but all in vain,
To guide his Vessel thro' the Main.

Such my forlorn Condition seems,
Lost by some Star's deluding Beams ;
I wander from my Place of Rest,
And find no Comfort in my Breast.

SONG DXIV.

SOUND an Alarm,—your silver Trumpets sound
And call the Brave, and only Brave, around.—
Who listeth, follow :—To the Field again :—
Justice, with Courage, is a thousand Men.

How vain is Man, who boasts in Fight,
The Valour of gigantic Might ;
And dreams not, that a Hand unseen
Guides and directs this weak Machine ?

SONG DXV.

O THOU, my Soul's most precious Part;
Thine Eyes, thy Lips, thy waving Hair,
Allure, inflame, and must ensnare
My inmost Soul, my faithful Heart.

Thy waving Hair is floating Gold ;
 Thy lovely Lips like Rubies show ;
 And love does all his Charms unfold
 With bright Profusion on thy Brow.

SONG DVXI.

EPHYR, Companion of the Spring,
 Now smooths the Seas, and swells the Sail ;
 O'er the Meads he spreads his Wing,
 The Snows dissolve at ev'ry Gale.

Thy tender Flocks the Shepherds keep,
 And tune the Pipe to rural Strains ;
 They sing the God who guards their Sheep,
 The God who o'er *Arcadia* reigns.

Come, leave the Noble, Rich, and Gay ;
 The Season's hot, and calls for Wine :
 Bring your Perfumes, and come away ;
 A Hoghead, on these Terms, is thine.

Your little Box of Odours buys
 A certain Remedy for Care ;
 You know the Cellar where it lies ;
 'Twill quicken Hope, and kill Despair.

Come, with the Purchase in your Hand,
 The Price is small, the Bargain great.
 You know I boast no Wealth nor Land,
 How then can I afford to treat ?

Go, and leave Sorrow far behind ;
 Consider Death is at your Feet :
 With Mirth and Wine unbend your Mind ;
 A Frolic, if well tim'd, is sweet.

SONG DXVI.

Of Storms, with fiercest Rage, o'erwhelm
 The Vine-prop, hospitable Elm,
 The widow'd Plant, in sad Decay,
 Whose languishes its Life away.

The

The Tree it fondly clasp'd before,
 Protects its tender Bloom no more ;
 No Rills revive her with their Streams ;
 No Growth she gains from *Phæbus*' Beams.

SONG DXVIII.

O LOVELY Peace ! with Plenty crown'd,
 Come, spread thy Blessings all around ;
 Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
 And Vallies smile with wavy Corn.
 Let the shrill Trumpet cease, nor other Sound,
 But Nature's Songsters wake the cheerful Morn.

SONG DXIX.

A FOOLISH Hind, in Days of Yore,
 Of Person mean, half starv'd and poor ;
 By some strange Turn, (no matter what,)
 Whether of Favour, or of Fate ;
 Was singl'd from the vulgar Herd,
 And to a fruitful Soil preferr'd.

Within the Ground a Vine-Tree stood,
 Adorn'd with beauteous Underwood ;
 Beneath whose friendly Boughs she lay,
 Nor felt the Summer's sultry Day ;
 Nor fear'd the Sight of Man or Hound,
 But there both Shade and Safety found.

She had not long enjoy'd the Place,
 When, grown too proud for common Grass ;
 She needs wou'd try (O black Design !)
 To bite the kind, protecting Vine :
 But while among the Leaves she fed,
 She shew'd her vile, ungrateful Head.

And now with Ease the Huntsmen find
 The fat, uncover'd, staring Hind :
 They run the Chace, their Dogs they cheer,
 And, hunting down this pamper'd Deer,
 Revenge the violated Tree ;
 When all succeeding Times agree ;

that she deserv'd this fatal End,
Who durst attack her only Friend.

SONG DXX.

YE Cares forsake my clouded Brow,
And leave my Mind its Freedom now.
Fate some Respite will not give,
My aching Soul must cease to live.

SONG DXXI.

GIVE me, ye Fates, the pleasing Part
Of acting with a grateful Heart;
And if my Death you do intend,
Obediently, to your Decrees, I bend.

Still, in this State of ceaseless Pain,
My Expectations are not vain:
The Aid of Constancy I call,
To bear the worst that can befall.

SONG DXXII.

ON gilded Earth we're fondly bent:
Short Life with Little is content.
The Tide of Blood, whose sportive Race
Enlarg'd the Veins, and flush'd the Face;
Which wanton'd in the lively Eye,
Will ebb, and leave the Channel dry.

And Youth will, like the Sun, retreat;
Retire backward its solstitial Heat.
Time will our latter Days expose
To frigid Age, and hoary Snows:
When Love, with his Artill'ry, flies,
And wanders for some nobler Prize.

L

SONG

SONG DXXIII.

AS One bewilder'd in his Way,
 Revives to view the dawning Day ;
 So I, when all my Torments cease,
 With Rapture see returning Peace ;
 And feel, removing from my Heart,
 Corroding Fears, and piercing Smart.

SONG DXXIV.

STREPHON's sole Care is, how to join
 The lofty Elm, and tender Vine ;
 Whilst in the Vale beneath he views
 His wand'ring Sheep, and grazing Cows.

Sometimes he prunes the useless Shoots,
 And grafts a Branch of better Fruits ;
 Or casks the Honey's luscious Juice ;
 Or shears his tender, sickly Ewes.

When *Autumn's* fruitful Month appears,
 He gathers with Delight the Pears ;
 And purple Grapes, so red, so sweet,
 From Trees and Vines himself had set.

Sometimes he basks beneath the Shade,
 Or on the Grass supinely laid,
 Close by some Brook, or limpid Spring,
 Whilst all the wing'd Musicians sing.

The Rivers murmur as they creep,
 And gently lull the Swain to sleep.—
 These Pleasures, and these Sports remove
 All Thoughts of Care, and Pains of Love.

SONG DXXV.

THE Traveller, in midnight Shade,
 Slow wanders thro' the devious Glade,
 Whilst dreary Horrors all around,
 The Progress of his Steps confound.

By his bewilder'd Foot misled,
 Each sudden Object proves his dread :
 He trembles at each Sound he hears,
 And ev'ry Leaf alarms his Fears.

SONG DXXVI.

COME, lovely Youths, who never try'd
 The Blessings of a charming Bride ;
 And you, who never yet cou'd tell
 What Pleasures in a Bridegroom dwell ;
 Ye softest Virgins come and see
 How sweet the Joys of Wedlock be.
 Attend them to the nuptial Bed,
 And there the Rose and Lilly spread.
 Tho' if we rightly Things compare,
 It seems unnecessary Care,
 They, more than Roses sweet, and more than Lillies
 fair. }

SONG DXXVII.

WITH Jubilee and Mirth around,
 Let all the ambient Air resound :
 Whilst to just GEORGE, our glorious King,
 We Wreathes of blooming Laurel bring.

SONG DXXVIII.

AS a sweet Bird, to rest his weary Wings,
 Takes to a Wood, and on some lofty Tree,
 Ne'er dreaming of his Misery,
 Tunes his harmonious Throat and sings ;
 Till a remorseless Wretch, whose Ears
 Ne'er felt the Force of Melody and Verse,
 With an unpitying Hand destroys
 The feather'd Charmer's Voice.
 Thus bright *Aurelia* did excel ;
 So she sang, and so she fell ;
 Abruptly snatch'd away by hasty Death,
 Who stopp'd his Ears, to stop her Breath :

For much he fear'd, that if he should delay
To hear her sing, he shou'd for ever stay.

Sweet Charmer! thou art mounted to the Skies,
Where an eternal Extacy goes round :
With what Attendance to high Heav'n she flies !
How all the Spheres resound !

See where the laurel'd Angels sit !
Hark ! how the sacred Poets string
Their golden Instruments, and sing !
But she is silent yet.

When she begins some heav'nly Air,
Some Hymn so excellent and rare,
'Twill sure enhance the Blessings there.

SONG DXXIX.

WHEN a Rain-portending Cloud
From the Earth does *Phæbus* shroud ;
Vex'd, and of fierce Storms afraid,
See the new-drest rural Maid,
In her humble, lonely shed,
Hide, with a fond Sigh, her Head.

But when *Sol* again displays,
His bright Form, his glitt'ring Rays,
From the Summit of high Mountains ;
Then 'mid Groves, and round the Fountains,
Will the blooming Shepherdess,
(Smiling sweet, in flow'ry Drefs,)
Frisk and bound, and scud away,
Blithe and frolic, like the Day.

SONG DXXX.

WHEN *Daphne* o'er the Meadows fled,
To save her untouch'd Maidenhead,
And shun *Apollo's* Suit :
The haughty Virgin did not fear
His certain Darts, nor scorn to hear
The Music of his Lute.

No: Something else must needs create
 The Cause of such a cruel Hate,
 And this was her Condition :
 She lov'd the God, as he was fair,
 And of a bright, immortal Air,
 But hated the Physician.

SONG DXXXI.

SWEETEST Solace of my Mind !
 Fondest Heart I e'er cou'd find !
 To my Passion ever true,
 You I'll love, and only You.

SONG DXXXII.

WHAT cannot Love and Music do ?
 Love sent the *Thracian* Bard to the sad
 Shades below ;
 When, to his Lute, the Savages he drew,
 And rapid Rivers ceas'd to flow.
 Thrice, *Eurydice*, he cry'd ;
 Hell, thrice, *Eurydice* reply'd.
 Then on the steep, insuperable Hill.
 The Stone of *Sisyphus* stood still,
 And Music stopp'd the running Wheel.
 He sung and play'd,
 The *Stygian* Pow'rs obey'd,
 And, from the pale, infernal Throng,
 Strait to his Arms restor'd the beauteous Shade ;
 So mighty was his Love ! so wondrous was
 his Song.

SONG DXXXIII.

DEAREST Swain, in whom I'm blest ;
 Hope of my soft-heaving breast ;
 By Love's gentle Pow'rs, I vow,
 Ever to adore, as now.

Tho' Destiny shou'd ceaseless try
To practice Arts of Cruelty ;
Yet Love and Truth will, sure, one Day,
Gain, o'er Fortune, wish'd for Sway.

SONG DXXXIV.

HOW feeble are my Limbs! how all
My hoary Hairs begin to fall!
My with'ring Veins no longer beat
With springing Blood, and lively Heat.

Perish'd is all that comely Grace,
That Bloom, which flourish'd in my Face ;
And now, the small remaining Measure
Of Life, is short without the Pleasure.

This Truth with Horror I relate,
And tremble at approaching Fate.
I know the Day will come, when I
Must hear my Doom, prepare to die.

SONG DXXXV.

CAN Nature's Dress appear more gay,
Than in her darling, flow'ry May ?
Yet must those short-liv'd Honours of the Field,
To *Boreas* their frail Beauties yield ;
Or to the cruel Scythe become a Prey.

Such are our Days, an empty Shade ;
Death stalks behind us, to deride
Our noisy Vanity and Pride,
Which smil'd like Lillies, and like them decay'd.
Nothing is sure and permanent below ;
Corruption reigns within us as we grow.

SONG DXXXVI.

SEE, kind Swain, whose Heart is mine,
How yon little Warbler strays,
Round the Branches of that Pine,
Chaunting forth melodious Lays.

Sweetly

sweetly, thus, he lifts his Voice ;
 Thus, in Air, does fond rejoice,
 'Cause, enraptur'd he's to see
 Bliss restor'd with Liberty.

My much-lov'd Treasure,
 Taste thy Pleasure ;
 For thou, again,
 Hast dropp'd thy Chain.

SONG DXXXVII.

LOVERS, who waste your Thoughts and Youth,
 In Passion's fond Extremes ;
 Who dream of Woman's Love and Truth,
 And doat upon your Dreams.

I shou'd not here your Fancy take
 From such a pleasing State ;
 Were you not sure, at last, to wake,
 And find your Fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the Love which crowns
 Our Cares, is all but Wiles ;
 Compos'd of false, fantastic Frowns,
 And soft, dissembling Smiles.

SONG DXXXVIII.

WHEN loud, threatening Storms are over,
 Peace the ruffled Seas recover :
 When dread Lightnings cease to reign,
 Twinkling Stars shine forth again.
 Thus, dire Griefs expell'd, my Breast
 Calm enjoys, and peaceful Rest ;
 Whilst *Cupid*, with his Torch, stands by,
 And guides me to Felicity.

SONG DXXXIX.

SINCE Love possess'd my feeble Heart,
 I've quite forsook my Lyric Art :
 No Breast like mine is rack'd with Pains,
 Where all the wanton Tyrant reigns.

New Beauties fill my Soul inflame,
Some lovely Nymph, or gentle Dame.
But three Years since; *Miranda's Eyes*
Did my unguarded Heart surprize.

With Shame my am'rous Guilt I own;
How was I rally'd by the Town?
Of all those Hours I now repent,
In Feasting and in Revels spent.

SONG DXL.

O FLY! and tell my charming Fair,
I languish with Desire:
My Heart her Absence cannot bear;
Her Presence must relieve my Care,
Or I shall soon expire.

O fly! and to my matchless Bride
My Heart and Wishes bear;
May my Fidelity long try'd,
And Love sincere thy Footsteps guide,
And lead thee to the Fair.

SONG DXLI.

NOW, whilst the Heav'ns in Clouds are hid,
And fleecy Snows infest the Ground;
Whilst Storms grow loud on ev'ry Side,
And Billows roar, and Woods resound.

Let us improve the gloomy Hour,
Now, whilst our Cheeks are bright and gay;
Whilst Youth preserves its blooming Flow'r,
Let us, with Wine, drive Cares away.

Bring forth the Cask, which bears a Date
With glorious GEORGE's Years, and mine:
For better Times and Stars we wait:
Why shou'd we fear, or why repine?

SONG

SONG DXLII.

O HOW I languish ! what a strange
 Unruly fierce Desire !
 My Spirits feel some wondrous Change,
 My Heart is all on fire.

Now, all the wiser Thoughts, away ;
 In vain your Tale ye tell
 Of patient Hopes, and dull Delay,
 Love's foppish Part ; farewell.

Suppose one Week's Delay wou'd give
 All that my Wishes move ;
 O! who so long a Time can live,
 Stretch'd on the Rack of Love ?

SONG DXLIII.

QUEEN of the Groves ! and God of Day !
 Long blest'd, and ever to be blest'd ;
 O hear us, whilst our Vows we pay,
 And celebrate the solemn Feast.

May *Sol*, whose late and early Rays
 Are ever bright, and ever new,
 In all the Climates he surveys,
 No greater State, nor Empire view.

Juno supreme, protect our Dames,
 And crown their Births with lovely Sons ;
 Thee we invoke by all the Names,
 The Names thy sacred Godhead owns.

Give us a Race mature and strong,
 And all those sacred Statutes bless,
 That guard the nuptial Bed from Wrong,
 And crown the State with fair Increase.

Now Honour, Chastity and Peace,
 Virtue, and banish'd Faith return ;
 Now Plenty broods a fair Increase,
 And fills with Flow'rs her fragrant Horn.

SONG DXLIV.

Spoken by an Amazon.

O! HOW untruly is it said,
That we alone for Love were made ?
That our sole Talent is to please,
And give the panting Lover Ease ?

Yet Females can their Habits change ;
In War be fierce, in Peace be wise ;
In Steel, thro' armed Squadrons range ;
Subdue with Swords, no less than Eyes.

SONG DXLV.

ALL hopeless of Relief,
Incapable of Rest ;
In vain I strive to vent a Grief
That's not to be express'd.

This Rage within my Veins
No Reason can remove ;
Of all the Mind's most cruel Pains
The sharpest, sure, is Love.

Yet, whilst I languish so,
And on thee vainly call ;
Take heed, fair Cause of all my Woe,
What Fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful ! cruel Faults
Suit not thy gentle Sex ;
Hereafter, how will guilty Thoughts
Thy tender Conscience vex.

When welcome Death shall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My Soul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In Haste will fly to thee.

When

When in thy lonely Bed,
 My Ghost its Moan shall make ;
 With saddest Signs that I am dead,
 And dead for thy dear Sake.

Struck with that conscious Blow,
 Thy very Soul will start ;
 Pale as my Shadow thou wilt grow,
 And cold as is thy Heart.

Too late, Remorse will then
 Untimely Pity show
 To him, who, of all mortal Men,
 Did most thy Value know.

Yet, with this broken Heart,
 I wish thou never be,
 Tormented with the thousandth Part
 Of what I feel for thee.

SONG DXLVI.

I'M seeking, in thy lovely Mein,
 For some fell Sign of Cruelty,
 But none are to be seen.—
 Surely such Rigour ne'er can be,
 (If bury'd, deeply, in the Heart,)
 Dissembled with such Art.

SONG DXLVII.

PREPARE the Hymn, prepare the Song ;
 The Timbrel hither bring ;
 The cheerful Psaltery bring along,
 And Harp with pleasant String.

God has his Mansion fix'd on high,
 Above the Reach of mortal Eye ;
 He, by his Wisdom, did create,
 The vaulted Skies, so full of State ;
 And did the solid Earth ordain
 To rise above the watry Plain :

He, by his all-commanding Might,
Did fill the new-made World with Light ;
Then cause the ever-radiant Sun,
And the pale Moon, their Course to run.

SONG DXLVIII.

ALAS! in bidding thee adieu,
I feel my Heart will burst in two :
Beyond thee, I've no other Good ;
In shedding thine, thou shed'st my Blood.

Suffer, e'er thou resign thy Breath,
One Kiss, e'er first thou sink in Death.
'Twill sooth my thrilling Pangs, if I,
Encircl'd in thy Arms may die.

SONG DXLIX.

WHEN warlike Ensigns wave on high,
And Trumpets pierce the vaulted Sky ;
The frighted Peasant sees his Field,
For Corn, an iron Harvest yield ;
No Pasture on the Plain appears,
And rural Joys are chang'd to Tears.

SONG DL.

THE Sword that's drawn in Virtue's Cause,
To guard our Country, and the Laws,
Friends, Parents, Children dear ;
To guide its Edge we Heav'n invoke,
Rebellion falls beneath the Stroke,
And Joy succeeds to Fear.

Millions unborn shall bless the Hand,
(Great *William's*) who has freed our Land.

SONG DLI.

ALAS! too fierce, too pungent are
Th' Impulses of my Heart ;
Since that its Chains are so severe,
And cause so great a Smart.

SONG

SONG DLII.

FLAVIA's Verfe is softer far
Than the downy Feathers are
Of fond *Cupid's* Wings or Arrows,
Of his Mother's Doves or Sparrows.

Sweet as Lovers freshest Kisses,
Or their riper, following Bliss;es ;
Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round ;
All with *Venus'* Girdle bound.

SONG DLIII.

YE dearest Eyes, which sov'reign guide
Th' Impulses of my Soul ;
Ah ! let those falling Tears be dry'd ;
My Courage they controul.

For if thy tender Grief, in me,
Fond Pity shou'd awake ;
Ah ! vain wou'd prove my Constancy,
To make me Vengeance take.

SONG DLIV.

CUPID I'm call'd by Gods above,
By Men below, the *Pow'r of Love* ;
That which in Gods and Men inspires
All tender Thoughts, and am'rous Fires.
Above, when minded to be great,
In *Venus'* Court I keep my State ;
Venus my Mother, Queen of Love,
Whom yet I fear no more than *Jove*.

Jove often turn'd, to shew my Pow'r,
To Bull or Swan, to Flame or Show'r.
Below, when weary of the Skies,
I keep *Incog.* in *Chloe's* Eyes ;
Whence all my private Pranks I play,
And wound a thousand Hearts a Day :
A thousand ?—ay ! as many Hearts,
As she has I ooks, or I have Darts.

SONG

SONG DLV.

HOW oft did'st thou declare to me,
 The Heav'ns shou'd turn to naught ;
 The Sun shou'd first obscured be,
 E'er thou could'st change thy Thought ?

Ye Heav'ns, dissolve without Delay ;
 Sun, shew thy Face no more !
Philander's Love is lost for ay ;
 And Woe is me, therefore.

God knows, it wou'd not grieve me much,
 For to be slain for thee ;
 But O ! too near it does me touch,
 That thou shoud'st murder me.

With that her Hand, clay-cold and pale,
 Upon her Breast she lays ;
 And seeing that her Breath did fail,
 She sighs, and then she says :

Philander !—and with that (poor Maid !)
 She sigh'd again so fore ;
 That, after that, she never said,
 Nor sigh'd, nor spake no more.

SONG DLVI.

TH O' the fond Shepherdess desire
 The blushing Rose to take ;
 Yet she, all-trembling, will retire,
 If near she finds a Snake.

The Bird avoids those Leaves with Care,
 Nor once returns again,
 Where he was caught by fraudulent Snare,
 And thence escap'd with Pain.

SONG

SONG DLVII.

WHILE winking Tapers screen the Cheat,
 And Darkneſs favours the Deceit ;
Dorinda, in a borrow'd Prime,
 Conceals the ſad Effects of Time.

Stiff in Brocade with Brilliants bound,
 Secure ſhe takes her nightly Round ;
 At Op'ra, Drawing-Room, and Play,
 Each ſighing Coxcomb owns her Sway.

Whilst ſhe (alas!) as vainly proud,
 The Wiſh and Wonder of the Croud ;
 Looks, from her Height, with proud Diſdain,
 On the poor Slaves who drag her Chain.

SONG DLVIII.

ALAS! dire Change! behold at Morn
Dorinda to her Cell return !
 Then view her penſive, ſad, alone !
 Behold her weep, and hear her Moan !

“ Ah me! nor artful White nor Red,
 “ Rich Dreſs, nor Brilliants, nor Brocade,
 “ Can from a Lover's watchful Eyes
 “ The Signs of with'ring Age diſguiſe.”

At Night, a *Cupid's* Torch ſhe burns ;
 A dying Snuff when Day returns.

So when the Moon with borrow'd Light,
 Assumes the Empire of the Night ;
 Thro' the pale Gloom, in ſolemn Show,
 She glides, and gilds the World below.
 Her ſilver Orb, and ſtarry Train
 Th' admiring Gazer's Eye detain ;
 But, ſick'ning at th' Approach of Day,
 The gilded Wonder dies away.

SONG

SONG DLIX.

A H! look on me, and stop the Blow ;
 Fix, fix on me thine Eye :
 O Gods ! will you no Pity show ?
 I faint, I fall, I die.

A Heart of Stone that sure must be,
 Which can, without a Tear,
 View with relentless Constancy,
 The Pangs for thee I bear.

SONG DLX.

FAIREST *Lydia*, my Delight,
 More than Snow and Lillies White ;
 Whose mix'd Beauties do exceed
 The damask Roses, and the red ;
 And seem more fair, and smooth to be,
 Than Goddesses of Ivory,

Thy Locks, thy shining Locks unfold
 Brighter far than burnish'd Gold !
 Thy panting Breast (sweet Nymph !) disclose
 Where *Cupid* loves to take Repose ;
 Of which, I won'd, to be possess'd,
 Give all the Treasures of the East.

Open thy Sun-like Eyes (my Fair !)
 For O! my Doom is written there ;
 Thence *Cupid*'s pointed Arrows fly,
 Swift as Meteors thro' the Sky ;
 Whilst, above, each Brow does show,
 Like the Son of *Venus*' Bow.
 Shew me (Nymph) the blushing Red,
 Which thy snowy Cheeks o'erspread ;
 Thy beauteous Cheeks, which can outvye
 The most delicious *Tyrian* Dye.

Hide, O ! hide those Hills of Snow,
 Which inchant and wound me so ;

Thy

Thy Beauty's Luxury is such,
I cannot gaze, I cannot touch ;
The Pleasure is too exquisite,
And I'm glutt'd with Delight.

O cruel, and inhuman Fair !
Wilt thou then regard my Care ?
To see me languish, wilt thou stay ;
Or kill me more, and haste away ?
Gods !—but whither art thou flying ?
Wilt thou leave me now I'm dying ?
O forsake, forsake me not,
Till I'm dead upon the Spot !

SONG DLXI.

AS sweet Flow'rs return in *May* ;
As the Sun, with chearful Ray,
Comes to give the World new Day.

So, at last, the God of Love,
Does congealing Fears remove ;
And our Souls blest Comfort prove.

SONG DLXII.

FLY from the threatning Vengeance, fly !
E'er it is too late
Avoid your Fate ;
The Bolt once hurl'd, you surely die.
Put not your Trust
In the Unjust,
Who lift their Heads so high.

SONG DLXIII,

IF I shou'd swear, I fondly love,
I act a faithless Part ;
If I shou'd proudly say, I hate,
I shou'd belye my Heart.

An

An equal State my Bosom keeps,
 'Twixt Hate and fond Desire :
 Nor yet a Pleasure nor a Pain,
 Your pow'rful Charms inspire.

SONG DLXIV.

WHY does the God of *Israel* sleep? —
 Arise with dreadful Sound ;
 With Clouds encircled round,
 Then shall the Heathen hear thy Thunders deep.
 The Tempest of thy Wrath now raise ;
 In Whirlwinds them pursue,
 Full fraught with Vengeance due,
 Till Shame and Trouble all my Foes shall seize.

SONG DLXV.

SAY, that her Tears effectual prove,
 And all my Soul to Pity move :
 Truth, sweet as her's, shou'd meet the same.
 Let me no more be call'd unkind ;
 Let her to Peace compose her Mind,
 How cou'd I slight so pure a Flame ?

SONG DLXVI.

AROUND about the starry Throne
 Of him, who ever rules alone ;
 My heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb :
 Of all this Earth and Grossness quit,
 With Glory crown'd for ever sit,
 And triumph over Death and Time.

SONG DLXVII.

WITH my fond Wishes you'll comply,
 If *Daphnis* frown, when soft you sigh.
 Call you this Kindness ? this an Art
 Strongly to captivate the Heart ?

But (Cruel) if my Love you slight,
 And with Disdain my Truth requite ;
 I'll learn to shun a faithless Fair,
 And burst the Chains I, weeping, wear,

SONG DLXVIII.

WITH plaintive Notes, and am'rous Moan,
 Thus cooes the Turtle, left alone ;
 Like me, averse to each Delight,
 She wears the tedious, widow'd Night :
 But when her absent Mate returns,
 With double Rapture then she burns.

SONG DLXIX.

MY Faith and Truth, (O *Strepson*!) prove,
 And hear the melting Voice of Love ;
 With Love no Mortal can be cloy'd ;
 All Happiness is Love enjoy'd.

To fleeting Pleasures make your Court ;
 No Moment lose, for Life is short :
 The present Now's our only Time ;
 The missing *That*, is all our Crime.

SONG DLXX.

IT is not Virtue, Valour, Wit,
 Or Comeliness of Face,
 That Woman's Love can truly hit,
 Or in her Heart claim Place.

Still wav'ring where her Choice to fix,
 Too oft she chuses wrong ;
 So much Self-Love does rule the Sex,
 They nothing else love long.

SONG

SONG DLXXI.

PIERCE ; ah ! in Pity, pierce my Heart,
 And do not, scornful, thus depart.
 The Heart which Love transfix'd before,
 Contented now, will suffer more ;
 New Wounds, with Transport, will receive
 For him, in whom alone I live.
 But ah ! my Complaints he will not hear.
 O Pangs ! O Tortures too severe !

SONG DLXXII.

COME, let us now resolve, at last,
 To live and love in quiet ;
 We'll fix the Knot so very fast,
 That Time shall ne'er untie it.
 The truest Joys they seldom prove
 Who free from Quarrels live ;
 'Tis the most tender Part of Love,
 Each other to forgive.
 When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
 No Pleasure, nor no Rest ;
 And when I feign'd an angry Look,
 Alas ! I lov'd you best.
 Own but the same to me, you'll find
 How blest'd will be our Fate :
 O ! to be happy, to be kind,
 Can never be too late.

SONG DLXXIII.

WITH One so constant thus to part,
 The Joy, the Treasure of my Heart,
 If swift, from Life, I don't remove,
 Tis sure a Miracle of Love.

Thy beauteous Image, deep impress,
 I'll bear, eternal, in my Breast;
 That, as my Love is ever true,
 My Sorrows may be ceaseless too.

SONG DLXXIV.

THE Morn's swift Wings cou'd I assume,
 And travel with the Sun,
 God's swifter Hand wou'd check my Course,
 E'er half my Course were run.

Or shou'd I court the Midnight Gloom,
 To shade me from his Sight;
 The midnight Gloom, at his Approach,
 Wou'd kindle into Light.

Darkness itself affords no Veil,
 Nor Screen can interpose
 Against that Pow'r, at whose Command
 The Morning first arose.

Goodness, and Majesty, and Pow'r,
 Thro' all his Works are shown;
 Brightly display'd in Nature's Frame,
 Nor faintly in my own.

When in the dark and silent Womb
 A doubtful Form I lay;
 Yet then his Eye did find me out,
 And carefully survey.

By him, their various Place and Use,
 Were all my Parts assign'd;
 E'er yet those Parts a Being had,
 But in his forming Mind.

SONG DLXXV.

SO rich the Prize, so lovely are
 The Roses of thy Face;
 So sweet, so charming, and so fair
 Thine Eyes resplendent Rays:

To

To leave thee, my Soul's dear Delight,
Oppress'd with gloomy Care ;
O! 'tis a Thought, a Pain too great,
Too vast for me to bear.

SONG DLXXXVI.

ETERNAL King! is there an Hour
To make me greatly blest'd ?
When shall I have it in my Pow'r
To succour the Distress'd ?

In vain, alas ! my Heart o'erflows
With useless Tenderness ;
Why must I feel Another's Woes,
And cannot make them less ?

Yet I this Torture must endure ;
'Tis not reserv'd for me,
To ease the Sighings of the Poor,
And set the Pris'ner free.

SONG DLXXXVII.

INGRATITUDE's the worst of Crimes,
For all the rest are of her Train ;
Her sure Attendant at all Times ;
The great Supporters of her Reign :
If one, Ungrateful, then you call,
You crown him Monarch of them All.

SONG DLXXXVIII.

IMMORTAL Pleasures crown the Pair,
Who thus, by Heav'n, high-favour'd are ;
Joys ever round them wait.
May These below, like Those above,
Contend who most, and longest love ;
And be as blest'd as great.

SONG

SONG DLXXIX.

THE Peasant tastes the Sweets of Life,
 Untroubled by its Cares ;
 No courtly Craft, no public Strife,
 His gentle Soul ensnares.

But Grandeur's tinsel, noisy Joys,
 No true Contentment give ;
 Whilst Fancy craves, Possession cloy :
 We die, whilst thus we live.

SONG-DLXXX.

I FEEL a yielding Softness here ;
 For thee I countless Perils fear.
 Dry thy sad Tears, thy Wailings cease ;
 Again resign thy Breast to Peace.
 What to resolve I do not know :
 Alas ! 'tis Death to see thy Woe.
 Uncertain, if to go or stay,
 My Feet refuse to shape their Way.
 What dire Afflictions do I prove !
 How sad a Torment 'tis to love ?

SONG DLXXXI.

TIS true my Cottage, mean and low,
 Not built for Grandeur, but for Ease,
 No Iv'ry Cornices can show ;
 Nor Ceilings, wrought with Gold, displays.
 No Cedar Beams, for Pomp and State,
 (To Nature's Names confess'd, unknown,)
 Repose their great, and precious Weight,
 On Pillars of fam'd *Parian* Stone.
 Not dropp'd, an accidental Heir
 To some old kin-less Miser's Means ;
 No wealthy Vassal's Gifts I wear,
 Rich, purple Vests, and sweeping Trains.

But

But Virtue, and a little Sense,
Have so estrang'd me from the Great,
That, Thanks to bounteous Providence
Nor have, nor want I an Estate.

SONG DLXXXII.

YOU, whose Hearts at Pleasure rove,
Free from the dread Chains of Love,
Trust not to gay *Cupid's* Wiles,
To his Beauty, to his Smiles.

Shou'd you trust a fatal Hour,
Heedless of the Tyrant's Pow'r,
You'll, with streaming Tears, complain
Of lost Liberty in vain.

SONG DLXXXIII.

THE wanton Favours of the Great,
Are like the scatter'd Seed when sown
A grateful Harvest they create,
Whene'er on gen'rous Acres thrown.

But if, (as O! too oft they fall,)
Where useless Briars the Soil prophane;
Or lost, they bear no Fruit at all;
Or, bearing, yield a worthless Grain.

SONG DLXXXIV.

AS gliding soft, the gentle Rill
Adown the verdant Steep,
Trickles along, and murmurs still,
Till mingled with the Deep.

Ev'n so my Heart, thro' my sad Eyes,
In Torrents ceaseless flows;
And finding no sweet Calm in thee,
Can never find Repose.

SONG

SONG DLXXXV.

DAMON, this dearly-bought Estate,
 Too quickly must its Owner leave :
 The wealthy Miser's last Retreat,
 And surest Portion, is the Grave.

What wou'd you more ? Impartial Earth
 Wraps in her Lap, with equal Care,
 The High and Low ; nor royal Birth
 Preserves it's poor Distinctions there.

Not all *Prometheus*' boasted Art
 Cou'd ever surly *Charon* sway ;
 Nor Gold itself work on the Heart,
 To waft him back into the Day.

Yet, call'd or not, the Poor he hears,
 And in his last and pious Strife,
 To his Assistance strait repairs,
 And carries off his Load of Life.

SONG DLXXXVI.

THE People's Favour, and the Smiles of Pow'r,
 Are no more than the Sunshine of an Hour ;
 Where Envy, with her Snakes, assails,
 Where cank'ring Slander still prevails,
 Till Love begins to wain ;
 Oblivion then envelopes All,
 Our Merits pass'd ; and strait our Fall
 Is stil'd the publick Gain.

SONG DLXXXVII.

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown Rose,
 Or Breezes from the fresh-mown Close ?
 What's sweeter than an *April* Morn,
 Or *May-Day*'s silver, fragrant Thorn ?
 What, than *Arabia*'s spicy Grove ?—
 Sweeter far's the Voice of Love.

M

Hence,

Hence, gen'rous Lovers, scorn Alarm ;
 Away Suspicion cast ;
 Beauty and Wit begin the Charm,
 But Kindness makes it last.

SONG DLXXXVIII.

JEHOVAH, Lord, who from thy Mercy-Seat,
 Does mark the Movements of this lower World
 The Virtuous still, at last, thy Bounties meet,
 Whilst, from her Pinnacle, proud Vice is hurl'd.
 Therefore with Angels, and the heav'nly Throng,
 Let Man give Laud to thy tremendous Name ;
 Thee seek in ev'ry Pray'r, in ev'ry Song ;
 Thy Justice, as thy Goodness, still proclaim.

SONG DLXXXIX.

FROM Day to Day, with equal Pace,
 Our sliding Moments steal away ;
 Nor is the fleeting Moon's Increase,
 Ought but her Progress to decay.
 Yet we, amus'd with airy Dreams,
 Forgetful that the Grave is near,
 Are busy'd oft with endless Schemes
 Of pleasant Seats, and Houses here.

SONG DXC.

THE fondly-sportive, rural Maid,
 Cannot greater Bliss obtain,
 When her darling Lamb, which stray'd,
 Bleats within the Fold again.

Never rose a fairer Morn ;
 Never brighter shone the Sky,
 Than on this, when I return,
 My Soul's Idol to enjoy.

SONG

SONG DXCI.

TO-MORROW, and its Cares, despise,
 The present Moment is thine own ;
 Then snatch it quickly e'er it flies,
 And score it up as clearly won ;
 Nor scruple to indulge the Fire
 Of youthful Love, and gay Desire.

Old Age will quickly pall the Taste,
 And blunt the Edge of sprightly Joys ;
 With dozing Sadness fill the Breast,
 And give no Relish but for Toys.
 Youth is alone the Time can prove
 Delights of Exercise, or Love.

The gentle Talk, the soft Embrace,
 In some retir'd and dusky Shade ;
 The feigning, hidden Maid to trace,
 By her own treach'rous Laugh betray'd :
 Be these thy Care, thy Business still ;
 Such Pleasures Youth alone can feel.

SONG DXCII.

O ! GIVE, my Soul's divinest Part,
 The sweet Possession of thy Heart :
 Let but thy Love my Blessing be,
 And safely leave each Care to me.

Why thus, in trickling Tears, declare
 That I consent to quit my Fair :
 Ah ! no, my Soul is not so mean.
 How fond I love shall soon be seen.

SONG DXCIII.

SOME underneath a myrtle Shade,
 Or by clear Springs supinely laid,
 In Mirth and Wine, and wanton Play,
 Lose half the Business of the Day.

Others in tented Fields delight,
And love the Horrors of a Fight ;
The Trumpets sound, the stern Debate,
And all that anxious Mothers hate.

The Hunter does his Ease forego,
And lies Abroad in Frost and Snow ;
Forgetting soon his tender Wife,
With all the soft Delights of Life.

Me to some shady Field remove,
Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance and love ;
Far distant from the busy Throng ;
There let the *Muses* tune my Song.

SONG DXCIV.

YE rural Nymphs, supremely blest'd
By Joys, with Innocence possess'd ;
Whose happy Fate it is to prove
A Flame which knows no Law but Love.

Like you, I shou'd be happy too,
Cou'd I, to my Soul's Idol, shew,
Clearly as you, to Swains, impart
The tender Anguish of your Heart.

SONG DXCV.

ALITTLE hence, (dear Friend) and thou,
Must into other Hands resign
Thy Gardens, Parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing Name of Thine.

Thy Meads, by whose enamell'd Sides,
Silver *Thames* so gently glides :
Thy pleasant Houses, all must go,
The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too.

Nor matters it, what Figure here
Thou dost 'mid other Mortals bear ;
How thou wert born, or how begot,
Impartial Death matters it not,

With

With what Titles thou dost shine,
Or who was first of all thy Line.

SONG DXCVI.

WITH rousing Fires the Cold destroy,
And set about the flowing Bowl ;
Bleed ev'ry Grape to give us Joy,
To cherish and exalt the Soul.
Hereafter to the Gods resign :
Be Theirs the Care, Enjoyment Thine.

SONG DXCVII.

MONIMIA all my Muse employs ;
Her warbling Voice, her sprightly Turns,
The Fire which sparkles in her Eyes,
And in her faithful Bosom burns.

When she adorns *Diana's* Day,
And all the beauteous Choirs advance,
With sweetest Airs, divinely gay,
She shines distinguish'd in the Dance.

Not all *Arabia's* spicy Fields ;
Can with *Monimia's* Breath compare ;
Nor *India's* self a Treasure yields,
To purchase one bright, flowing Hair.

SONG DXCVIII.

TO act a fond Passion unknown to the Heart,
Is pleasing to many who practice the Art ;
But my Soul, which was ever unable to feign,
Esteems such a Task an ungenerous Pain.
My Eyes and my Silence my Meaning betray,
And how dearly I love thee, too clearly display.

SONG DXCIX.

A PERFECT Jilt this *Fortune* is,
And blind, but obstinately blind ;
Still playing Bo-peep with her Blifs,
To seize and torture poor Mankind ;

And idly whiffing, thro' the Air,
Her empty Bubbles here and there.

I like her, whilst with me she stays,
But soon as e'er she takes the Wing,
Let Fools pursue her, if they please,
Her Favours back again I fling ;
Then take to virtuous Poverty,
A Spouse with whom I can live free.

I'll never be her passive Slave,
But all her Tyranny controul ;
In conscious Innocence be brave,
And in my Virtue wrap my Soul,
Secure from Taint, or cank'ring Rust,
The Breath of Envy or of Lust.

When Tempests toss the raging Floods,
I make no lamentable Pray'rs ;
Nor strike a Bargain with the Gods,
For future Vows and present Tears,
To save my Wealth from adding more
To th' all devouring Ocean's Store.

Amid the Storms I'll safely ride,
Supported by a steady Mind ;
My Bark shall stem the setting Tide,
And bear against each adverse Wind :
My Virtue shall make all serene,
Disperse the Storms, and calm the Main.

SONG DC.

THE happy Swain, in Weeds array'd,
And born beneath the Woodland-Shade,
May, by the Gale of Fortune blown,
Rise to the Splendor of a Throne.

Whilst others, cloath'd in purple State ;
And born, to their Perdition, great ;
Frown'd on by Fate, may tumble down ;
And, for a Sheep-Hook, change their Crown.

SONG

SONG DCI.

NEITHER can Wealth, or Pow'r, or State
Of Courtiers, or of Guards the Rout;
Or gilded Roof, or brazen Gate,
The Troubles of the Mind keep out.

That Man alone is happy here,
Whose *All* will just himself maintain;
His Sleep is not disturb'd by Fear,
Or broke with sordid Thirst of Gain.

Then why do we, since Life's so short,
Lay our Designs for what's to come?
Why to another Air resort,
Forfaking this our native Home?

SONG DCII.

WHILST for thy Sake my Heart's distressed,
And flutters in my tender Breast,
My tortur'd Soul no Joy can prove,
Nor listen to the Voice of Love.

SONG DCIII.

IF (Friend) thy Soul rejoice To-day,
Drive far To morrow's Cares away:
In Laughter let them all be drown'd;
No perfect Good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow;
Another's ling'ring Death comes slow;
And what of Life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me,

Thy Portion is, a wealthy Stock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock;
Horses and Chariots for thy Ease;
Rich Robes to deck, and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse;

M 4

Which

Which soft Content does best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

SONG DCIV.

YOU sigh for an Ingrate, and I
For One, alike ungrateful, sigh.
Your Fate resembles mine, I know,
And cruel Love's our equal Foe.

If I was doom'd to feel such Pains ;
If no Relief for you remains ;
Let Constancy be Both our Claim,
As our dire Sorrows are the same.

SONG DCV.

HE Master is of Life alone,
And happy lives, who thus can say
Each Night :—" To-day has been my own,
" And I have clearly liv'd To-day :
" Be then To-morrow soul or fair,
" 'Tis all the same ; 'tis not my Care.
" What's past, has certainly been mine,
" Not Fate itself can make it void ;
" Nor Pow'rs, shou'd all the Pow'rs combine,
" Revoke the Good I have enjoy'd :
" Here no Disasters intervene :
" What has been, spite of *Love*, has been.

SONG DCVI.

SINCE Danger all around appears,
By dying swift I'll end my Fears ;
For Death is now my best Defence ;
Far dearer than this sad Suspence.

Life is a Torture I disdain,
Since Fate makes all my Wishes vain ;
And will, in one dire Day, remove
My Hope, my Peace, my Friend, my Love.

SONG

SONG DCVII.

FORTUNE, who with malicious Joy,
Does Man, her Slave, oppress ;
Proud of her Office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.

Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an Inclination to be ill ;
Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
And makes a Lottery of Life.

I can enjoy her while she's kind,
But when she dances in the Wind ;
And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
I puff the Prostitute away.

SONG DCVIII.

AH ! 'tis not I that murmur so ;
It is my unrelenting Woe,
Which ceaseless rends my aching Heart ;
And, swift to Madness, makes me start.

The Gods must be regardless, sure,
Of the dire Evils I endure.
Their Thunders I invoke in vain :
No Thunders fall to end my Pain.

SONG DCIX:

OHASTE! and to be truly great,
The Great-Ones nauseous Plenty fly ;
Soon from thy stately House retreat,
Whose haughty Roof invades the Sky ;
And with a virtuous Scorn look down
On the vain, giddy, noisy Town.

Nobles have often thus retir'd
To breathe a free and purer Air ;
A Shepherd's cleanly Cell admir'd,
And sweetly fed on homely Fare :

Oft thus have smooth'd, and soften'd been,
The fretted Brow, and bursting Spleen.

Lo now, whilst *Sol's* enliv'ning Beams
Play warmly on the flow'ry Mead ;
The Swain conducts to cooling Streams
His Flock, and seeks the *Sylvan* Shade ;
Silent the Brook its Borders leaves,
Nor curls one Breath of Wind, the Waves.

Snatch at the Joys, the present Hour,
The passing Instant, now bestows ;
The rest is all beyond our Pow'r,
And, like a fickle River, flows,
Which now beneath its Banks subsides,
And gently to the Ocean glides.

Anon with dreadful Noise and Roar,
Impetuous rolls a broken Flood ;
Augmented with the mouldring Shore,
And Ruins of the neighb'ring Wood ;
Then headlong rushing, sweeps away
Flocks and their Folds into the Sea.

SONG DCX.

MY dearest Charmer, now, at last,
I clasp in Love's Embraces fast ;
And from the Regions of Despair
I rise, the Bliss of Gods to share.

A sudden Change may Heav'n prepare ;
Hence Mortals never shou'd despair :
The Lightning which we view, dismay'd,
Illumines oft the dreary Shade.

That Love the most refulgent shines,
Which Sorrow's piercing Flame refines :
So to the Fire which fiercely glows
Gold its most radiant Lustre owes.

SONG

SONG DCXI.

OF all Things, Good or Bad,
In human Life,
Naught is held worfe, naught better,
Than a Wife.

SONG DCXII.

WHO knows if Heaven another Day
Will add to those already past;
Or snatch us instantly away,
And make the present Gasp our last ?

The Goods of Life then freely use,
And gratify a lib'ral Mind;
Thy greedy Heir shall ne'er abuse
A Wealth thou ne'er can'st leave behind.

When once thou'lt left thy native Earth
To wander on the *Stygian* Shore ;
The Honours of a noble Birth
Will plead in thy Behalf no more.

SONG DCXIII.

THE Winter-Storms, when Spring returns,
To *Zephyr's* softer Whispers yields ;
Spring's gaudy Dress the Summer burns,
And loads, with rip'ning Corn, the Fields.

With Apples crown'd, and yellow Sheaves,
Fair *Ceres* then begins her Reign :
But soon the Earth all naked leaves ;
And gloomy Winter comes again.

Yet Time those daily Wastes repairs ;
The Stars again restore the Spring,
Produce new Seasons, and new Years,
And move in an eternal Ring.

But more unhappy we become
 Mere Shadows, and to Atoms fly ;
 Whene'er the Fates pronounce our Doom,
 And cruel *Pluto* bids us die.

SONG DCXIV.

THRO' the dull Gloom of Darknefs toft,
 The painted Moth, in Horrors loft,
 Forlornly flutters in the Shades,
 Soon as the dying Taper fades.

Thus my deluded Mind appears
 Deluded in a Waste of Fears;
 No Peace I e'er expect to gain ;
 No Pleasure to appease my Pain.

SONG DCXV.

AMELIA, why so wondrous coy,
 When Youth invites to Pleasure ?
 Think you that Love's a lasting Joy,
 Which we may taste at leisure.

Consider better, I advise,
 The Question I am stating ;
 That *Beauty fades, Occasion flies,*
Whilst you're the Point debating.

Tho' now insensible as fair,
 And all my Vows disdaining ;
 You take Delight in my Despair,
 And mock my fond Complaining :

When Age shall seize you, yet a Maid,
 And all those lovely Tresses,
 Where *Cupid* sits in Ambuscade,
 And scatters countless Graces,
 Shall fall defenceless from your Head,
 And Love his Camp remove ;
 Those sparkling Eyes look sunk and dead,
 That now so fatal prove :

When

When that Vermillion on your Face,
Which does the Rose outvie,
To deadly Paleness shall give Place,
And lose it's crimson Dye.

Then (mark me!) as the faithful Glass
The dismal Change betrays,
You'll cry:—*How mad was I to pass
So ill my youthful Days!*

*But O! too late my Fault I own;
(None can past Youth renew;)
I'm ever destin'd to bemoan
The Joys I never knew.*

SONG DCXVI.

THRO' the dreary Gate of Pain,
Spirits their Elizium gain.
Pleasures frequently appear
On the Confines of Delpair:
With Thorns the sweetest Roses blow,
And Comforts oft are mix'd with Woe.

SONG DCXVII.

IN vain with wondrous Art, and mighty Care,
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair;
Not brightest Silks one Minute can restore
What Time has added to the endless Store.
No precious Stones, tho' e'er so bright,
They shine with their own native Light,
Will but disgrace thee, and inhance thy Night. }

Ah me! where's now that Mein! that Facel
That Shape! that Air! that ev'ry Grace!
That Colour! whose enchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led?
Strange Turn of Fate, that she
Who, from myself, so oft has stole poor me,
Now, from herself, shou'd stollen be. }

SONG

SONG DCXVIII.

SOON with a thousand Raptures blest,
 I'll clasp thee to my panting Breast ;
 There each endearing Tye renew
 By which our Love to Union grew ;
 And ever will employ my Days,
 To celebrate thy Beauty's Praise.

SONG DCXIX.

HOW happy in his low Degree,
 How rich in humble Poverty is he,
 Who leads a quiet, country Life,
 Discharg'd of Business, void of Strife.
 Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
 Nor Dreams disturb his morning Sleep,
 Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
 Nor fears he Dangers of the Deep.
 But either to the clasping Vine
 Does the supporting Poplar wed ;
 Or with his pruning Hook disjoin
 Unbearing Branches from their Head.
 Or in the now-declining Year
 (When bounteous *Autumn* rears his Head,)
 He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
 And clustring Grapes with Purple spread.
 Sometimes beneath an antient Oak,
 Or on the matted Grass he lies ;
 No God of Sleep he need invoke ;
 The Stream's soft Murmur shuts his Eyes.
 The Wind that whistles thro' the Sprays,
 Maintains the Concert of the Song ;
 And hidden Birds, with native Lays,
 His peaceful, golden Sleep prolong.

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Amid his harmless, easy Joys,
 No anxious Care invades his Health ;
 Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,
 Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.

SONG DCXX.

THE Turtle leaves his tender Care
 To wander thro' the Waste of Air ;
 But faithfully returns, tho' late,
 To comfort his desponding Mate.

The Tyger, prouling in the Wild,
 At Nature's Call is soft and mild ;
 Forgets his Nature stern, to prove
 His Young can wake the fondest Love.

SONG DCXXI.

NOW such destructive Ire is past,
 May Love's fond Taper blaze at last :
 The frowning Fates that did employ
 Their Anger to molest our Joy,
 Shall, since the Storm's black Horrors cease,
 Become the Messengers of Peace.

SONG DCXXII.

SIGHING and languishing I lay,
 A Stranger grown to all Delight ;
 Passing with tedious Thoughts the Day,
 And with unquiet Dreams the Night.

For your dear Sake, my only Care
 Was how my fatal Love to hide ;
 For ever drooping with Despair,
 Neglecting all the World beside.

Till like some Angel from above,
Fidelia came to my Relief ;
 O then I found the Joys of Love
 Can make Amends for all the Grief!

Those

Those pleasing Hopes I now pursue,
Might fail, if you could prove unjust ;
But Promises from Heav'n and you,
Who is so impious to mistrust ?

Here all my Doubts and Troubles end ;
One tender Word my Soul assures ;
Nor am I vain, since I depend
Not on my own Desert, but yours.

SONG DXXIII.

NO Lovèr e'er enjoy'd the Bliss
Of sweeter Constancy than this.
I clasp thee to my Heart, my Dear !
My Transports are too great to bear !
In both our Breasts, quite freed from Pain,
May mutual Fondness ever reign.

SONG DCXXIV.

NO longer give a Loose to Woe,
Nor (*Delia*) waste thy Bloom in Tears :
The Gods, who all thy Virtues know,
Will soon be kinder than thy Fears.

Mortals may oft, by Fate oppress'd,
Sustain a tedious Length of Grief ;
But, when they least may hope for Rest,
They oft are nearest to Relief.

In the gloomy Maze of Woe,
Long thou'st wander'd in Despair ;
No Redress thy Soul did know,
Toft from cruel Care to Care.

But thy Sorrows soon shall cease,
Crown'd with wish'd, succeeding Peace.

SONG

SONG DCXXV.

MYRTLE and Lawrel-Wreathes prepare,
Britannia's Sons, with grateful Care :
 And you, the *British* Virgins, bring
 The fragrant Treasures of the Spring,
 To deck HIS Brow, to strew HIS Way,
 Who taught fierce Rebels to obey.

SONG DCXXVI.

O GOD of Sleep, the Mourner's Friend,
 On downy, waving Wings descend ;
 And with thy kind Refreshment close,
Flavia's Eyes in sweet Repose.

Balmy Slumbers, soft Repose,
 Gently lull my peerless Fair ;
 Send your Solace to her Woes ;
 Free her from this sad Despair.

Shou'd she still incline to mourn,
 Whisper thus for her Relief,
 Thy *Philander* will return,
 Ease thy Sighs, and heal thy Grief.

SONG DCXXVII.

SMILING Freedom ! lovely Guest !
 Balmy Source of softest Joy !
 Mortals, by thy Aid are blest'd.
 With such Charms as never cloy.

Thy dear Presence to obtain
 (Sweetly soothing ev'ry Care,)
 Who wou'd dread the hostile Plain ?
 Who each Danger wou'd not dare ?

SONG

SONG DCXXVIII.

BLOOMING Virgins! spotless Train!
Great *Jehovah* claims your Lays;
Hail the Wonders of his Reign;
Wake the Day-Spring with his Praise.

The rising World *Jehovah* crown'd,
With bright Magnificence around;
He hung the radiant Orbs on high,
And pour'd the Sun-Beams thro' the Sky;
He lent the Flow'rs their lovely Glow,
And breath'd the Fragrance they bestow;
The Plains with verdant Charms array'd,
And beautify'd, with Green, the Glade.

SONG DCXXIX.

TUNE your Harps to cheerful Strains;
Moulder Idols into Dust;
Great *Jehovah* lives and reigns;
We in great *Jehovah* trust.

Praise the Lord with cheerful Noise;
Wake my Glory, wake my Lyre:
Praise the Lord each mortal Voice;
Praise the Lord, each heav'nly Choir.

O *Jordan*, *Jordan*, sacred Tide!
Shall we no more behold thee glide
The fertile Vales along;
As in our great Forefather's Days?—
Shall not thy Hills resound with Praise,
And learn our holy Song?

SONG DCXXX.

I'LL proclaim the wondrous Story
Of the Mercies I receive,
From the Day-Spring's dawning Glory,
Till the fading Beam of Eve.

All the Blessings Heav'n is lending,
 Well demand our grateful Lays;
 To his radiant Throne ascending,
 Wafted on the Wings of Praise.

In exalted Raptures joining,
 We'll employ our happy Days;
 All our grateful Pow'rs combining,
 To declare his endless Praise.

SONG DCXXXI.

JOYOUS the Pilot basks at Ease,
 When gentle Gales scarce move the Seas;
 But if tremendous Tempests rise,
 Soon Paleness shews his sad Surprize.

By such dread Perils warn'd, I ne'er
 My secret Thoughts will free declare;—
 Leave me in Liberty, sweet Fair.

}

SONG DCXXXII.

OF all Mankind, I lov'd the best,
 A Nymph so far above the rest,
 That we outshone the Blest above,
 In Beauty she, and I in Love.

And therefore, they who cou'd not bear
 To be outdone by Mortals here,
 Among themselves have plac'd her now,
 And left me wretched here below.

SONG DCXXXII.

THE Folly, sure, of Swains is great,
 If they submit to Scorn and Hate;
 Sighs, Torments, and incessant Pain,
 One blissful Moment to obtain.

My Conduct's not so strict in Love;
 From Fair to Fair mid Joys I rove;

And

And, shou'd I *Cupid's* Tortures feel,
Soon, to the God, I'll bid farewell.

SONG DCXXXIV.

WHILE my Eyes are fondly speaking,
They with killing Anguish see,
Thine some newer Face is seeking,
Careless of my Grievs and me.

While my Soul's itself expressing,
How can yours unmindful be ?
With your faithless Looks addressing,
Careless of my Woes and me.

O what Torments do I suffer,
While our Hearts so ill agree ?
Grow a more obsequious Lover,
Or no longer think of me.

In the World I may discover
Something that may charm like thee,
Or I'll live without a Lover ;
If not thine, I will be free.

Hopes and Fears are too oppressing
For my tender Breast, I see ;
Give me back (ye Stars !) the Blessing
Of my banish'd Liberty.

SONG DCXXXV.

HOW sweetly-charming wou'd it be,
Were the human Heart but free ;
Cou'd we, when she whom we adore,
Disdains to love us, love no more.

But when *Cupid* boasts his Reign,
We no more have Peace again.
Lovers must with Patience bear
The Scorns of an insulting Fair.

SONG

SONG DCXXXVI.

WHILE to thy dear, lov'd Arms I press,
 And tremble o'er thy Breast;
 I love thee to such kind Excess,
 That I but half am blest'd.

The Fear of losing thee pursues
 My fond, foreboding Heart;
 My present Happiness I lose,
 With dreading once to part.

In vain Philosophy appears
 To reason me to Rest;
 And stop the gushing Tide of Tears,
 I pour upon thy Breast.

In vain gay Youth its Flatt'ry brings
 Of Fortune and Address;
 It talks ten thousand idle Things,
 But O! without Success.

It tells what Lovers wait my Call,
 And for my Favours press;
 But they, alas! are tasteless all
 To *Damon's* Tenderness.

The God of Verse himself appears,
 And promises my Name,
 Shall brightly shine in future Years:—
 But what is Life or Fame?

Nor Life nor Fame my Bosom cheers;
 No longer they have Charms:—
 Ye Pow'rs! who promise smiling Years,
 Give them in *Damon's* Arms.

SONG DCXXXVII.

LET the God of Passion hear me,
 O 'tis Heav'n to be near thee!
 By thy lovely Eyes I swear,
 And the Train of *Cupids* there,

I wou'd not thy Arms resign,
If a Monarch sigh'd for mine.

Thou wer't for my Wishes made,
To inchant me, to persuade:
Whilst I fondly gaze upon thee,
Whilst my Soul is doating on thee;
To my Lips it eager flies,
Or to my desiring Eyes.

In my Breast it will not stay,
By its Master charm'd away.
If thou lik'st my Soul, then prithee
Keep the Fondling ever with thee;
For I have no Use for one,
When my dearer Soul is gone.

SONG DCXXXVIII.

TH O' blind with Love I well perceive
Thy Tendernefs decline;
Think not my Passion long can live,
Without the Warmth of thine.

From thy dear Eyes my Flame I took,
They taught them first to shine;
How does the languid *Cynthia* look
Till *Phæbus* makes her fine?

Nor Heat, nor Beauty of her own;
She borrows all her Light;
And it is from thy Beams alone,
I either love or write.

Thy Fondnefs is the Fountain, where
My Fondnefs first begun:
If thou art cold, mine stagnates there,
And will no longer run.

Wonder not, if you see my Eyes
To the sad Earth decline;
The Strings that let them fall, or rise,
Nature intrufts to thine.

What

What Pity 'tis my Soul shou'd be
 So much within thy Pow'r ;
 By Heav'ns ! I long for Liberty ;
 And only for an Hour.

From Heart to Heart my Sighs shou'd bear,
 Till they a Haven found,
 Where shipwreck'd Fondness might retreat,
 And ev'ry Wish be crown'd.

SONG DCXXXIX.

FOR a different Nymph prepare ;
 Torture not thyself in vain,
 With the Image of the Fair,
 Who has caus'd thee so much Pain.

SONG DCXL.

STREPHON and COLIN.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Str. **H**AVE you not seen the morning Sun
 Peep over yonder Hill ?
 Then you have seen my *Cbloe's* Charms,
 At best but painted ill.

Col. Have you not seen a Butterfly
 With Colours bright and gay ;
 Then you have seen a Thing less fine,
 Than *Molly* cloath'd in Grey.

Str. The Rose, (you'll say) of all the Field,
 Can boast the loveliest Hue ;
 But to compare with *Cbloe's* Cheek,
 It wants the Lilly too :

As I sat by her on the Plain,
 And talk'd the Hours away ;
 She breath'd so sweet, I thought myself
 In Fields of new-mow'd Hay.

Col.

Col. Not the sweet Breath that breathes from Cows,
To *Molly's* can compare ;
And when she sings, the list'ning Flocks
Stand silent round to hear.

She said, as we were walking once,
Along the shady Grove ;
There's none but *Colin*, *Molly* loves,
And will for ever love.

Str. Believe not (Friend !) a Woman's Word,
Or you are much too blame ;
For t'other Night, beneath the Elms,
She swore to me the same.

Col. Yes, I'll believe your *Chloe's* Words,
As in my Arms she laid :
This Strephon is so dull a Clown,
He'll think me still a Maid.

SONG DCXLI.

IF with my Tears I cannot move
My cruel Fair-One's Breast to love ;
Still my sad Heart perhaps may find
Some Way to melt her stubborn Mind.

If she, at last, won't Pity show,
I've this to sooth my piercing Woe ;
Freely I'll vent my raging Hate,
And call her Barbarous and Ingrate.

SONG DCXLII.

WHILE I to thy Arms am pressing,
All the World is lost to me :
If *Apollo* were addressing,
I wou'd turn into a Tree,
And be cold to his caressing,
Fondly thus to gaze on thee.

no tender Thought disguising,
 Pour out ev'ry Thought to thee ;
 Ev'ry little Art despising,
 Which with meaner Arts agree ;
 Take my Soul as it is rising,
 Flowing in my Verse to thee.

If by Truth I can detain thee,
 O how happy shall I be !
 Let these Arms for ever chain thee,
 Never wishing to be free ;
 If their eager Pressings pain thee,
 Pay back all their Wrongs on me.

SONG DCXLIII.

O HAPPY Resignation,
 That rises by its Fall !
 That seeks no Exaltation,
 But wins by losing All.

That conquers by complying,
 Triumphant in its Lot ;
 That lives, when it is dying,
 And is, when it is not.

SONG DCXLIV.

FAME two different Paths affords
 To her ever-shining Seat ;
 By our Pens, and by our Swords,
 Sparkling from one Godlike Heat.

He who can with Verse controul
 All the Passions of the Mind ;
 Or can raise the languid Soul,
 Shall not Fame his Temples bind ?

N

SONG

SONG DCXLV.

COME all ye doleful, dismal Cares,
That ever haunted guilty Mind!
The Pangs of Love when it despairs,
And all those Stings the Jealous find;
Alas! heart-breaking tho' ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!

Who now have lost,—but O! how much?
No Language, nothing can express
Except my Grief; for she was such,
That Praises wou'd but make her less:
For who can ever dare to raise
His Voice to her, except to praise?

Free from her Sex's smallest Faults,
And fair as Womankind can be;
Tender and warm as Lover's Thoughts,
Yet cold to all the World, but me.
Of all this nothing now remains
But Sighs alone, and endless Pains.

SONG DCXLVI.

I WANT thy Bosom to repose
My beating Heart, oppress'd with Woes;
I want thy Voice my Soul to cheer,
Thy Voice is Music to my Ear;
I want thy dear-lov'd Hand to press
My Neck, with silent Tenderness;
I want thine Eyes to make me bright,
And charm this sullen Hour of Night;
The Hour, when pallid Ghosts appear:
O! cou'd it bring thy Substance here,
I ev'ry Substance wou'd resign,
To clasp thy aerial Breast to mine;
Or if (my Dear!) that cou'd not be,
I'd turn to Air, and mix with thee.

[SONG

SONG DCXLVII.

A SWALLOW that has lost her Mate,
 Caught in the cruel Fowler's Snare,
 Sits o'er her Nest, and mourns her Fate,
 Then flies uncertain thro' the Air :
 The daisy'd Mead, the tufted Grove,
 She searches for her absent Love.

To crystal Fountains now no more,
 Or sunny Stream, she joyous strays ;
 Nor basks upon the sandy Shore,
 But wastes her Life in piteous Lays ;
 No other Mate she can approve,
 Her Soul intent on her first Love.

SONG DCXLVIII.

FOR Love the Miser will his Gold despise,
 The False grow faithful, and the Foolish wise ;
 Cautious the Young, and complaisant the Old,
 The Cruel gentle, and the Coward bold.
 Thou glorious Sun within our Souls,
 Whose Influence so much controuls ;
 Ev'n dull and heavy Lumps of Love,
 Quicken'd by thee, more lively move ;
 And if their Heads but any Substance hold,
 Love ripens all that Dross to purest Gold.

SONG DCXLIX.

INGRATE, who thus did'st slight my Love,
 My Fury thou shalt find ;
 Me gen'rous Pity ne'er shall move
 For such a savage Mind.

Then tremble at the Tempest near :
 See, round thee it does rise :
 'Tis just thou shou'dst my Vengeance fear, |
 Who cou'd my Love despise.

SONG DCL.

THYRSIS charms the list'ning Woods,
 Here he hails the murm'ring Floods,
 Which (but all in vain) essay
 To imitate his foster Lay.

Flying Birds suspend their Wings
 Whilst the lovely Poet sings ;
 Happy Herdlings, whom his Lyre
 Can with Tenderness inspire.

Happy Grottos, where his Mark
 Shines upon the yielding Bark ;
 They grow am'rous, whilst they bear
Thyrsis' tender Numbers there.

Happy Maid, whoe'er thou art,
 Who can touch so sweet a Heart !
 Time can do thy Charms no Wrong,
 Shining still in *Thyrsis'* Song.

Here the Echoes sing his Name,
 And the Birds repeat his Flame :
 He informs the Flocks to bleat,
 Who lie list'ning at his Feet.

SONG DCLI.

TO serve fond *Cupid*, sure wou'd be
 A Pleasure, not a Pain ;
 If, when the Lover wou'd be free,
 He swift cou'd break his Chain.

But Love upon th' Admirer steals,
 He knows not that he's ta'n :
 He's fix'd when he his Fetters feels,
 And can't get clear again.

SONG

SONG DCLII.

HEAV'N locks Events from human Sight,
 And wraps them close in Shades of Night;
 Smiles at the restless Vow;
 The Toils, the Hopes, the Fears of Man,
 To alter or prolong his Span;
 Improve the very *Now*.

As Streams, so flows the Tide of Things,
 To-day clear, gentle, as their Springs,
 In easy, gliding Rills:
 To-morrow, lo! th' inclement Skies,
 The Waters swell, the Floods arise,
 A Deluge from the Hills.

That Man keeps Fortune in his Sight,
 Who dares to say, at Close of Night,
 Enough, I've liv'd To-day:
 To-morrow let it rain or shine,
 To-morrow is no Day of mine,
 And who'll take this away?

SONG DCLIII.

FORTUNE, capricious of her Gift,
 Delights the wanton Scene to shift,
 And raise the low Degree;
 Strips Grandeur of her gay Extremes,
 Kind as the changeling, idol Dreams
 Of others, or of me.

I court her Favours, if they stay,
 But if she please to fly away,
 I give her back her Toy;
 Hug close my Honesty of Soul;
 And chearful, whilst the Tempests roll,
 My humble Fate enjoy.

SONG DCLIV.

O TREES! ye gentle Canopy,
That shaded once my Love and me;
Now bending, hear my Sorrows plain,
Nor lift your Branches up again.

Once, as your Leaves, my Heart was free;
Or, as the Winds, at Liberty;
Till Love, that sweet Destroyer, came,
To blight my Hours with his fierce Flame.

Ye tender Ofiers, as ye bend,
And trembling, thus my Grief attend;
As you to one another twine,
Say, thus the Lovers Arms did join.

O! did ye mark his gentle Care,
When he beheld my Bosom bare?
What a respectful Kindness shown,
And how he warm'd it with his own?

Ye Trees, ye Plants, and budding Flow'rs,
Witnesses of our softer Hours,
Go back again, refuse to bring
Your Sweetness to th' approaching Springs.

SONG DCLV.

WHEN from the Nymphs of happy *Greece*,
Apelles drew a finish'd Piece,
Had *Chloe* liv'd, in whom are join'd
The Beauties of the Face and Mind;
Surpriz'd to see her so complete,
He'd thrown his Pencil at her Feet.

One may as well describe the Sky,
As charming *Chloe's* piercing Eye;
Her Shape genteel, her easy Air,
Her marble Skin, her flaxen Hair,
Her coral Lips, her snowy Breast,
Are Beauties not to be express.

To

To paint the peerless Fair, wou'd be
To dare Impossibility ;
The bright Original's a Sketch
Too far above the Poet's Reach.

SONG DCLVI.

DESPIS'D, betray'd, why do I thus complain ;
Why speak, and to his Pride confess my Pain ;
Since he's so cruel that he will not hear,
But, of my Complaints, regardless will appear.
To be betray'd, condemn'd, to die with Grief ;
To know one's Truth, yet not to gain Belief,
Is of all Torments far the most severe,
And what no human Mind can, patient, bear.

SONG DCLVII.

ADIEU vain Joys which *Albion* yields,
Amid the Throng, or in the Fields ;
Pleas'd now I leave these meaner Charms,
For Raptures in *Lucinda's* Arms.

Lend us, ye kindly Gales, your Aid,
(*Cupid* will see the Debt repaid,)
And swiftly waft the Lover o'er,
From *British* to the *Indian* Shore.

Already *Dover's* lofty Plain
Seems level with the liquid Main.
I forward look, and seem to spy
Barbadoes op'ning to my Eye.

But ah ! fond Fancy flies too fast,
Scarce can the Sun make too much Haste ;
The Sun which thrice ten Times his Race
Must run, e'er we cut thro' that Space.

O ! cou'd I in his Chariot roll,
Which daily drives throughout the whole ;
With Joy I'd leave the Realms above,
To be set down with her I love.

SONG DCLVIII.

THE Traveller, who in a dreary Wild,
Sees famish'd Tygers all his Paths infest,
Shudders with Horror, finds his Senses chill'd,
And thinks his Heart has left his tortur'd Breast.

Thus I, sore troubled by the baleful Sight
Of the false Swain who has betray'd my Love,
Am fill'd with strange Confusion and Affright,
And scarcely feel my Heart within me move.

SONG DCLIX.

LOVE's a Passion, which, by slow Degrees,
Like Opium, lulls us into seeming Ease;
Drunk with the stupifying Draught we lie,
And, lost in gay, deluding Visions, die.
Fantastic State, alas! we hug our Chain,
And doat upon the Authors of our Pain;
With eager Steps pursue, whene'er they fly,
And fondly play with Darts by which we die!
So *Afric's* sultry Sons to *Phæbus* turn,
Adore his Rays, and in adoring burn.

SONG DCLX.

ALION, long accustom'd to the Chain,
Restrains all Marks of his once fierce Disdain;
Lies quiet, thoughtless of his being confin'd,
And seems no more of the dire savage Kind.

Yet, if his cumb'rous Shackles once he breaks,
His native Fierceness instantly awakes;
The frightened Keeper sees, with wild Surprise,
A horrid Glare swift-darting from his Eyes.

SONG

SONG DCLXI.

ORPHÉUS cou'd give, (for such is Music's Force,) Motion to Words, and stop a River's Course;
From *Phuto's* Realms *Eurydice* recall,
And sweet *Amphion* build the *Theban* Wall:

To both superior, beauteous *Phyllis* charms,
Not savage *Beatis*, but human Hearts disarms;
Harmonious Sounds thrill gently from her Throat,
Dwell on her Tongue, and sweeten ev'ry Note.
Music with Beauty join'd; what Breast can bear
A Voice so charming, in a Nymph so fair?
A Nymph so fair, what Eye behold, nor own
The fatal Conquest of a Heart o'erthrown?

SONG DCLXII.

WHEN fam'd *Apelles* drew a *Venus*' Face,
From various Nymphs he stole a diff'rent
Grace;

Nice in the grand Design, he cou'd not find
A single Nymph in whom each Beauty join'd.

Had'st thou, celestial *Myra*! been but there,
Surpriz'd at one so exquisitely fair,
Brighter than all the brightest Nymphs of *Greece*,
THEE only had he copy'd, for his *Piece*.

SONG DCLXIII.

UPON a shady Bank repos'd,
Amasia am'rous, young and fair,
Sighing to the Groves disclos'd
The Story of her Care.

The vocal Groves give some Relief,
Whilst they her Notes return;
The Waters murmur o'er her Grief,
And *Echo* seems to mourn.

A Swain who heard the Nymph complain ;
 In pity of the Fair,
 Thus kindly strove to cure her Pain,
 And ease her Mind of Care.

'Tis just that Love shou'd give you Rest,
 From Love your Torments came ;
 Take that warm Cordial to your Breast,
 And meet a kinder Flame.

How wretched must the Woman prove,
 (Beware, fair Nymph, beware,)
 Whose Folly scorns another's Love,
 And courts her own Despair !

SONG DCLXIV.

FLY from my Sight, Deceiver, fly ;
 Know who thou art, and who am I ;
 Think of thy cruel Wiles, Ingrate,
 And that I'll wreak, on thee, my Hate.

Ah me ! for whom do I retain
 Unspotted Love, and true remain ?
 For one whose Breast can never move
 To Pity, and much less to Love.

SONG DCLXV.

HAIL glorious SUN ! that glads our Sphere,
 Delight and Triumph of the Year !
 Hail Festival, for ever blest,
 By the adoring, ravish'd *East* !

When Matter yet unactive lay,
 No sooner thou infus'dst thy Ray,
 But the dull Mass its Pow'r obey'd,
 And an harmonious World was made :

Which still, when thou withdraw'st thy Beams ;
 An undistinguish'd *Chaos* seems ;
 For what are Objects without Sight ?
 Or Vision, when involv'd in Night ?

Night

Night is an universal Grave,
Where Things but doubtful Being have ;
Till them thy Beams illuminate,
And, as it were, again create.

Hail Source of immaterial Fire,
That, ne'er begun, can ne'er expire,
Whose Orb, with streamy Glories fraught,
Dazzles the Ken of human Thought !

What is the Soul of Man, but Light
Drawn down from thy transcendent Height ?
What but an intellectual Beam ?
A Spark of thy immortal Flame ?

For as thou rul'st with gladsome Rays
The greater World, so this the less ;
And like thine own diffusive Soul
Shoots Life and Vigour thro' the Whole.

SONG DCLXVI.

LOVE's a strange Impulse of the Heart,
A Tyrant where it reigns :
There Merit often has no Part,
Whilst he who flights, obtains.

SONG DCLXVII.

FLAVIA, my fond, doating Heart
From thy Image cannot part.
Think thy jealous Love to blame ;
Absence but revives my Flame.

Unimprov'd no Moment fleets,
Still thy Form my Fancy meets :
All I do, and all I say,
Shews my Faith, and proves thy Sway.

SONG DCLXVIII.

I FEEL within my aching Breast,
 Hope's fondly-soothing Breeze ;
 The Waters round me are at rest,
 And calm'd are now the Seas.
 Love shows the happy Port in view,
 And I, o'erjoy'd, its Course pursue.

SONG DCLXIX.

ON thy Lips, with Moisture strew'd
 O my Life ! Carnations blow'd :
 Swelling, melting, breathing, sweet ;
 O ! those Lips I long to meet !
 To my darling Bliss I sprung ;
 On thy ruddy Lips I hung :
 O'er thy spreading Chest I stray'd ;
 In thy joyous Bosom play'd.
 From thy Neck, where Lillies rise,
 Often pass'd, to kiss thine Eyes :
 From thine Eyes again I go
 To thy Neck, where Lillies grow.

SONG DCLXX.

A WEAKNESS sure that Swain betrays,
 Who trusts what faithless Woman says ;
 Practic'd in the deluding Art,
 Her Tongue's repugnant to her Heart :
 She feigns a Love where she disdains,
 And Hatred, where she loves, she feigns :
 To hide her snare she borrows Tears ;
 And each Extreme, by Turns, appears.

SONG

SONG DCLXXI.

CALL to Mind the furtive Hour,
 And the love-sequester'd Bow'r,
 Arch'd with fragrant, Orange Boughs!
 Call to mind our plighted Vows!

All the Spring, the Joys of *May*,
 Smil'd on that auspicious Day:
 Winds the Branches gently sway'd;
 And the Sun-Beams, thro' the Shade,
 Glanc'd in Gleams of golden Light;
 Rob'd wer't thou in Virgin-White.

Rosy Shame thy Cheeks o'erspread,
 And thy Olive flush'd with Red;
 Blushes only, wak'd by Love,
 Cou'd thy Olive Bloom improve.

SONG DCLXXII.

BRIGHT *Phyllida* revives the Smart;
 Revives the Flame within my Heart;
 The Polish of her Neck outshines
 The Marble of fam'd *Indian* Mines.

Her girlish Wantonneſs has Charms;
 Her froward Play the Heart alarms:
 Doating on her Face I die;
 A Face too dazzling to the Eye.

All *Venus* rages in my Breast,
 And leaves her *Cyprian* Groves unblest;
 Nor will she suffer me to write
 The Glories of *Culloden* Fight.

SONG DCLXXIII.

IN his fond Heart, in vain, does Man,
 Short-liv'd, a thousand Systems plan;
 In vain, in mighty Perils bold,
 He ransacks Earth and Seas for Gold;

Dear

Deaf to the Laws impos'd by Fate
On human Nature, soon or late.

Alike ordain'd we are to go
To the dark Seats of Rest below :
The Rich and Poor one Grave shall find ;
The Rich must leave their Pomp behind ;
The spacious Domes, the Lands, the Groves ;
The gay Parterres, the proud Alcoves ;
The Vistas, in the Skies that end ;
The fondling Wife, the bosom Friend.

What Folly then to toil out Life,
Sustain'd with Anguish, Pain and Strife !
Our Thoughts, in Search of Gold, employ'd,
Or never gain'd, or not enjoy'd !
Our Spirits broke with ceaseless Care :
Let vulgar Souls such Evils bear.

SONG DCLXXIV.

THERE is an Hour, by Fate assign'd,
When Nature works on Beauty's Mind ;
A Season, lucky to persuade ;
A Moment, when the chafest Maid,
That feels of Love the melting Pains,
Yields to the Laws by which he reigns.

Nor watchful Guards, nor Bars of Steel,
Nor Cloysters rais'd by papal Zeal,
Can ward the charming Virgin's Doom,
When once her Hour of Bliss is come.

SONG DCLXXV.

THE gen'rous Lion, when pursu'd
By cruel Hounds, with dreadful Cry,
Seeks not the Covert of the Wood,
Nor will the fell Assailant fly :
But boldly turns, untaught to fear,
And rushes on th' unequal War.

No Arms vindictive Rage may yield,
 Can daunt the truly Brave ;
 Him, who has Virtue for his Shield,
 No Terrors can enslave.

SONG DCLXXVI.

STREPHON, the Darling of the Fair,
 And *Delia*, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,
 To mutual Joys did Love ordain,
 And either wore the other's Chain.

Their Breasts with pleasing Tumults tost,
 All Thoughts, in Thoughts of Love, they lost ;
 Each Hour grew fonder than before,
 And ev'ry Moment doated more.

In Groves, whose Verdure banish Day,
 In Grotts, where trembling Echoes play ;
 In Arbourets, green with frequent Shade,
 Beneath the spreading Mulberry laid :

Or on Brook-Margin's, strew'd with Flow'rs,
 They joy'd to pass the silent Hours ;
 The silent Hours, the Brooks, the Groves,
 Recorded their unalter'd Loves.

SONG DCLXXVII.

THE Nymph, whose Heart is full of Truth,
 Forgives a lov'd, offending Youth ;
 Still thinks his Innocence to find,
 Or hopes to see his alter'd Mind.

And yet, if tir'd to search in vain,
 Her melting Fondness she restrain ;
 To hate, whom she so lov'd before,
 She strives, and ev'n to hate him more.

SONG

SONG DCLXXVIII.

LET not Love on me bestow
 Soft Distress, and tender Woe ;
 I know none but substantial Blissess,
 Eager Glances, solid Kisses ;
 I know not what the Lovers feign
 Of finer Pleasures mix'd with Pain.
 Then prithee give me, am'rous Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all thy Joy.

SONG DCLXXIX.

O ! LOVELY Eyes,
 The Tear restrain !
 O beauteous Lips,
 The Sigh refrain !

What tho' a Storm
 Now threatens the Sky,
 Yet cease to fear,
 A Calm is nigh.

SONG DCLXXX.

CYNDERAXA kind and good,
 Has all my Heart and Stomach too ;
 She makes me love, not hate, my Food,
 As other peevish Wenches do.

When *Venus* leaves her *Vulcan's* Cell,
 Which all, but I a Coal-Hole call ;
 Fly, fly, ye that above Stairs dwell,
 Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.

And as she's fair, she can impart
 That Beauty, to make all Things fine ;
 Brightens the Floor with wondrous Art,
 And, at her Touch, the Dishes shine.

SONG

SONG DCLXXXI.

YE Minutes, bring the happy Hour,
 And *Phyllis* blushing to the Bow'r:
 Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,
 Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more;
 Both (*Phyllis*) ever fix'd on thee,
 For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A guilty, is a false Embrace;
Ardelia's Love a Fairy-Chace:
 Be gone, thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
 And all that can't survive Desire.
Phyllis my Reason moves and Awe,
 And *Cupid* shot me, when he saw.

SONG DCLXXXII.

ON yonder Bed, supinely laid,
 Behold thy lov'd, expecting Maid;
 In Tremor, Blushes, half in Tears,
 Much, much she wishes; more she fears.
 Take, take her to thy faithful Arms,
Hymen bestows on thee, her Charms.

Heav'n to thee bequeaths the Fair,
 To raise thy Joy, and lull thy Care;
 Heav'n made Grief, if mutual, cease
 But Joy divided, to increase:
 To mourn with her exceeds Delight,
 Darknefs, with her, the Joys of Sight.

SONG DCLXXXIII.

WITH study'd Airs, and practis'd Smiles,
Cælia my ravish'd Heart beguiles:
 The Charms we make, are ours alone,
 Nature's Works are not our own;
 Her skilful Hand gives ev'ry Grace,
 And shows her Fancy in her Face.
 She feeds with Art and am'rous Rage,
 Nor fears the Force of coming Age.

SONG

SONG DCLXXXIV.

WHY, (sweet Inchantress!) tell me why,
 So very kind, and yet so shy?
 Why does that cold, forbidding Air
 Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair?
 Or why that Smil' my Soul subdue,
 And kindle up my Flame anew?

In vain you strive with all your Art,
 By Turns to freeze and fire my Heart:
 When I behold a Face so fair,
 So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,
 My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
 I cannot love thee less, nor more.

SONG DCLXXXV.

WHILST, in the Grove, *Timandra* walks,
 And sweetly smiles, and fondly talks;
 A thousand Arrows round her fly;
 A thousand Swains unheeded, die.
 If when she labours to be seen,
 With her enchanting Air and Mien;
 From so much Beauty, so much Art,
 What Mortal can secure his Heart?

SONG DCLXXXVI.

WHEN soft and bright the Skies appear,
 The harmless Shepherd Swain,
 Joyous, conducts his fleecy Care,
 To crop the verdant Plain.

But he unwary, void of Thought,
 How soon the Calm may end,
 May slight the Cloud, with Tempest fraught,
 Which sudden will descend.

SONG

SONG DCLXXXVII.

VENUS has left her blissful Isles,
And all her gaudy Train
Of little Loves, fond Cares and Smiles,
In my am'rous Breast to reign.

Ye tender Herds, ye list'ning Deer,
Forget your Food, forget your Fear;
Matchless *Florella* will be here.

The Savages around me throng,
Mov'd with the Passion of my Song,
And think *Florella* stays too long.

SONG DCLXXXVIII.

O'ER craggy Rocks of steep Ascent,
The Road to Glory lies;
And empty Joys, or dull Content,
The only Brave despise.

SONG DCLXXXIX.

SINCE the Day of poor Man,
That little, little Span,
Tho' long it can't last,
For the future and past
Is spent with Remorse and Despair:
With a cheering, full Glass
Let that of Life pass;
'Tis made up of Trouble,
A Storm, tho' a Bubble;
There's no Bliss but forgetting your Care.

SONG DCXC.

GO fight and succeed;
For each Drop you shall bleed,
Will increase the strong Flame in my Breast.
'Tis Glory and Fame,
Win the gen'rous Dame,
And the Conqueror's Courtship is best.

SONG

SONG DCXCI.

HASTE, *Phyllis*, haste ; while Youth invites,
 Obey kind *Cupid's* present Voice ;
 Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
 And give thy Soul a Loose to Joys :
 Let Millions of repeated Kisses prove,
 That thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.
 Be mine, and only mine ; take Care
 Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
 To me alone ; nor come so far,
 As liking any Youth beside :
 What Men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe
 They're Serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.
 So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
 When Beauty ceases to engage ;
 So thinking on thy charming Youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in Age :
 So Time itself our Raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to Joy, and live to Love.

SONG DCXCII.

ON the fickle Wheel of Fortune,
 Hope is always turning round ;
 But the Heart, by Virtue strengthen'd,
 Is for ever constant found.

SONG DCXCIII.

OUR Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons aim
 At Objects in an airy Height :
 The little Pleasure of the Game
 Is, from afar, to view the Fight.
 Our anxious Pains we, all the Day,
 In search, of what we like, employ ;
 Scorning at Night the worthless Prey,
 We find the Labour gave the Joy.

At Distance, thro' an artful Glass
 To the Mind's Eye Things well appear :
 They lose their Forms, and make a Mass
 Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

If we see right, we see our Woes ;
 Then what avails us to have Eyes ?
 From Ignorance our Comfort flows ;
 The only Wretched are the Wise.

SONG DCXCIV.

B ID the warbling *Nine* retire :
 VENUS, string thy Servant's Lyre :
 Love shall be my endless Theme ;
 Pleasure shall triumph over Fame :
 And when these Maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy Fate be mine :
 May I grasp at empty Praise,
 And lose the Nymph, to gain the Bays.

SONG DCXCV.

S EE, whil'st thou weep'st, *Lucinda*, see
 The World in Sympathy with thee.
 The cheerful Birds no longer sing,
 Each drops his Head, and hangs his Wing.
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
 And shed their Sorrows in a Shower.
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares ;
 They heave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears.
 Fantastic Nymph ! that Grief shou'd move
 Thy Heart, obdurate against Love.
 Strange Tears ! whose Pow'r can soften All
 But that dear Breast on which they fall.

SONG

SONG DCXCVI.

TRANSPORTING Joy,

That ne'er will cloy,

Florinda can dispense ;

At once inspire ;

Each soft Desire,

And feed each greedy Sense.

Freedom and Ease,

Which fondly please,

In her Deportment shine :

Despising Arts,

She conquers Hearts,

And wounds without Design.

Whene'er she moves,

Who sees her, loves,

So tempting is her Mien ;

And from her Eyes

Such Lightning flies,

As prove her Beauty's Queen.

Vermillion true

Of brightest Hue,

Her lovely Lips disclose ;

Whilst in their Bloom

Her Cheeks assume

The Lilly and the Rose.

We ev'ry Grace

Of Shape and Face,

In her united find ;

Whilst Temper sweet,

And Wit discreet,

Embellish her blest Mind.

SONG DCXCVII.

PHYLLIS, for thee alone I leave,

Whate'er the World thinks wise or grave ;

Ambition, Business, Friendship, News,

My useful Books, and serious Muse.

For thee I willingly decline
 The Mirth of Feasts, and Joys of Wine ;
 And chuse to sit and talk with thee,
 (As thy great Orders may decree)
 Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
 Of idle Tales, and foolish Riddles.

SONG DCXCVIII.

THREE happy Lambs ! than Shepherds happier far ;

If you some painted Mead, some Riv'let share,
 On you the Skies malignant frown in vain,
 And Love innoxious wantons in your Train.

To seek fresh Pasture is your Care alone,
 All Thoughts of Grandeur, and of Wealth, unknown ;
 But not (as you with Grasse) the human Mind
 In Milk, and fleecy Stores, Content can find.

SONG DCXCIX.

HAD I a Wish that did not bear
 The Stamp and Image of my Dear ;
 I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
 And die to let it out again.

No: *Venus* shall my Witnesses be
 (If ever *Venus* lov'd like Me)
 That, for one Hour, I wou'd not quit
 My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,
 To be the *Persian* Monarch's Bride,
 Partner of all his Pow'r and Pride ;
 Or rule in regal State above,
 Mother of Gods, and Wife of *Jove*.

SONG DCC.

I LOVE, I languish, and I pine,
 Alas ! for an Ingrate,
 Who will not to my Love incline
 But O ! repays with Hate.

Wou'd

Wou'd cruel *Damon* bid me die;
 And ev'ry Hope forego;
 Less were my Grief, than thus to figh,
 And waste my Years in Woe.

SONG DCCI.

HOPE of my Age! Joy of my Youth!
 Blest Miracle of Love and Truth!
 All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
 My Love and Life, long since are thine.
 A real Joy I never knew,
 Till I believ'd thy Passion true:
 A real Grief I ne'er can find,
 Till thou prove perjur'd or unkind.

SONG DCCII.

MY Woes, alas! my tort'ring Care,
 With sev'ring Force my Bosom tear:
 Sweet Peace is banish'd from my Mind,
 I can't, one Ray of Comfort find.

Ye Pow'rs supreme, what have I done,
 That thus I meet with Hate alone!
 Dire are the Ills for which I grieve;
 Too great for me to bear, and live.

SONG DCCIII.

POOOR *Colin*, on his Death-Bed lies;
 His Wife is in Despair;
 With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
 They both express their Care.

A different Cause, (says Parson *SLY*:)
 The same Effects may give:
 Poor *Colin* fears, that he shall die;
 His Wife, that he may live.

SONG

SONG DCCIV.

H E L E N was just slipt into Bed ;
Her Eye-Brows on the Toilet lay :
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As Fees belonging to her Prey.

For this Misfortune, careless *Jane*,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated :
And Madam getting up again,
With her own Hand the Mouse-Trap baited.

On little Things, as Sages write,
Depend our human Joy, or Sorrow :
If we don't catch a Mouse To-night,
Alas! no Eye-brows for To-morrow.

SONG DCCV.

I A M the hapless Swain, who strays
Bewilder'd in some woody Maze,
Whilst Darkness spreads on ev'ry Side,
And not a Star appears to guide.

Ev'n at the faintest Sound I hear,
My Colour flies ; I start with Fear ;
The wish'd for Morn is far away,
And hopeless I'm of cheerful Day.

SONG DCCVI.

H O W old may *Phyllis* be, (you ask,)
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages
To answer is no easy Task,
For she has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on ;
All Day let Envy view her Face,
And *Phyllis* is but twenty-one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
 At Night Astronomers agree,
 The Evening has the Day bely'd,
 And *Phyllis* is some forty-three.

SONG DCCVII:

MY captive Heart I fain wou'd free,
 And live in blissful Liberty;
 But (faithless Hope!) you cheat me still,
 And set at Strife my better Will;
 In my fond Bosom first you grew,
 And are the last to leave it too.

In vain from you I wait Relief,
 No Balm you give to tort'ring Grief;
 You only Food to Anguish give,
 Keeping the fond Desire alive.

SONG DCCVIII.

IN Search of *Rosalinda* fair,
 An Eag'le, now, I proudly soar;
 I'll wing my Flight to ev'ry Star,
 And the dread Heights of Heav'n explore:
 But, if she deck the Solar Sphere,
 What shall I do?—Ah! perish there.

SONG DCCIX.

WHO trusts a Lover, trusts in vain,
 For faithless is th' enamour'd Swain:
 He'll weep, protest, and fondly sue;
 He'll vow, and strait abandon you;
 Practic'd at ease, to say, *He dies*;
 Practic'd in ev'ry bright Disguise;
 Not yet a conscious Blush he knows,
 When (false) from Nymph to Nymph he goes;
 As tho', in Love, no Crime it were,
 To cheat the too-believing Fair.

SONG

SONG DCCX.

VIRGINS, ye who, doating, bear
 All the Torments of Despair;
 Ye, whom Fate has doom'd to prove
 The dread Tyranny of Love:
 Tell me; was there ever known
 Anguish greater than my own?
 Tell me, if the tortur'd Mind,
 Pangs more cruel e'er cou'd find?
 But my Rival!—O mayn't he
 Find the Blifs deny'd to me;
 May the false, the cruel Fair,
 Meet the Vengeance I prepare.
 Ah! in this sad Breast I prove
 All the fatal Force of Love;
 Love, relentless and severe,
 Empties all his Fury here.

SONG DCCXI.

SINCE Love and Friendship both combine
 To make me *Stella's*, and she, mine;
 Why does our Sun not always shine.
 What Clouds can hover round our Skies?
 Or what black Storms can furious rise,
 Which must not fly before her Eyes?
 If equally the Passions reign,
 Why don't they make us still refrain
 From what will give us mutual Pain?
 Sure Heav'n, to interrupt our Joys,
 Thus intermixes base Alloys,
 Lest *These* we shou'd prefer to *Those*.
 When gay I seem, so she'll appear;
 And, when displeas'd, oft drop a Tear:
 Can *Stella* yet be insincere?

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Does not the dear Inchantress know,
I all Regards in Life forego
To her, from whom my Pleasures flow ?

If mutual they, we need no more ;
For who, possess'd of *Eden's* Store,
If wise, new Regions wou'd explore ?

Say then thou sweet, yet cruel Fair,
Vows, are they sacred, or but Air ?
Shall I love on, or now despair ?

SONG DCCXII.

ALBION's ever-blissful Shore,
Secur'd by *George*, begirt by Seas,
Fears not hostile *Fury's* Roar,
Sweet Liberty producing Ease.

Happy in her martial Youth ;
Happy in bright Beauty's Charms :
Guarded by sweet Love and Truth,
She is free from dire Alarms.

SONG DCCXIII.

TH O' beauteous *Flavia* Heav'n deprives of
Sight
To view those Charms, which give the World Delight ;
Let not her Heart, oppress'd with Grief, complain :
Had she beheld her Form, she had been vain.
One Sense in pure Compassion Heav'n denies ;
And, to secure her Virtue, dims her Eyes.

SONG DCCXIV.

SHROUD me, thou sable Veil of Night ;
For where's the farther Use of Light,
Since *Myra* cheers no more my Sight ?

She's

She's gone :—but where, Heav'n only knows !
 Lull me, kind Death, in soft Repose,
 And close my Eyes :—for ever close.

She was my Health, my Hope, my Sleep,
 And who'll so poor a Being keep,
 For nothing but to wake and weep ?

Who sucks the Lip I lately prest ?
 Who hangs upon my Fair-One's Breast,
 The much-lov'd Pillow of my Rest ?

Who listens to her tuneful Tongue ?
 O there what heav'nly Music hung !
 How have I blest'd her, as she sung !

Tell then, ye Winds, where'er ye blow,
 Since I'm forbid to tell her so,
 My restless Heart will burst with Woe.

SONG DCCXV.

TO the sweet, celestial Fair,
 Fly, my ardent Wishes, fly ;
 Gently whisper in her Ear,
 She's the Idol of my Eye ;
 Tell her, that for her I die.
 Say, that all I wish to do,
 Is to to lay my wounded Heart
 Open to the Charmer's View.

SONG DCCXVI.

PEACEFUL is he, and most secure,
 Whose Heart, whose Actions all are pure.
 If red Thunder fiercely fly,
 He, quite unconcern'd will lie ;
 Knows 'tis n't levell'd at his Head,
 So neither Noise, nor Flash, can dread.

Shou'd th' unruly Ocean roar ;
 Dash its Foam against the Shore ;
 He finds no Tempest in his Mind ;
 Fears no Billows, fears no Wind.

Old Stars may fall, or new ones blaze,
They cannot, once, his Soul amaze.

SONG DCCXVII.

DAMON retiring from the Town,
Came musing to a lonely Grove,
Where, in dark Shades, he laid him down,
And, to himself, thus talk'd of Love.

'Twas in the golden Age, said he,
Fam'd *Cupid* held a peaceful Reign;
He exercis'd no Tyranny,
Nor wou'd his Subjects then complain.

The innocent, and faithful Swain,
Not ty'd to Rules of Birth and State,
With Freedom rambld o'er the Plain,
And, like the Turtle, chose his Mate.

The Nymph comply'd without Constraint,
Solely by her own Fancy led;
And never any sad Complaint
Disturb'd the blissful Lover's Bed.

But O! the golden Age is gone,
And *Cupid's* Laws are not the same.
Love is an empty Name alone;
'Tis Fate and Fortune play the Game.

And must it thus for ever be?
Will those blest Days return no more?
Then Thoughts of Love disturb not me;
I'll from this Moment give you o'er.

SONG DCCXVIII.

ONLY tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and Fate;
Some kind Planet from above,
May perhaps her Pity move:
Lovers on their Stars must wait.

Why, O! why Thou'd I despair?
 Mercy's pictur'd in her Eye,
 If she once vouchsafe to hear,
 Welcome Hope, and farewell Fear:
 She's too good to let me die.

SONG DCCXIX.

PEEERLESS *Dorinda*, blame not me,
 If on your beauteous Looks I gaze;
 How can I help it, if I see
 Something so charming in your Face?

Thy Features, like a cloudless Sky,
 When in the Air the Sun-Beams play,
 Ravish, at once, my dazzl'd Eye,
 And warm me with a pleasing Ray.

A Mien, so settled, so serene,
 And yet so gay and easy too,
 On all our Plains, I've not yet seen
 In any other Nymph but you.

Yet Fate forbids me to design
 The mighty Conquest of your Breast;
 And I had rather torture mine,
 Than rob you of one Moment's Rest.

SONG DCCXX.

SWEET wou'd the Lover's Service be,
 His Thralldom not a Pain;
 Cou'd but the captive Heart be free,
 And break, at Will, its Chain.

But 'tis, alas! the Lover's Fate,
 His Danger not to know:
 Or only find, when 'tis too late,
 To fly the cruel Woe.

SONG

SONG DCCXXI.

WHEN to the Fountain, Grove, or Mead,
 I softly whisper, "who am I?"—
 "Alas! a fond, unhappy Swain,"
 The Fountain, Mead, and Grove reply.

My wither'd Form, my tort'ring Pain,
 Too sadly, who I am, declare.
 Then hear a fond, a hapless Swain,
 Thus breathe his last, his dying Pray'r.

SONG DCCXXII.

O YE immortal Pow'rs of Love,
 Why do ye my sweet Hopes remove
 You give me up to certain Fate,
 And force me to be desperate.

Is it for this I've sacrific'd
 My Quiet, and the World despis'd?
 To burn, to bleed, to sigh, to groan?
 To love, be wretched, and undone?

When first you did my Soul inspire,
 And I approach'd your gentle Fire,
 Was I unwilling to forego
 My Ease, and be a Slave to you?

I flew to the known Myrtle Grove,
 And there an Altar rais'd to Love:
 On which my Heart still burning lies,
 Enflam'd, at first, by *Stella's* Eyes.

She forc'd it from my throbbing Breast,
 And in a Veil of Crimson drest,
 'Twas on the fatal Altar laid,
 By the too rash, unthinking Maid.

For O! I fear, she did profane,
 And take *Love's* awful Name in vain;
 For which unhappy Error I,
 By injur'd *Love*, am doom'd to die.

SONG

SONG DCCXXIII.

HYMEN, God of gay Desires,
 With the *Graces* hither fly :
Hymen ! breathing am'rous Fires,
 Come, the blisful Knot to tie.

Thus my fair *Aspasia* won,
 Tender *Strepshon* now is blest.—
 Son of *Venus*, *Bacchus*' Son,
 Come, in all thy Charms confest !

SONG DCCXXIV.

FRIENDSHIP dwells with Secrecy,
 In discreet and faithful Hearts;
 Free from foolish Vanity,
 And Flattery's dissembling Arts.

Others may by Talk and Show,
 Let the World their Passion know ;
 Ours shall be unseen, untold ;
 Safe, secure as hidden Gold.

Fond, and idle Fops believe
 Love delights in Noise and State ;
 But the Fools themselves deceive ;
 Blast the Joys they wou'd create.

Two serene, harmonious Minds,
 Which no meaner Passion blinds,
 Form that peaceful, blest Retreat,
 Where *Love*'s fond to fix his Seat.

Come, enchanting *Phyllis*, come,
 Let's unfold each others Breast ;
 Let's in Mists no longer roam,
 But make ourselves entirely blest.

Gently, with indulgent Sway,
 Make my yielding Heart obey ;
 And, if I unfaithful prove,
 May I die, and lose your Love.

SONG

SONG DCCXXV.

TO thy Beauties, Queen of May,
 I will ceaseless Homage pay;
 A more true, or lovelier Maid,
 Never blest this flow'ry Shade.

Each fond Wish, each soft Desire,
 To *Ardelia* must aspire.

Thy bright Charms, my darling Joy,
 Sweetly all my Thoughts employ.

My sad Soul is all Alarms;

Swift 'twill leave my wounded Breast:

Yet, thus clasp'd in thy dear Arms,

Pleas'd I die, and sink to Rest.

SONG DCCXXVI.

STREPHON and PHYLLIS.

A Dialogue.

Stre. **F**AIR *Phyllis*, hear my humble Tale,
 And then pronounce my Destiny;
 If Truth and Honour can't prevail,
 Seal'd is my Doom, and I must die.
 But shou'd my Death Injustice prove,
 'Twou'd sure offend the God of Love;
 And might, on you, his Vengeance move. }

Phy. Pray, Shepherd, what have I to do
 With *Strephon*, or his Destiny?
 No, no: dissembling Wretch, 'tis you
 Who now contrive to ruin me;
 When, by a soft, enchanting Art,
 You wou'd a secret Flame impart,
 To fire the Temple of my Heart. }

Stre.

Stre. What can a hapless Swain contrive
 Against the Force of matchless Charms?
 The only Boon I crave's to live;
 Or, if I die, die in your Arms:
 I languish with such strong Desire;
 I burn with so divine a Fire,
 As can't, without my Life, expire.

Pby. Could I your Sighs and Vows believe,
 I shou'd incline to pity you;
 But 'tis your Business to deceive,
 And not your Nature to be true.
 Be gone then, flatt'ring Youth, be gone;
 O! leave me in these Shades alone,
 For shou'd I love, I am undone.

Cho. But see what Crouds of Shepherds stand to hear,
 And seem to laugh at what we vainly fear;
 Let us, like them, wild Dreams of Ill despise,
 And bravely on, to win a noble Prize.

SONG DCCXXVII.

To the Air of Rasserena il mesto Ciglio.

SWEETEST Charmer! Pride of Nature!
 Dry thy Tears, I am not dying.
 On thy snowy Bosom lying,
 I'll there lull my Woes to Rest.
 If thou'rt constant, Fate shall never
 Me from my *Aspasia* sever,
 But, as Gods, we'll both be blest.

SONG DCCXXVIII.

INSPIR'D by Love, I dauntless go
 To gloomy Scenes of pining Woe;
 And hope my long-obdurate Fate
 Will change, auspiciously, its Hate;
 That I again may see the Maid;
 Feast on her Eyes, and kiss her Shade.

To the blest Realms of Light,
 Again I'll bring the Fair;
 Or, plung'd in endless Night,
 Mourn o'er her in Despair.

SONG

SONG DCCXXIX.

To an Air in the Overture of Ariadne.

ON *Menimia's* panting Breast,
 Soft reclin'd, O let me rest!
 There in Dreams, tho' now so coy,
 All her Beauties I'll enjoy.
 In sweet Pleasure,
 Know no Measure;
 My bright Treasure
 Possessing whole:
 The dear Thought transports my Soul.

SONG DCCXXX.

O LOVELY Maid! thy Form beheld,
 Above all Beauty charms our Eyes:
 Yet still within that Form conceal'd
 Thy Mind, a greater Beauty, lies.

SONG DCCXXXI.

To an Air in the Overture of the AMOROUS GODDESS

DELIA, in whose Form we trace,
 All that can a Virgin grace,
 Hark how Pleasure, blithe as *May*,
 Bids us to *Vauxhall* away!

Verdant Vistas, melting Sounds,
 Magic Echoes, Fairy Rounds;
 Beauties ev'ry where surprize;
 Sure this Spot dropp'd from the Skies!

F I N I S.

